

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIII.

AUGUST, 1905.

No. 5.

THE STORY OF TEMPERANCE.

BY HERBERT N. CASSON.

A GREAT POLITICAL AND SOCIAL MOVEMENT THAT BEGAN ALMOST A CENTURY AGO—ITS CAUSES AND RESULTS, ITS FAMOUS LEADERS, AND THE PROMINENT PART THAT AMERICAN WOMEN HAVE PLAYED IN IT DURING THE LAST THIRTY YEARS.

THERE are very few who know this wonderful story of temperance, outside of an old grandfather or grandmother here and there. Yet it is one of the most interesting and important chapters of American history. No doubt,

when 1908 rolls around, all good temperance people will be celebrating their centenary—a hundred years since the first little anti-liquor club was organized. So it may not be inappropriate to sketch out, in a few pages, the story of that



JOHN BALLANTINE GOUGH (1817-1886), THE FAMOUS ANGLO-AMERICAN TEMPERANCE ORATOR.

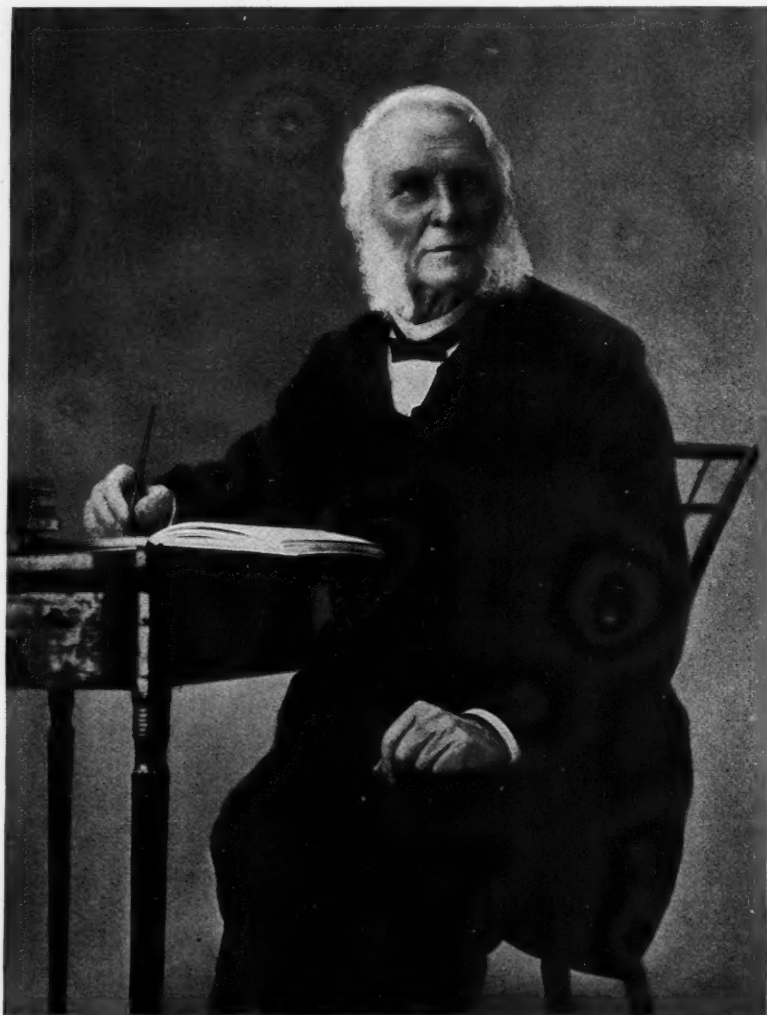
From a photograph by Conly, Boston.

bloodless civil war between those who wanted every one to be sober and those who wanted every one to be drunk.

It is almost strictly correct to say that this country celebrated its independence by a carouse that lasted for sixty years. What we may call the Drunken Period in American history began with the surrender of Cornwallis and lasted until about 1840. The throat of every patriot burned with the thirst of Rip Van Winkle. The health of George Washington, of Thomas Jefferson, of every local hero, was drunk in countless barrels of whisky and rum and hard cider. "Every-

body drank, and on all occasions," says a writer who has left us a pen picture of those bibulous days.

When the Declaration of Independence was signed, the average amount of liquor drunk in one year, throughout the colonies, was fifty quarts per family. Thirty years later it had increased to a hundred and fifty quarts for every home. Social life, among both rich and poor, was on a liquor basis. Liquor was thought to be as indispensable as bread. A home without a bottle! Such an arid desolation could scarcely be imagined a century ago. The few water-drinkers



NEAL DOW, THE FATHER OF THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW OF 1851.

From a photograph by the Longfellow Gallery, Portland, Maine.

met with as little sympathy as we give to-day to those who tell us that we must eat our food uncooked.

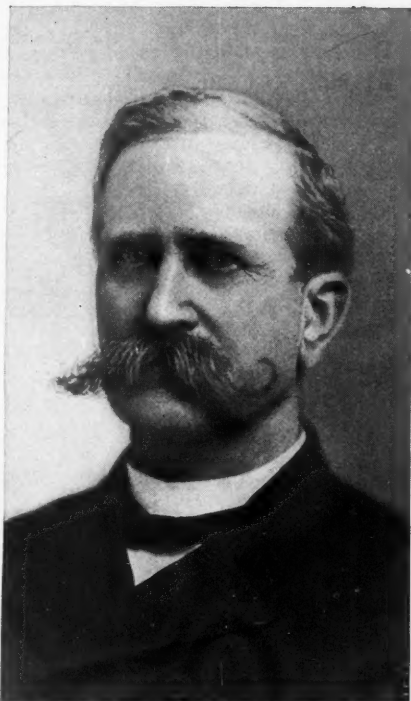
If we may believe the writings of foreign visitors, there can be no doubt that there was much more drinking at that time in America than in any European country. The reason was simple enough. It was not that Americans had lower tastes or less self-control. They simply had more liberty to make liquor, and more money to buy it, than any other nation. Drunkenness, strangely enough, was one of the accompaniments of the sudden freedom and prosperity that followed the Revolutionary War.

THE FIRST TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

In 1808 came the first American temperance society. A certain Dr. William J. Clarke, about whom little is known, persuaded forty-three of his friends in Saratoga County, New York, to cut out everything intoxicating except beer from their list of drinkables. Every violator was to pay a fine of twenty-five cents into the society's treasury, unless the offense had been committed at a public dinner, a religious sacrament, or in case of sickness. Such were the easy regulations of the first temperance workers. By any member of our modern W. C. T. U., this society of Dr. Clarke's would be pronounced as nothing more nor less than a drinking club. But such were probably the only lines upon which it could have been formed at that time.

If we except Dr. Rush, the noted "signer" of Philadelphia, who wrote a pamphlet against drunkenness, the first great temperance orator in the United States was Lyman Beecher. When he was a young man, earning three hundred dollars a year in a pulpit at East Hampton, on Long Island, Beecher observed how a saloon-keeper ruined the Indians by selling them liquor and tricking them into signing away their land. Years afterward, when he had become one of the most powerful pulpit orators in America, he amazed the whole country by a startling series of sermons in favor of temperance.

His first blow was struck in 1826. The liquor men were everywhere in control. They dominated the Legislatures. They dictated to Congress. They exacted obedience of the church. Deacons sold Bibles in their distilleries, and saw nothing incompatible in combining the whisky trade and religion. It was one man against ten millions, but the one man welcomed the fight and began it.



JOHN P. ST. JOHN, GOVERNOR OF KANSAS
1879-1883.

From a photograph by Veeder, Albany.

In Lyman Beecher's day, intemperance talked back. It was not afraid of publicity and debate. It had arguments and Bible texts and noisy appeals to "the sovereign people of these United States." It was not ashamed nor abashed. And so it pounced on Beecher like a monstrous dragon, and felt confident that it could terrify him into silence. But the more it threatened the harder he struck. Never before had there been such odds against a brave man, yet in less than seven years he had forced Congress to take action against the liquor interests. The first battle of the long war was won by Lyman Beecher.

THE WASHINGTONIAN MOVEMENT.

Then came a movement which was sensational and in many respects absurd, but which did more than any other thing to spread temperance ideas before the people. It was a crusade made by a society of reformed drunkards, who gave themselves the name of Washingtonians. It was especially effective because it was not an attack on the liquor business from the outside, but rather a rebellion from

the inside. It was a revolt of six hundred thousand drunkards.

It began as suddenly as a cyclone, in 1840, and swept to every State in a few months. There had been a little drinking-club in Baltimore, apparently no different from thousands of others. It was composed of six members only—two blacksmiths, a carpenter, a silversmith, a tailor, and a coachmaker. One night these jovial toppers were discussing the announcement of a lecture on temperance which was to be given on the following night.

"Let's appoint Jim and Dave a committee to go and hear it," said one.

The motion was carried as a joke, and Jim and Dave went to the lecture. The speaker—who he was is not known—packed their minds with ideas they had never heard before. When they met their four comrades, they were serious.

"He's right," they said. "We fellows are drinking too much."

Then followed a hot debate. The saloon-keeper could not restrain his wrath at the arguments of Jim and Dave.

"That lecturer is nothing but a hypocrite!" he roared.

The interruption angered the six cronies, and they all turned upon the saloon-keeper.

"Of course you say so," they said, "because he might hurt your business."

They rushed out of the tavern to the temperance meeting, marched up to a front seat, and at the first invitation signed the pledge. One year from that night, these six men rode on horseback at the head of a thousand reformed drunkards through the streets of Baltimore. All of the six became lecturers and organizers. They went from town

to town, telling nothing but their own simple life-stories. None but reformed drunkards were allowed to speak at their meetings. Every convert who had been a notoriously hard drinker was starved and exhibited as a deserter from the enemy's camp. Their speeches were tragic, pathetic, comic, and often eloquent. For

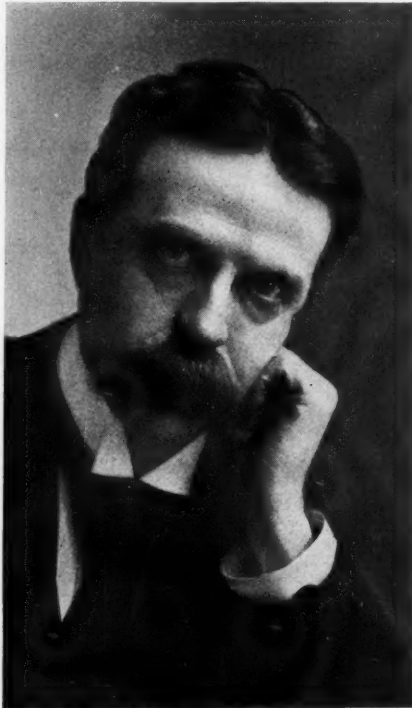
the first time, no hall or church was large enough to admit the crowd that thronged to hear the speakers. Lyman Beecher's polished rhetoric had appealed to the educated classes only, but the Washingtonian itinerants reached the masses. Never before in any country had the cause of temperance received such a boom.

After several years of tremendous enthusiasm, however, the movement went down as suddenly as it had come up. All through, it was a sky-rocket affair. The speakers would give, with dramatic details, the stories of their sprees. Each tried to rival all the others in his confession of previous brutishness. The man who could tell the

worst story of drunken exploits attracted the largest crowd. Naturally, this disgusted the public in a short time, and the increasing numbers of backsliders brought the whole movement into disrepute. Many of the speakers were saints to-day and sots to-morrow. Nevertheless, it is estimated that about a hundred and fifty thousand men were permanently reformed.

THE ORATORY OF JOHN B. GOUGH.

Then came that master of exquisite eloquence, John B. Gough. Many of his word-pictures have never been equaled. Like a mountain stream that flows through shade and sunlight, bright with the beauty of painted pebbles and sweet



JOHN GRANVILLE WOOLLEY, OF ILLINOIS, PROHIBITION CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES IN 1900.

From a photograph.

with the fragrance of flowery banks, his fluent prose-poems won the admiration of two continents. They have a place among the treasures of the English language.

He, too, had a life-story to tell—the story of a wife and child who died because of his drunken neglect.

His long public career began and ended dramatically. When a young man of twenty-six, he awoke one morning out of a drunken stupor to find his wife and new-born baby white and cold and dead beside him. In a moment the shock killed the brute within him and made his higher nature supreme. For forty-three years he was the voice of the anti-liquor movement, delivering more than nine thousand lectures in all parts of America and Great Britain.

Nineteen years ago he stood for the last time upon a public platform, white-haired and travel-worn, but with a voice like a chime of bells. He had reached his final peroration. Suddenly signs of weakness or distress showed themselves.

"Young-man!" he gasped. "Keep—your—record—clean!"

These were his last words. He fell, dying, to the floor, struck down by paralysis. It was a finale such as he would have chosen for himself. His work was done. Perhaps no other one man did as much to silence the opposition and to prepare public sentiment for the educational and legislative work which has been carried on since his day.

THE GREAT IRISH APOSTLE OF TEMPERANCE.

In 1849 a call was sent to Father Mathew, the magnetic priest who persuaded half of the men and women in Ireland to sign the pledge. Nine or ten

years before, he had been taken by a Quaker friend through an Irish workhouse.

"These are the wrecks of the bottle, Father Mathew," said the Quaker, pointing to the inmates of each squalid room. "Now, wilt thou sign the pledge?"

"Here goes, in the name of God!"

said the priest, and wrote his name in the Quaker's book.

At this time his life was almost three-fourths over, but for sixteen energetic years he pleaded with his countrymen. Five millions put their names to the pledge in the British Islands, and the amount of duty paid on spirits manufactured in Ireland was cut down one-half. Upon the Irish-Americans he also made a profound impression, and his wonderful power of persuasion was attested by six hundred thousand signatures recorded during his visit to the United States in 1849.



SILAS C. SWALLOW, OF PENNSYLVANIA, PROHIBITION CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES IN 1904.

From a photograph by Lemer, Harrisburg.

NEAL DOW AND THE MAINE LAW.

As every one knows, the pioneer State in the matter of temperance was Maine, and the father of Maine Prohibition was Neal Dow, the fighting Quaker of Portland. When he began his crusade in 1846, it was an out-and-out whisky State. The West Indian trade brought in thousands of barrels of rum, and the cold climate naturally drove the people to warm up with fiery liquors. All things considered, it was one of the last States in the Union in which one might hope to make the water-wagon popular.

But Neal Dow was a big man, with a big idea. In five years he had battered down all effective opposition and driven the famous Maine Liquor Law through the Legislature. This was not the mild and Quakerish sort of liquor legislation

that had been tried unsuccessfully elsewhere. It introduced and legalized force. Its purpose was to "seize and destroy" all intoxicating liquors.

When the new knock-down-and-drag-out law went into effect, in 1851, the liquor men stormed at Dow and his "an-

gling undoubtedly became a fine art in Maine, and the wealth and popularity of some of her druggists has waxed phenomenally. On the other hand, Dow claimed that crime and pauperism were cut down by more than one-half, and that his law prohibited ninety-nine gallons



MISS FRANCES WILLARD, FOUNDER OF THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

From a photograph by Notman, Boston.

archistic confiscation." Actual hostilities seemed to be imminent. It was a perilous time, but Dow exhibited a high degree of statesmanship. To all liquor dealers he gave sixty days' notice, so that they could move their goods out of the State. Then, on the sixty-first day, he and his men raided a whisky warehouse, rolled out a dozen barrels, knocked the heads in, and proclaimed the law in force.

To say that the Pine-Tree State has since that time been thoroughly "dry" would be to claim too much for Neal Dow and his legislation. Every new law must be more or less of an ideal. Smug-

out of every hundred. At all events, the people of Maine have, on the whole, been satisfied with the experiment, and have kept it in force almost continuously since it was first enacted.

What with Neal Dow's work in Maine, and Horace Greeley's editorial warnings through his *Tribune*, there was a widespread temperance reformation in the fifties. German immigration, which became noticeable about 1848, improved social conditions by substituting beer for stronger liquors. It was becoming more and more difficult for a man to be both drunken and respectable.

Then the Civil War brought a relapse. Hardships and nervous excitement drove thousands to resort to stimulants. For a while it looked as if the work of Beecher and Gough and Dow would be broken down. The liquor men began to consolidate, to build large breweries and attractive saloons. Their business was becoming the road to millions. It became a political factor, with whisky Governors and whisky Congressmen.

President Lincoln observed and reprobated the drinking habits of his time. Here and there in Illinois there are old men still living who can say, "I signed the pledge at a meeting where Abraham Lincoln spoke." It is possible that, had he lived, he would have forced the issue to the forefront of politics, for on the day of his tragic death he declared to a friend that "the next snarl we've got to straighten out is the liquor question."

A NEW FORCE IN THE FIELD.

In 1873, that black year of bankruptcy and desolation, when every form of social progress seemed as weak as a withered flower, a new force appeared in the field. It was the women of America who came to the fringing-line and began the battle afresh. In the little town of Hillsborough, in Ohio, a few women who had been praying for the saloons to be closed resolved suddenly to answer their own prayers. Marching two by two, the shortest women in front and the tallest behind, they proceeded to one saloon after another, holding a prayer-meeting in each, and pleading with the proprietor to give up his business.

The movement was wholly emotional, and in many cases hysterical, but it spread throughout the

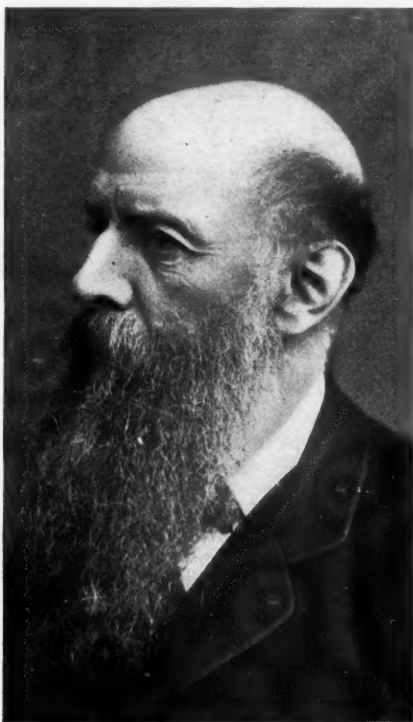
country like a prairie fire and met with an amazing degree of success. Many liquor-sellers surrendered and allowed barrels of spirits to be poured into the gutter. Francis Murphy, a Portland saloon-keeper, became not only a convert but one of the greatest of American propagandists. Such was the Women's Crusade.

Under the leadership of Miss Frances Willard, the powerful W. C. T. U. was organized. In almost every ward and hamlet a little committee of women became busy. Legislators were plagued with petitions. The whole artillery of the churches was leveled at the enemy. For centuries the women—the greatest sufferers from the evils of intemperance—had endured their wrongs in silence, but at last they exploded into an activity which has never ceased.

When the women began to pull in the traces, the temperance chariot moved ahead with astonishing speed. Indeed, during the nineties, temperance legislation was pushed ahead faster than public

sentiment could follow it. Fifteen States passed prohibitory laws, but twelve of them subsequently swung back to the license system. Maine, Kansas, and North Dakota are the remaining prohibition States. But the system of local option has given us practical prohibition over a very considerable part of the United States.

We are still under the head of "unfinished business," of course, so far as the liquor question is concerned. Our drink bill for one year would build three Panama canals. But drunkenness, as a national American vice, has become a thing of the past. The habitual drinker finds himself barred from employment



SIR WILFRED LAWSON, M. P., THE LEADING REPRESENTATIVE OF TEMPERANCE IN ENGLISH POLITICS.

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

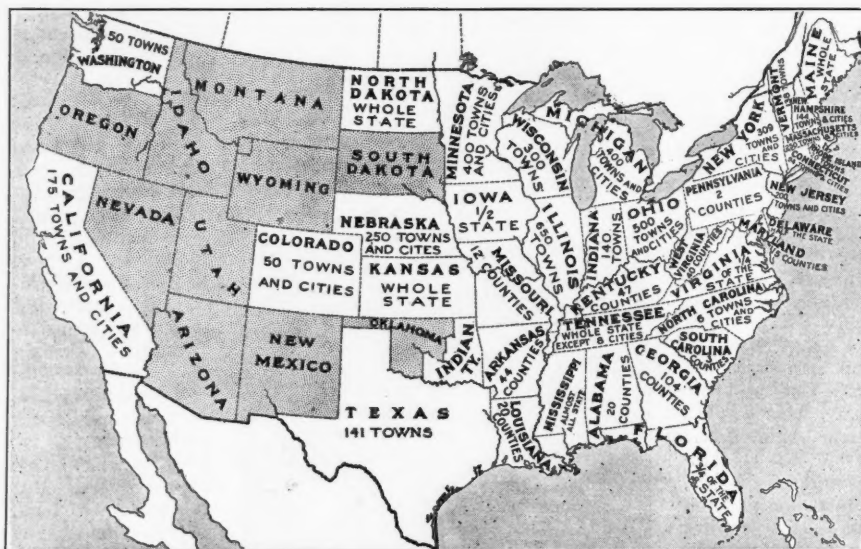
on railroads and in stores and offices. It has become a business necessity to be sober. And the whole force of social disapproval and ostracism is directed to-day, not against the abstainer, as it was a century ago, but against the weak-willed unfortunates who allow themselves to be mastered by a ruinous appetite.

THE ACTUAL STRENGTH OF PROHIBITION.

If you wish to know the present political strength of prohibition, take a map of the United States, puncture it with about forty-five hundred pin-holes, spatter it with four hundred blots of ink, and

elected as such, holding local offices in Pennsylvania, and more than five hundred in Illinois, including three Assemblymen. Last year more than a quarter of a million uncompromising men turned their backs on Roosevelt and Parker and voted for Swallow and prohibition. John G. Woolley, the leading spokesman of the political wing, is a speaker of unusual force. It was he who said to the churches, "Why don't you vote as you pray?"

The Anti-Saloon League, an alliance of church members, has become a powerful national body, spending more than two hundred thousand dollars a year.



A TEMPERANCE MAP OF THE UNITED STATES—THERE IS TOTAL OR PARTIAL PROHIBITION THROUGHOUT THE UNION EXCEPT IN THE TEN STATES AND TERRITORIES TINTED IN THE MAP. IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY THE SALE OF LIQUOR IS PROHIBITED BY FEDERAL STATUTE.

decorate it with three blue ribbons. Then you may know that for every pin-hole there is a town or city in which no liquor is sold, for every blot there is a prohibition county, and for every blue ribbon there is a prohibition State.

"Out of twenty-seven million people in the South, seventeen million are under prohibition," says a temperance orator. In such States as Tennessee and Mississippi, for instance, liquor is to be openly found only in the larger cities. For progress along local-option lines, Illinois heads the list with nearly seven hundred non-drinking communities.

As a factor in politics, prohibition is a constant surprise to the men who manipulate the machines. There are now more than three hundred prohibitionists,

The three largest regiments of active, dues-paying prohibitionists are the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, with eighty-six thousand members, the W. C. T. U., with a hundred and fifty thousand, and the Good Templars, with more than half a million. These may be called the regular soldiers of the vast temperance army; as to the total of the militia, no complete census has yet been taken.

It may almost be said that to-day the public sale of liquors finds no defender outside the men who make profit from it and the men whose unnatural appetite calls for it. In fact, the general opinion was fairly expressed recently by a St. Louis daily paper, which said:

"The selling of liquor, either on Sunday or on week-days, is not a necessity."

FAIR MARGARET.*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

AUTHOR OF "MR. ISAACS," "CORLEONE," "IN THE PALACE OF THE KING," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

MARGARET DONNE is an English girl, whose parents are dead, and who lives with Mrs. Rushmore, an American lady, in Versailles. Margaret's mother, who was Mrs. Rushmore's close friend, was also an American, and when she married Professor Donne, of Oxford, she expected to inherit a fortune. Her father, however—Margaret's grandfather—met ill-luck and died leaving nothing but a claim upon Alvah Moon, a California millionaire to whom he had assigned a valuable patent. Mrs. Rushmore has brought suit against Moon on Margaret's behalf, but there seems slight chance of success.

Margaret, who possesses a remarkably good voice, is determined to earn her own living. Her teacher, Mme. de Rosa, sends her to the famous prima donna, Mme. Bonanni, for advice. Going to the Bonanni house on the Avenue Hoche, Margaret breakfasts with the great singer—who is an eccentric but big-hearted woman, a peasant in origin and manners—and with a casual caller, Constantine Logotheti, a Greek financier. Mme. Bonanni predicts great things for the English girl, and promises to introduce her to Schreiermeyer, manager at the Opéra.

Margaret goes back in high spirits to Versailles. There she finds Mrs. Rushmore lunching with some friends—among them an archeologist, an English officer on his way back to India, and Edmund Lushington, a successful young author, who is staying at Mrs. Rushmore's house. In the afternoon, Lushington and Margaret walk together in the garden. With an embarrassment that shows deep emotion, he tells her that the name under which he passes is not his own; that he was not christened Edmund, but Thomas; and that for a reason which he cannot explain he must not tell her his inherited surname. Margaret begins to find that she cares for him more than she had supposed, and she is both puzzled and pained when he bids her a somewhat abrupt farewell.

Going to Mme. Bonanni's house for the promised interview with Schreiermeyer, she finds Lushington there, and discovers the secret he had refused to tell her—that he is the famous singer's son. But she cannot refrain from noting with sympathy and admiration how loyal he is to his mother, in spite of his utter aversion to the life she has led.

VII.

THERE had been a moment when it had hurt Margaret to think that Lushington probably accepted a good deal of luxury in his existence out of his mother's abundant fortune, but it was gone now. Even as a schoolboy he had guessed whence at least a part of that wealth really came, and had refused to touch a penny of it. But Lushington felt as if he were being combed with red-hot needles from head to foot, and the perspiration stood on his forehead. It would have filled him with shame to mop it with his handkerchief, and yet he felt that in another moment it would run down. The awful circumstances of his dream came vividly back to him, and he could positively hear Margaret telling him that he looked hot, so loud that the whole house could understand what she said. But at this point something almost worse happened.

Mme. Bonanni's motherly but eagle-like eye detected the tiny beads on his brow. With a cry of distress she sprang to her feet and began to wipe them away

with a corner of the napkin that was tied round her neck, talking all the time.

"My darling," she cried, "I always forget that you feel hot when I feel cold! Angelo, open everything, the windows, the doors! Why do you stand there like a dressed-up doll in a tailor's window? Don't you see that he is going to have a fit?"

"Mother, mother, please don't!" protested the unfortunate Lushington, who was now as red as a beet.

But Mme. Bonanni took the lower end of her napkin by the corners, as if it had been an apron, and fanned him furiously, though he put up his hands and cried for mercy.

"He is always too hot," she said, suddenly desisting and sitting down again. "He always was, even when he was a baby." She was now at work on a very complicated salad. "But then," she went on, speaking between mouthfuls, "I used to lay him down in the middle of my big bed, with nothing on but his little shirt, and he would kick and crow until he was quite cool."

Again Margaret bit her lip, but this

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time it was of no use, and after a conscientious effort to restrain herself she broke into irrepressible laughter. In a moment Lushington laughed too, and presently he was quite cool and comfortable again, feeling that after all he had been ridiculous only when he was a baby.

"We used to call him Tommy," said Mme. Bonanni, putting away her plate and laying her knife and fork upon it crosswise. "Poor little Tommy! How long ago that was! After his father died, I changed his name, you know, and then it seemed as if little Tommy were dead too."

There was visible moisture in the big dark eyes for an instant. Margaret felt sorry for the strange, contradictory creature, half child, half genius, and all mother.

"My husband's name was Goodyear," continued the prima donna thoughtfully. "You will find it in all biographies of me."

"Goodyear," Margaret repeated, looking at Lushington. "What a nice name! I like it."

"You understand," Mme. Bonanni went on, explaining. "'Goodyear,' '*buon anno*,' '*bonanno*,' '*Bonanni*'; that is how it is made up. It's a good name for the stage, is it not?"

"Yes. But why did you change it at all for your son?"

Mme. Bonanni shrugged her large shoulders, glanced furtively at Lushington, and then looked at Margaret.

"It was better," she said. "Fruit, Angelo!"

"Can I be of any use to you in getting off, mother?" asked Lushington.

Margaret felt that she had made another mistake, and looked at her plate.

"No, my angel," said Mme. Bonanni, answering her son's question and eating hothouse grapes; "you cannot help me in the least, my sweet. I know you would if you could, dear child! But you will come and dine with me quietly at the Carlton on Sunday at half-past eight, just you and I. I promise you that no one shall be there, not even Logotheti—though you do not mind him so much."

"Not in the least," Lushington answered, with a smile which Margaret thought a little contemptuous. "All the same, I would much rather be alone with you."

"Do you wonder that I love him?" asked Mme. Bonanni, turning to Margaret.

"No, I don't wonder in the least," an-

swered the young girl, with such decision that Lushington looked up suddenly, as if to thank her.

The ordeal was over at last, and the prima donna rose with a yawn of satisfaction.

"I am going to turn you out," she said. "You know I cannot live without my nap."

She kissed Margaret first, and then her son, each on both cheeks, but it was clear that she could hardly keep her eyes open, and she left Margaret and Lushington standing together, exactly as she had left the young girl with Logotheti on the first occasion.

Their eyes met for an instant, and then Lushington got his hat and stick, and opened the door for Margaret to go out.

"Shall I call a cab for you?" he asked.

"No, thank you. I'll walk a little way first, and then drive to the station."

When they were in the street, Lushington stood still.

"You believe that it was an accident, don't you?" he asked. "I mean my coming to-day."

"Of course! Shall we walk on?"

He could not refuse, and he felt that he was not standing by his resolution; yet the circumstances were changed, since she now knew his secret and was warned.

They had gone twenty steps before she spoke.

"You might have trusted me," she said.

"I should think you would understand why I did not tell you," he answered rather bitterly.

She opened her parasol so impatiently that it made an ominous little noise as if it were cracking.

"I do understand," she said, almost harshly, as she held it up against the sun.

"And yet you complain because I did not tell you," said Lushington in a puzzled tone.

"It's you who don't understand!" Margaret retorted.

"No. I don't."

"I'm sorry."

They went on a little way in silence, walking rather slowly. She was angry with herself for being irritated by him just when she admired him more than ever before, and perhaps loved him better; though love has nothing to do with admiration except to kindle it sometimes, just when it is least deserved.

It takes generous people longer to recover from a fit of anger against themselves than against their neighbors, and

in a few moments Margaret began to feel very unhappy, though all her original irritation against Lushington had subsided. She now wished, in her contrition, that he would say something disagreeable; but he did not. He merely changed the subject, speaking quite naturally.

"So it is all decided," he said, "and you are to make your debut!"

"Yes," she answered with a sort of eagerness to be friendly again. "I'm a professional from to-day, with a stage name, a prey to critics, reporters, and photographers—just like your mother, except that she is a very great artist and I am a very little one."

It was not very skilfully done, but Lushington was grateful for what she meant by it.

"I think you will be great, too," he said, "and before very long. There is no young soprano on the stage now who has half your voice or half your talent."

Margaret colored with pleasure, though she could not quite believe what he told her. But he glanced at her and felt sure that he was right. She had voice and talent, he knew, but even with both some singers fail; she had the splendid vitality, the boundless health, and the look of irresistible success, which only the great ones have. She was not a classic beauty, but she would be magnificent on the stage.

There was a short silence before she spoke.

"Two days ago," she said, "I did not think we should meet again so soon."

"Part again so soon, you ought to say," he answered. "It is nothing but that, after all."

She bit her lip.

"Must we?" she asked, almost unconsciously.

"Yes," he said, almost fiercely. "Don't make it harder than it is. Let's get it over. There's a cab!"

He held up his stick and signaled to the cabman, who touched his horse and moved toward them. Margaret stood still, with a half-frightened look, and spoke in a low voice.

"Tom, if you leave me I won't answer for myself!"

"I will. Good-by—God bless you!"

The cab stopped beside them as he held out his hand. She took it silently and he made her get in. A moment later she was driving away at a smart pace, sitting bolt upright and looking straight before her, her lips pressed tightly together, while Lushington walked briskly in the opposite direction. It had all hap-

pened in a moment, in a sort of despairing hurry.

VIII.

CONSTANTINE LOGOTHETI had at least two reasons for not going out to Versailles as soon as Mrs. Rushmore signified her desire to know him. In the first place, he was "somebody," and an important part of being "somebody" is to keep the fact well before the eyes of other people. He was altogether too great a personage to be at the beck and call of every one who wished to know him. Secondly, he did not wish Margaret to think that he was running after her, for the very good reason that he meant to do so with the least possible delay.

Lushington, who was really both sensitive and imaginative, used to tell Margaret that he was a realist. Logotheti, who was a thorough materialist by nature, talent, and education, loved to believe that he possessed both a rich imagination and the gift of true sentiment.

Margaret delighted him at first sight, though he was hard to please and though she was not at all a great beauty. She appealed directly to that love of life for its own sake which was always the strength, the genius, and the snare of the Greek people, and which is not extinct in their modern descendants. Logotheti certainly had plenty of it, and his first impression, when he had met Margaret Donne, was that he had met his natural mate. There was nothing psychological about the sensation, and yet it was not the result of a purely physical attraction. It brought with it a satisfaction of artistic taste that was an unmarred pleasure in itself.

True art had gone much further in deifying humanity than in humanizing divinity. The Hermes of Olympia is a man made into a god; no Christian artist has ever done a tenth as well in presenting the image of God made Man. When imagination soars toward an invisible world it loses love of life as it flies higher, till it ends in glorifying death as the only means of reaching heaven; and in doing that it has often descended to a gross realism that would have revolted the Greeks—to the materialism of anatomical preparations that make one think of the dissecting-room, if one has ever been there.

Love of genuine art is the best sort of love of life, and the really great artists have always been tremendously vital creatures. So-called artistic people who are sickly, or merely under-vitalized,

generally go astray after strange gods; or, at the best, they admire works of art for the sake of certain pleasing, or sad, or even unhealthy associations which these call up.

Logotheti came of a race which, through being temporarily isolated from modern progress, has not grown old with it. For it seems pretty sure that progress means, with many other things, the survival of the unfit and the transmission of unfitness to a generation of old babies; but where men are not disinfected, sterilized, fed on preserved carrion, and treated with hypodermics from the cradle to the grave, the good old law of nature holds its own and the weak ones die young, while the strong fight for life and are very much alive while they live.

Such people, when transplanted from what we call a half-barbarous state to live amongst us, never feel as we do, and when they are roused to action their deeds are not of the sort which our wives, our mothers-in-law, and the clergy expect us to approve. It does not follow that they are villains, though they may occasionally kill some one in a fit of anger, or carry off by force the women they fall in love with. Such doings probably seem quite natural in their own country, and after all they cannot be expected to know more about right and wrong than their papas and mammas taught them when they were little things.

The object of this digression is not to excite sympathy on behalf of Logotheti, but to forestall surprise at some of the things he did when he had convinced himself that, of all the women he had ever met, Margaret Donne was the one that suited him best, and that she must be his at any cost and at any risk.

The conviction was almost formed at the first meeting. It took full possession of him when he met her again and she seemed glad to see him. By this time she had no reason for concealing from Mrs. Rushmore that she had seen him at Mme. Bonanni's, and she held out her hand with a frank smile. It was on a Sunday afternoon; on the lawn were a number of lions and half a dozen women of the world. Logotheti seemed to know more than half the people present, which is rather unusual in Paris, and most of them treated him with the rather fawning deference accorded by society to the superior claims of wealth over good blood.

The Greek smiled pleasantly and reflected that the nobility of the Fanar, which goes back to the Byzantine Em-

pire, is as good as any in France, and even less virtuous. He by no means despised his wealth, and he continually employed his excellent faculties in multiplying it; but in his semi-barbarous heart he was an aristocrat. He was quietly amused when people whose real names seemed to have been selected from a list of Rhine wines took titles which emanated from the Vatican, or when plain M. Dubois turned himself into "*le comte du Bois de Vincennes*." Yet since few people seemed to know anything about Leo the Tsaurian, under whom his direct ancestor had held office as treasurer, and had eventually had his eyes put out for his pains, Logotheti was quite willing to be treated with deference for the sake of the more tangible advantages of present fortune. In Mrs. Rushmore's garden of celebrities he at once took his place as a rare bird.

He crossed the lawn beside Margaret, indeed, with the air and assurance of a magnificent peacock. He was perhaps a shade less over-dressed than when she had seen him last, but there was an astonishing luster about everything he wore. Even his almond-shaped eyes were bright almost to vulgarity; though he tired the sight, as a peacock does in the sun, it was impossible not to watch him.

"What a handsome man Logotheti is!" exclaimed a Rumanian poetess, who was there.

"What an awful cad!" observed a fastidious young American to the English officer, who was still on his way to India, and was very comfortable at Mrs. Rushmore's.

The Englishman looked at Logotheti attentively for nearly half a minute before he answered.

"No," he said quietly. "That man is not a cad, he is simply a rich oriental, dressed up in European clothes. I've met that sort before, and they are sometimes nasty customers. That fellow is as strong as a horse and as quick as a cat."

Meanwhile the Greek and Margaret reached a seat near the little pond and sat down. She did not know that he had watched every one of her movements with as much delight as if Psyche, made whole and alive, had been walking beside him. He had not seemed to look at her at all, and he did not begin the conversation by making her compliments.

"I should have left a card on Mrs. Rushmore the day after I met you," he began in a rather apologetic tone, "but I was not quite sure that she knew about your visit to our friend, and she might

have asked who I was and where you had met me. Besides, as she is an American, she would have thought I was trying to scrape acquaintance."

"Hardly that—but you did quite right," Margaret answered. "Thank you!"

He was tactful. She leaned back a little in the corner of the seat and looked at him with an air of curiosity, wondering why everything he had said and done so far had pleased her so much more than his appearance. She was always expecting him to say something blatant or to do something vulgar, mainly because he wore such phenomenal ties with such gorgeous pins. To-day he displayed a ruby of astonishing size and startling color. She was sure that it must be real, because he was so rich, but she had never known that rubies could be so big except in a fairy story. The tie was knitted of the palest mauve, shot with green and gold threads.

"I have seen Schreiermeyer," he said. "Is there to be any secret about your debut?"

"None whatever! But I have said nothing about it, and none of the people here seem to have found it out yet."

"So much the better. In everything connected with the theater, I believe it is a mistake to try and excite interest before the event. What is said beforehand is rarely said afterward. You can be sure that Schreiermeyer will say nothing till the time comes, and if Mme. Bonanni talks about you to her friends in London, nobody will believe she is in earnest."

"But she is so outspoken—" Margaret objected.

"Yes. But no one could possibly understand that a prima donna just on the edge of decline could possibly wish to advertise a rising light. It is hardly human!"

"I think she is the most good-natured woman I ever knew," said Margaret with conviction.

"She has a heart of gold. Her only trouble in life is that she has too much of it! There is enough for everybody—she has always had far too much for one."

Logotheti smiled at his own expression.

"Perhaps that is better than having no heart at all," Margaret answered, not quite realizing how the words might have been misunderstood.

"The heart is a convenient and elastic organ," observed Logotheti. "It does almost everything. It sinks, it swells, it falls, it leaps, it stands still, it quivers, it

gets into one's throat, and it breaks, but it goes on beating all the time with more or less regularity, just as the violin clown scrapes his fiddle while he turns somersaults, sticks out his tongue, sits down with frightful suddenness, and tumbles in and out of his white hat."

He talked to amuse her and occupy her while he looked at her, studying her lines, as a yacht expert studies those of a new and beautiful model; yet he knew so well how to glance and look away, and glance again, that she was not at all aware of what he was really doing. She laughed a little at what he said.

"Where did you learn to speak English so well?" she asked.

"Languages do not count nowadays," he answered carelessly. "Any Levantine in Smyrna can speak a dozen like a native. Have you never been in the East?"

"No."

"Should you like to go to Greece?"

"Of course I should!"

"Then come! I am going to take a party in my yacht next month. It will give me the greatest pleasure if you and Mrs. Rushmore will come with us."

Margaret laughed.

"You forget that I am a real artist, with a real engagement!" she answered.

"Yes, I forgot that. I wanted to! I can make Schreiermeyer forget it, too, if you will come. I'll hypnotize him. Will you authorize me?"

He smiled pleasantly, but his long eyes were quite grave. Margaret supposed that it would be absurd to suspect anything but chaff in his proposal, and yet she felt an odd conviction that he meant what he said. Only vain women are easily mistaken about such things. Margaret turned the point with another little laugh.

"If you put him to sleep he will hibernate like a dormouse," she said. "It will take a whole year to wake him up!"

"I don't think so, but what if it did?"

"I should be a year older, and I am not too young as it is! I'm twenty-two."

"It's only in Constantinople that they are so particular about age," laughed the Greek. "After seventeen the price goes down very fast."

"Really?" Margaret was amused. "What do you suppose I should be worth in Turkey?"

Logotheti looked at her gravely and seemed to be estimating her value.

"If you were seventeen, you would be worth a good thousand pounds," he said presently, "and at least three hundred more for your singing."

"Is that all, for my voice?" She could not help laughing. "And at twenty-two, what should I sell for?"

"I doubt whether any one would give much more than eight hundred for you," answered Logotheti with perfect gravity. "That's a big price, you know. In Persia they give less. I know a Persian ambassador, for instance, who got a very handsome wife for four hundred and fifty."

"Are you in earnest?" asked Margaret. "Do you mean to say that you could just go out and buy yourself a wife in the market in Constantinople?"

"I could not, because I am a Christian. The market exists in a quiet place where Europeans never find it. You see all the Circassians in Turkey live by stealing horses and selling their daughters. They are a noble race, the Circassians! The girls are brought up with the idea, and they rarely dislike it."

"I never heard of such things!"

"No. The East is very interesting. Will you come? I'll take you wherever you like. We will leave the archeologist in Crete and go on to Constantinople. It will be the most beautiful season on the Bosphorus, you know, and after that we will go along the southern shore of the Black Sea to Samsun and Trebizond, and round by the Crimea. There are wonderful towns on the shores of the Black Sea which hardly any European ever sees. I'm sure you would like them, just as I do."

"I am sure I should."

"You love beautiful things, don't you?"

"Yes—though I don't pretend to be a judge."

"I do. And when I see anything that really pleases me, I always try to get it; and if I succeed, nothing in the world will induce me to part with it. I'm a real miser about the things I like. I keep them in safe places, and it gives me pleasure to look at them when I'm alone."

"That's not very generous. You might give others a little pleasure, too, now and then."

"So few people know what is good! Some of us Greeks have the instinct in our blood still, and we recognize it in a few men and women we meet. You are one, for instance. As soon as I saw you the first time, I was quite sure that we should think alike about a great many things. Do you mind my saying as much as that, at a second meeting?"

"Not if you think it is true," she answered with a smile. "Why should I?"

"It might sound as if I were trying to make out that we have some natural bond of sympathy," said Logotheti. "That's a favorite way of opening the game, you know. 'Do you like carrots? So do I'—a bond at once! 'Do you go in when it rains? I always do—we must be sympathetic to each other?' 'Do you smile when you are pleased? Of course! We are exactly alike, and our hearts beat in unison!' That's the sort of thing."

He amused her; perhaps she was easily amused now, because she had been feeling rather depressed all the morning.

"I love to be out in the rain, and I don't like carrots!" she answered.

"There are evidently things as to which our hearts don't beat in unison at all!"

"If people agreed about everything, what would become of conversation, lawyers, and standing armies? But I meant to suggest that we might possibly like each other if we met often."

"I dare say."

"I have begun," said Logotheti lightly, but again his long eyes were grave.

"Begun what?"

"I have begun by liking you. You don't mind, do you?"

"Oh, no! I like to be liked—by everybody!" Margaret laughed again, and watched him.

"It only remains for you to like everybody yourself. Will you kindly include me?"

"Yes, in a general way, as a neighbor, in the Biblical sense, you know. Are you English enough to understand that expression?"

"I happen to have read the story of the good Samaritan in Greek," Logotheti answered. "Since you are willing that we should be neighbors in the Biblical sense, you cannot blame me for saying that I love my neighbor as myself."

Once more her instinct told her that the words were meant less carelessly than they were spoken, though she could not possibly seem to take them in earnest. Yet her curiosity was aroused, as he intended that it should be.

"I remember that the Samaritan loved his neighbor, in the Biblical sense, at first sight," he said, with a quick glance. "But those were Biblical times, you know!"

"Men have not changed much since then. We can still love at first sight, I assure you, even after we have seen a good deal of the world. It depends on meeting the right woman, and on nothing else. Do you suppose that if the Naples Psyche, or the Syracuse Venus, or the

Venus of Milo, or the Victory of Samothrace suddenly appeared in Paris or London, all the men would not lose their heads about her—at first sight? Of course they would!”

“If you expect to have such neighbors as those, in the Biblical sense——”

“I have one,” said Logotheti, “and that’s enough.”

Margaret had received many compliments of a more or less complicated nature, but she did not remember that any one had yet compared her to two Venuses, the Psyche, and the Samothrace Victory in a single breath.

“That’s nonsense!” she exclaimed, blushing a little, and not at all indignant.

“No,” Logotheti answered imperturbably. “Besides, neither the Victory nor the Venus of Syracuse has a head, so I am at liberty to suppose yours on their shoulders. Take the Victory. You move exactly as she seems to be moving, for she is not flying at all, you know, though she has wings. The wings are only a symbol. The Greeks knew perfectly well that a winged human being could not fly straight without a feathered tail two or three yards long!”

“How absurd!”

“That you should move like the Victory? Not at all. The reason why I love my neighbor as myself is that my neighbor is the most absolutely satisfactory being from an artistic point of view. I don’t often make compliments.”

“They are astonishing when you do!”

“Perhaps. But I was going on to say that what satisfies my love of the beautiful can only be what satisfies my love of life itself, which is enormous.”

“In other words,” said Margaret, wondering how he would go on, “I am your ideal!”

“Do you know what an ‘ideal’ is?”

“Yes—well—no!” She hesitated. “Perhaps I could not define it exactly.”

“A man’s ideal is what he wants, and nothing else in the world.”

Margaret was not sure whether she should resent the speech a little, or let it pass. For an instant they looked at each other in silence. Then she made up her mind to laugh.

“Do you know that you are going ahead at a frightful pace?” she asked.

“Why should I waste time? My time is my life. It’s all I have. Any fool can make money when he has wasted it and really wants more, but no power in heaven or earth can give me back an hour thrown away—an hour of what might have been.”

“I’m sure you must have learned that in an English Sunday school! It’s a highly moral and practical sentiment!”

“I don’t know about it being moral in all cases, but it’s certainly practical. I wish you would follow the maxim and come with me to the East—you and Mrs. Rushmore.”

“You mean that if I don’t you’ll never ask me again, I suppose?”

“No. That was not what I meant.” He looked steadily into her eyes, till she turned her head away. “What I meant was that you might be induced to give up the idea of the stage.”

“And as an inducement to throw up my engagement and sacrifice a career that may turn out well—you have told me so!—you offer me a trip to Constantinople!”

“You shall keep the yacht as a memento of the cruise. She’s not a bad vessel.”

“What should I do with a steam yacht?”

“Oh, you would have to take the owner with her,” Logotheti answered airily.

“Eh?” Margaret stared at him in amazement.

“Yes. Don’t be surprised. I’m quite in earnest about it. I never lost time, you know.”

“I should think not! Do you know that this is only our second meeting?”

“Exactly,” replied the Greek coolly.

“Of course, I might have asked you the first time we met, when we were standing together on the pavement outside Mme. Bonanni’s door. I thought of it, but I was afraid it might strike you as sudden.”

“A little!”

“Yes. But a second meeting is different. You must admit that I have had plenty of time to think it over and to know my own mind.”

“In two meetings!”

“Yes. Surely you know that in France young people are often engaged to be married when they have never seen each other at all?”

“That is arranged for them by their parents,” objected Margaret.

“Whereas we can arrange the matter for ourselves,” Logotheti said. “It’s more dignified, and far more independent. Isn’t it?”

“I suppose so—I hardly know——”

“Oh, yes, it is! You cannot deny it. Besides, we have no parents and we are not children. You may think me hasty, but you cannot possibly be offended.”

"I'm not, but I think you are quite mad—unless you are joking."

"Mad, because I love you?" asked Logotheti, lowering his voice and looking at her.

"But how is it possible? We hardly know each other!" Margaret was beginning to feel uncomfortable.

"Never mind; it is possible, since it is so. Of course I cannot expect you to feel as I do so soon, but I want to be before any one else." Margaret was silent, and her expression changed, as she listened to his low and earnest tones. "I don't want to believe there is any one else," he went on. "I won't believe it, not even if you tell me there is. But you would not tell me, I suppose?"

She turned her eyes full upon him and spoke as low as he, but a little unsteadily.

"There is some one else," she said slowly.

Logotheti's lips moved, but she could not hear what he said, and almost as soon as she had spoken he looked down at the grass. There was no visible change in his face; and though she watched him for a few seconds, she did not think his hold tightened on his stick, or that his brows contracted. She was somewhat relieved at this, for she was inclined to conclude that he had not been in earnest at all, and had idly asked her to marry him just to see whether he could surprise her into saying anything foolish. Yet this idea did not please her, either. If there is anything a woman resents, it is that a man should pretend to be in love with her in order to laugh at her in his sleeve.

Margaret rose during the silence that followed. Logotheti sat still for a moment, as if he had not noticed her, and then he got up suddenly and glanced at her with a careless smile.

"I wish you good luck," he said lightly.

"Thank you," she answered. "One can never have too much of it!"

"Never. Get a talisman, a charm, a *jadoo*. You will need something of the sort in your career. A black opal is the best, but if you choose that you must get it yourself, you must buy it, find it, or steal it. Otherwise it will have no effect."

They moved away from the place where they had sat and joined the others. But after they had separated Margaret looked more than once at Logotheti, as if her eyes were drawn to him against her will, and she was annoyed to find that he was watching her.

She had thought of Lushington often that day, and now she wished with all

her heart that he were beside her, standing between her and something which she could not define but which she dreaded just because she could not imagine what it was, though it was certainly connected with Logotheti and with what he had said. She changed her mind about the Greek half a dozen times in an hour, but after each change the conviction grew on her that he had meant not only what he had said, but much more. His eyes were not like other men's eyes at all, when they looked at her, though they were so very quiet and steady. They were the eyes of another race, which she did not know, and they saw the world as her own people did not see it, nor as Frenchmen, nor as Italians, nor Germans, nor as any people she had met. They had seen sights she could never see, in countries where the law, if there was any, took it for granted that men would risk their lives for what they wanted. She, who was not easily frightened, suddenly felt the fear of the unknown, and the unknown was somehow embodied in Logotheti.

She did not show what she felt when he strolled up to her to say good-by, but through her glove she felt that his hand was stone cold, and as he said the half-dozen conventional words that were necessary she was sure that he smiled strangely, even mysteriously, as if such phrases as "I hope to see you again before long," and "such a heavenly afternoon," would cloak the deadly purposes of a diabolical design.

Margaret was alone with Mrs. Rushmore for a few minutes before dinner.

"Well?"

Mrs. Rushmore uttered the single word in an ejaculatory and interrogative tone, as only a certain number of old-fashioned Americans can. Spoken in that peculiar way it can mean a good deal, for it can convey suspicion, approval or disapproval, and any degree of acquaintance with the circumstances concerned, from almost total ignorance to the knowledge of everything except the result of the latest development.

On the present occasion, Mrs. Rushmore meant that she had watched Margaret and Logotheti, and had guessed approximately what had passed; that she thought the matter decidedly interesting, and that she wished to know all about it.

But Margaret was not anxious to understand, if indeed her English ear detected all the hidden meaning of the monosyllable.

"There were a good many people,

weren't there?" she observed, with a sort of query meant to lead the conversation in that direction.

But Mrs. Rushmore would not be thrown off the scent.

"My dear," she said severely, "he proposed to you on that bench. Don't deny it!"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Margaret, taken by surprise.

"Don't deny it," repeated Mrs. Rushmore.

"I had only met him once before to-day," said Margaret.

"It's all the same," retorted Mrs. Rushmore with an approach to asperity. "He proposed to you. Don't deny it. I say, don't deny it!"

"I haven't denied it," answered Margaret. "I only hoped that you had not noticed anything. He must be perfectly mad. Why in the world should he want to marry me?"

"All Greeks," said Mrs. Rushmore, "are very designing."

Margaret smiled at the expression.

"I should have said that M. Logotheti was hasty," she answered.

"My dear," said Mrs. Rushmore with conviction, "this man is an adventurer. You may say what you like, he is an adventurer. I am sure that ruby he wears is worth at least twenty thousand dollars. You may say what you like. I am sure of it."

"But I don't say anything," Margaret protested. "I dare say it is."

"I know it is," retorted Mrs. Rushmore with cold emphasis. "What business has a man to wear such jewelry? He's an adventurer, and nothing else."

"He's one of the richest men in Paris, for all that," observed Margaret.

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Rushmore. "Now you're defending him! I told you so!"

"I don't quite see——"

"Of course not! You're much too young to understand such things. The wretch has designs on you. I don't care what you say, my dear, he has designs!"

In Mrs. Rushmore's estimation she could say nothing worse of any human being than that.

"What sort of designs?" inquired Margaret, somewhat amused.

"In the first place, he wants to marry you. You admit that he does. My dear Margaret, it's bad enough that you should talk of going on the stage in your cold-blooded way, but that you should ever marry a Greek! Good heavens, child, what do you think I am made of? And

then you ask me what designs the man has! It's not to be believed!"

"I must be very dull," said Margaret, in a patient tone, "but I don't understand."

"I do," retorted Mrs. Rushmore with severity, "and that's enough! Wasn't I your mother's best friend? Haven't I been a good friend to you?"

"Indeed you have!" cried Margaret very gratefully.

"Well, then," explained Mrs. Rushmore, "I don't see that there is anything more to be said. It follows that the man is either an agent of that wicked old Alvah Moon——"

"Why?" asked Margaret, opening her eyes.

"Or else," continued Mrs. Rushmore with crushing logic, "he means to live on you when you have made your fortune by singing. It must be one or the other, and if it isn't the one it's certainly the other. You may say what you like. So that's settled, and I've warned you. You can't afford to despise your old friend's warning, Margaret, indeed you can't."

"But I've no idea of marrying the man," said Margaret helplessly.

"Of course not! But I should like to say, my child, that, whatever you do, I won't leave you to your fate. You may be sure of that. If nothing else would serve, I'd go on the stage myself! I owe it to your mother."

Margaret wondered in what capacity Mrs. Rushmore would exhibit herself to the astounded public if she carried out her threat.

IX.

If Mrs. Rushmore's logic was faulty, and the language of her argument vague, her instinct was keen enough and had not altogether misled her. Logotheti was neither a secret agent of the wicked Alvah Moon, who had robbed Margaret of her fortune, nor had he the remotest idea of making that young woman support him in luxurious idleness in case she made a success. But if, when a young and not over-scrupulous oriental has been refused by an English girl, he does not abandon the idea of marrying her, but calmly considers the possibilities of making her marry him against her will, he may be described as having "designs" upon her, then Logotheti was undeniably a very "designing" person, and Mrs. Rushmore was not nearly so far wrong as Margaret thought her. Whether it

was at all likely that he might succeed was another matter; but he possessed both the qualities and the weapons which sometimes insure success in the most unpromising undertakings.

He was tenacious, astute, and cool; he was very rich; he was very much in love; and he had no scruples worth mentioning. Moreover, if he failed, he belonged to a country from which it is extremely hard to obtain the extradition of persons who have elsewhere taken the name of the law in vain. It is with a feeling of national pride and security that the true-born Greek takes sanctuary beneath the shadow of the Acropolis.

He had played his first card boldly, but not recklessly, to find out how matters stood. He had been the target of too many matrimonial aims not to know that even such a girl as Margaret Donne might be suddenly dazzled and tempted by the offer of his hand and fortune, and might throw over the possibilities of a stage career for the certainties of an enormously rich marriage. But he had not counted on that. He had really set Margaret much higher in his estimation than to suppose that she would marry him out of hand for his money. He had reckoned only on finding out whether he had a rival, and in this he had succeeded to an extent which he had not anticipated. The result was not very promising. There had been no possibility of mistaking Margaret's tone and manner when she had confessed that there was "some one else."

On reflection he had to admit that Margaret had not been dazzled by his offer, though she had seemed surprised. She had either been accustomed to the idea of unlimited money, because Mrs. Rushmore was rich, or else she did not know its value. It came to the same thing in the end.

Orientalists very generally act on the perfectly simple theory that nine people out of ten are to be imposed upon by the mere display of what money can buy, and that if you show them the real thing they will be tempted by it. It is not pleasant to think how often they are right, and though Logotheti had made no impression on Margaret with his magnificent ruby and his casual offer of a yacht as a present, he did not reproach himself with having made a mistake. He had simply tried what he considered the usual method of influencing a woman, and as it had failed he had eliminated it from the arsenal of his weapons. That was all. He had found out at once that it was of

no use, and as he hated to waste time he was not dissatisfied with the result of his day's work.

Like most men who have lived much in Paris, he cared nothing at all for the ordinary round of dissipated amusement which carries foreigners and even young Frenchmen off their feet like a cyclone, depositing them afterward in strange places and in a damaged condition. It was long since he had dined in joyous company, frequented the lobby of the ballet, or found himself at dawn among the survivors of an indiscriminate orgy. Men who know Paris well may not have improved upon their original selves as to moral character, but they have almost always acquired the priceless art of refined enjoyment; and this is even more true now than in the noisy days of the Second Empire. In Paris, senseless dissipation is mostly the pursuit of the young, who know no better, or of much older men who have never risen above the animal state, and who sink with age into half-idiotic bestiality. Logotheti had never been counted amongst the former, and was in no danger of ending his days in the ranks of the latter. He was much too fond of real enjoyment to be dissipated. Most orientals are.

He spent the evening alone in an inner room to which no mere acquaintance and very few of his friends had ever been admitted. His rule was that when he was there he was not to be disturbed on any account.

"But if the house should take fire?" a new man-servant inquired on receiving these instructions.

"The fire engines will put it out," Logotheti answered. "It is none of my business. I will not be disturbed."

"Very good, sir. But if the house should burn down before they come?"

"Then I should advise you to go away. But be careful not to disturb me."

"Very good, sir. And if"—the man's voice took a confidential tone—"if any lady should ask for you, sir?"

"Tell her that to the best of your knowledge I am dead. If she faints, call a cab."

"Very good, sir."

Thereupon the new man-servant had entered upon his functions satisfied that his master was an original character, if not quite mad. But there was no secret about the room itself, as far as could be seen, and it was regularly swept and dusted like other rooms. The door was never locked except when Logotheti was within, and the place contained no hid-

den treasurers, nor any piece of furniture in which such things might have been concealed. There was nothing peculiar about its construction, except that the three windows were high above the ground like those of a painter's studio, and could be opened, shut, or shaded by means of cords and chains. There were also heavy curtains, such as are never seen in studios, which could be drawn completely across.

In a less civilized country Logotheti's servant might have supposed that he retired to this solitude to practise necromancy or study astrology, or to celebrate the Black Mass. But his matter-of-fact Frenchman merely said that he was "an original"; they even said so with a certain pride, as if there might be bad copies of him extant somewhere, which they despised.

One man, who had an epileptic aunt, suggested that Logotheti probably had fits, and disappeared into the inner room in order to have them alone; but this theory did not find favor, though it was supported, as the man pointed out, by the fact that the outer door of the room was heavily padded, and that the whole place seemed to be sound-proof, as indeed it was. On the other hand, there was nothing about the furniture within that could give color to the supposition, which was consequently laughed at in the servants' hall.

It is a curious fact that when servants have decided that their masters are eccentric, they soon cease to take any notice of their doings, except to laugh at them now and then when more eccentric than usual. It being once established that Logotheti was "an original," he might have kept his private room full of Bengal tigers for all the servants' hall would have cared, provided the beasts did not get about the house. It was a "good place," for he was generous, and there were perquisites; therefore he might do anything he pleased, so long as he paid—as indeed most of us might in this modern world, if we were able and willing to pay the price.

On this particular evening Logotheti dined at home alone, chiefly on a very simple Greek pilaff, Turkish preserved rose-leaves, and cream cheese, which might strike a Parisian as strange fare, unless he were a gourmet of the very highest order. Having sipped a couple of small glasses of very old Samos wine, Logotheti ordered coffee in his private room, told the servants not to disturb him, went in, and locked the outer door.

Then he gave a sigh of satisfaction and sat down, as if he had reached the end of a day's journey. Having tasted his coffee, he kicked off first one of his gleaming patent leather slippers and then the other, and drew up his feet under him on the broad leather seat. Next he drank more coffee, and lit a big cigarette; after which he sat almost motionless for at least half an hour, looking most of the time at a statue which occupied the principal place in the middle of the room. Now and then he half closed his eyes, and then opened them again suddenly, with an evident sense of pleasure.

He had the air of a man completely satisfied with his surroundings, his sensations, and his thoughts. There was something almost Buddha-like in his attitude, in his perfect calm, in the expression of his quiet almond eyes; even the European clothes he wore did not greatly hinder the illusion. Just then he did not look at all the sort of person to do anything sudden or violent, to pitch order to the dogs and tear the law to pieces, to kill anything that stood in his way as coolly as he would kill a mosquito, or to lay violent hands on what he wanted if he was hindered from taking it peacefully. Neither does a wildcat look very dangerous when it is dozing.

On the rare occasions when he allowed any one but his servants to enter that room, he said that the statue was a copy, which he had caused to be very carefully made after an original found in Lesbos and secretly carried off by a high Turkish official who kept it in his house and never spoke of it. This accounted for its being quite unknown to the artistic world. He called attention to the fact that it was really a facsimile, rather than a copy, and he seemed pleased with the perfect reproduction of the injured points, which were few, and of the stains, which were faint and not displeasing. But he never showed it to an artist or an expert critic.

"A mere copy," he would say, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Nothing that would interest any one who really knows about such things."

A very perfect copy, a very marvelous copy, surely! It was one that might stand in the Vatican, with the Torso, or in the Louvre, beside the Venus of Milo, or in the British Museum, opposite the Pericles, or in Olympia itself, facing the Hermes, the greatest of all, and yet never be taken for anything but the work of a supreme master's own hands. But Constantine Logotheti shrugged his

shoulders and said it was a mere copy, nothing but a clever facsimile, carved and chipped and stained by a couple of Italian marble-cutters, whose business it was to manufacture antiques for the American market, and whom any one could engage to work in any part of the world for twenty francs a day and their expenses. Yes, those Italian workmen were clever fellows, Logotheti admitted. But everything could be counterfeited now, as everybody knew, and his only merit lay in having ordered this particular counterfeit instead of having been deceived by it.

So Logotheti sat there in the quiet light, looking at it, the word "copy" sounded in his memory, as he had often spoken it, and a peaceful smile played upon his broad, oriental lips. The "copy" had cost human lives, and he had almost paid for it with his own, in his haste to have it for himself, and only for himself.

His eyes were half closed again, and he saw outlines of strong, ragged men staggering down to a lonely cave at night, with their marble burden. He heard the autumn gale howling among the rocks, and the soft thud of the baled statue as it was laid in the bottom of the little fishing craft. Then, because the men feared the weather, he was in the boat himself, shaming them by his courage, loosing the sail, bending furiously to one of the long sweeps, yelling, cheering, cursing, promising endless gold, baling with mad energy as the water swirled up and poured over the canvas bulwark that Greek boats carry, and still wildly urging the fishermen to keep her up. Finally, a sweep broken and foul of the next, a rower falling headlong on the man in front of him, confusion in the dark, the crazy boat broached to in the breaking sea, filling, fuller, now quite full and sinking, a raging hell of men fighting for their lives amongst broken oars, and tangled rigging and floating bottom-boards. Now one voice less, two less—a smashing sea, and then no voices at all, no boat, no men, no anything but the howling wind and the driving spray, and he himself, Logotheti, gripping a spar—one of those very long booms that the fishermen carry for running—half drowned again and again, but gripping still, and drifting with the storm past the awful death of sharp, black rocks and pounding seas into the calm lee beyond.

A week, later, on a still October night, his great yacht was lying where the boat had sunk, with diver and crane and

hoisting-gear, and submarine light; and at last, the thing itself was brought up from ten fathoms deep with noise of chain and steam-winch, and swung in on deck, the water-worn baling dropping from it and soon torn off, to show the precious marble perfect still. And then "full speed ahead" and west-southwest, straight for the Malta channel!

Logotheti's personal reminiscences were not exactly dull, and the vivid recollection of struggles and danger and visible death made the peace of his solitude more profound. The priceless thing he had fought for was alive in the stillness with the supernatural life of the ever beautiful. His fingers pressed an ebony key in the table beside him, and the marble turned very slowly and steadily and noiselessly on the low base, seeming to let her shadowy eyes linger on him as she looked back over the curve of her shoulder.

Again his fingers moved, and the motion ceased, obedient to the hidden mechanism; and so, as he sat still, the goddess moved this way and that, facing him at his will, or looking back, or turning quite away, as if ashamed to meet his gaze, being clothed only in warm light and dreamy shadows; then once more confronting him in the pride of a beauty too faultless to fear a man's bold eyes.

He leaned against his cushions, sipped his coffee now and then, and let the thin blue smoke make clouds of lace between him and the slowly moving marble, for he knew what little things help great illusions, or destroy them. Nothing was lacking. The dark-blue pavement combed like rippling water and shot with silver that cast back broken reflections, was the sea itself; snowy gauze wrapped loosely round the base was breaking foam; the tinted walls, the morning sky of Greece; the goddess, Aphrodite, sea-born, too human to be quite divine, too heavenly to be only a living woman.

And she was his; his not only for the dangers he had faced to have her, but his because he was a Greek, because his heart beat with a strain of the ancient sculptor's blood, because his treasure was the goddess of his far forefathers, who had made her in the image of the loveliness they adored, because he worshiped her himself, more than half heathenly; but doubly his now, because his imagination had found her likeness in the outer world, clothed, breathing, and alive, and created for him only.

As he leaned against his cushions, lines of the old poetry rose to his lips, and the

words came aloud. He loved the sound when he was alone—the vital rush of it, the voluptuous pause, and the soft, lingering cadence before it rose again. In the music of each separate verse there was the whole episode of man's love and woman's, the illusion and the image, the image and the maddening, leaping, all-satisfying, softly-subsiding reality.

It was no wonder that he would not allow anything to disturb him in that inner sanctuary of rare delight. His bodily nature, his imagination, his deep knowledge and love of his own Hellenic poets, his almost adoration of the beautiful—all that was his real self placed him far outside the pale that confines the world of common men as the sheepfold pens in the flock.

It was late in the night when he rose from his seat at last, extinguished the lights himself, and left the room, with a regretful look on his face; for, after his manner, he had been very happy in his solitude, if indeed he had been alone where his treasurer reigned.

Going down-stairs—for the sanctuary was high up in the house—he found his man dozing in a chair in the vestibule at the door of his dressing-room. The valet rose to his feet instantly, took a little salver from the small table beside him, and held it out to Logotheti.

"A telegram, sir," he said.

Logotheti carelessly tore the end off the blue cover and glanced at the contents.

Can buy moon. Cable offer and limit.

Logotheti looked at his watch and made a short calculation which convinced him that no time would really be lost in buying the moon if he did not answer the telegram till the next morning. Then he went to bed and read himself to sleep with Musurus' Greek translation of Dante's "Inferno."

X.

On the following day Margaret received a note from Schreiermeyer informing her in the briefest terms and in doubtful French that he had concluded the arrangements for her to make her début in the part of *Marguerite*, in a Belgian city, in exactly a month, and requiring that she should attend the next rehearsal of "Faust" at the Opera in Paris, where "Faust" is almost a perpetual performance and yet seems to need rehearsing from time to time.

She showed the letter to Mrs. Rush-

more, who sighed wearily after reading it, and said nothing. But there was a little more color in Margaret's cheek, and her eyes sparkled at the prospect of making a beginning at last. Mrs. Rushmore took up her newspaper again with an air of sorrowful disapproval, but presently she started uncomfortably and looked at Margaret.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and sighed once more.

"What is it?" asked the young girl.

"It must be true, for it's in the *Herald*."

"What?"

Mrs. Rushmore read the following paragraph:

We hear on the best authority that a new star is about to dazzle the operatic stage. M. Schreiermeyer has announced to a select circle of friends that it will be visible in the theatrical heaven on the night of June 21, in the character of *Marguerite* and in the person of a surprisingly beautiful young Spanish soprano, the Señorita Margarita da Cordova, whose romantic story as daughter to a contrabandista of Andalusia and granddaughter to the celebrated bullfighter Ramon and—

"Oh, my dear! This is too shameful! I told you so!"

Mrs. Rushmore's elderly cheeks were positively scarlet as she stared at the print. Margaret observed the unwonted phenomenon with surprise.

"I don't see anything so appallingly improper in that," she observed.

"You don't see? No, my child, you don't! I trust you never may. Indeed, if I can prevent it, you never shall. Disgusting! Vile!"

And the good lady read the rest of the paragraph to herself, holding up the paper so as to hide her modest blushes.

"My dear, what a story!" she cried at last. "It positively makes me creep!"

"This is very tantalizing," said Margaret. "I suppose it has to do with my imaginary ancestry in Andalusia?"

"I should think it had! Where do they get such things, I wonder? A bishop, my dear—oh, no, really! It would make a pirate blush! Can you tell me what good this kind of thing can do?"

"Advertisement," Margaret answered coolly. "It's intended to excite interest in me before I appear, you know. Don't they do it in America?"

"Never!" cried Mrs. Rushmore with solemn emphasis. "Apart from its being all a perfectly gratuitous falsehood."

"Gratuitous? Perhaps Schreiermeyer paid to have it put in."

"Then I never wish to see him, Mar-

garet, never! Do you understand? I think I shall bring an action against him. At all events, I shall take legal advice. This cannot be allowed to go uncontradicted. If I were you, I would sit down and write to the paper this very minute, and tell the editor that you are a respectable English girl. You are, I'm sure!"

"I hope so! But what has respectability to do with art?"

"A great deal, my dear," answered Mrs. Rushmore wisely. "You may say what you like, there is a vast difference between being respectable and disreputable—perfectly vast! It's of no use to deny it, because you can't."

"Nobody can."

"There, now, I told you so! I must say, child, you are getting some very strange ideas from your new acquaintances. If these are the principles you mean to adopt, I am very sorry for you!"

Margaret did not seem very sorry for herself, however, for she went off at this point, singing the jewel song in "Faust" at the top of her voice, and wishing that she were already behind the footlights with the orchestra at her feet.

Two days later, Mrs. Rushmore received a cable message from New York which surprised her almost as much as the paragraph about Margaret had.

Alvah Moon has sold invention for cash to anonymous New York syndicate who offer to compromise suit. Cable instructions naming sum you will accept, if disposed to deal.

Now Mrs. Rushmore was a wise woman, as well as a good one, though her ability to express her thoughts in concise language was insignificant. She had long known that the issue of the suit she had brought was doubtful, and that as it was one which could be appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States it might drag on for a long time; so that the possibility of a compromise was very welcome.

What she could not understand was that any one should have been willing to pay Alvah Moon the sum he must have asked, while his interest was still in litigation, and that, after buying that interest, the purchasers should propose a compromise when they might have prolonged the suit for some time, with a fair chance of winning it in the end. But that did not matter. More than once since Mrs. Rushmore had taken up the case her lawyers had advised her to drop it and submit to losing what she had already spent on the suit, and of late her

own misgivings had increased. The prospect of obtaining a considerable sum for Margaret, at the very moment when the girl had made up her mind to support herself as a singer, was in itself very tempting; and as it presented itself just when the horrors of an artistic career had been brought clearly before Mrs. Rushmore's mind by the newspaper paragraph, she did not hesitate a moment.

Margaret was in Paris that morning, at her first rehearsal, and could not come back till the afternoon; but after all it would be of no use to consult her, as she was so infatuated with the idea of singing in public that she might be almost disappointed by her good fortune.

Mrs. Rushmore read the message three times, and then went out under the trees to consider her answer, carrying the bit of paper in her hand as if she did not know by heart the words written on it. For once she had no guests, and for the first time she was glad of it. She walked slowly up and down, and as it was a warm morning, still and overcast, she fanned herself with the telegram in a very futile way, and watched the flies skimming over the water of the little pond, and repeated her inward question to herself many times.

Mrs. Rushmore never thought anything out. When she was in doubt, she asked herself the same question, "What had I better do?" or, "What will he or she do next?" over and over again, with a frantic determination to be logical. And suddenly, sooner or later, the answer flashed upon her in a sort of accidental way, as if it were not looking for her, and so completely outran all power of expression that she could not put it into words at all, though she could act upon it well enough. The odd part of it all was that these accidental revelations rarely misled her. They were like fragments of a former world of excellent common sense that had gone to pieces, which she now and then encountered like meteors in her own orbit.

When she had walked up and down for a quarter of an hour, one of these aeroliths of reason shot across the field of her mental sight, and she understood that one of two things must have occurred. Either Alvah Moon had lost confidence in his chances and had sold the invention to some greenhorn for anything he could get, or else some one else had been so deeply interested in the affair as to risk a great deal of money in it.

(To be continued.)

THE REFORMER OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

BY FRED T. JANE.

SIR JOHN FISHER, THE REMARKABLE SAILOR WHO HAS REORGANIZED KING EDWARD'S FIGHTING FLEET, AND WHO WOULD PROBABLY COMMAND IT IN CASE OF WAR.

ADMIRAL FISHER first loomed on the world's appreciation at the time of the bombardment of Alexandria, in 1882. As captain of the turret-ship *Inflexible*, the vessel that carried the biggest guns then in existence, he appealed to the popular fancy; as the inventor of the armored train which played so important a part in the land fighting after the bombardment, he earned the distinction which all able men earn sooner or later.

He has spent more than fifty years in the British navy. Before he was twenty, he had seen service in two wars—the Crimean, in 1855, as a midshipman, and that with China in 1859 and 1860, when he was a lieutenant. The son of a captain in a Highland regiment, who settled in Ceylon and married a Singalese lady, he had no "power behind the throne" seeking his advancement, and his career has from first to last been one of merit forcing itself above that gilded interest which has too often been the path to promotion.

When he rose to the command of a ship, Captain Fisher was assigned to the *Inflexible*—a wonderful vessel in her day—on account of his reputation as a gunnery expert. The authorities naturally desired to test the capabilities of her great eighty-one-ton weapons by putting them into the hands of their best artilleryman. But Fisher quickly showed his many-sidedness by declaring that the best way for an *Inflexible* to attack an *Inflexible* would be by nocturnal dashes with the torpedo boats that she carried. Appreciation of the torpedo was rank heresy in those days. But Captain Fisher did more than that, for the British "torpedo schools" owe their existence to him. As captain of Whale Island, the great naval training-ground at Portsmouth, he made the torpedo a special study, and founded the torpedo school-ship *Vernon*. Seldom indeed does it happen that a specialist can see good in other branches of the service than his own!

In 1886 Captain Fisher became direc-

tor of naval ordnance, and with his occupation of that post came a great but now almost forgotten revolution. The breech-loader and the quick-firer, like the torpedo, owe it to him that they came into vogue five years sooner than they otherwise would have done. The old muzzle-loading gun had as fervent champions in those days as the cylindrical boiler has in these, and the dead weight of opposition to be overcome was very great. However, when Fisher vacated the post of director, after holding it for four years, obsolete weapons were doomed, and the nucleus of a thorough and intelligent study of gunnery was established.

From director of gunnery, Fisher became superintendent at Portsmouth Dockyard, with the rank of rear-admiral. The usual revolution in the methods marked his arrival. Early and late he was about, trying to extract a full day's work from every one of his subordinates. Those were the times in which the time-honored *Punch* joke, "Bill don't do no work now; he's got a job in the dockyard," went near to representing a profound truth. The story is told that one day, in going round his domain, the admiral encountered two men standing idle. Asking the reason, he was informed that they had gone ahead to keep the way clear for some other men who were carrying an oar across the yard. A little farther on he encountered five men sauntering toward him. These, on being questioned, explained that they were carrying the oar.

"But I see no oar," said the admiral.

The men stopped and scratched their heads. Then the leading man spoke.

"Hanged if we haven't forgotten the oar, sir," said he.

Exaggerated, no doubt, this tale may be, but none the less it is said to be a substantially correct picture of the conditions of "work" in the Portsmouth dockyards when Admiral Fisher fell like a bombshell into the *dolce far niente* of the place. Such halcyon days have not been for dockyard-men since, for under

the Fisher régime all their tricks for avoiding undesired fatigue were discovered and provided against.

Another story of the same period tells how a certain lord of the Admiralty, negligent of attire and idle in his inspection duties, accidentally played a valuable part in the reform movement. On one inspection day, this official hung behind his colleagues and presently lost his way. Thus wandering, he came upon a solitary workman gently pounding one of the pig-iron bricks, once used to ballast some vessel, which adorned portions of the dockyard as pavements.

"Are the lords of the Admiralty this way?" asked the errant dignitary.

"Not much, mate," replied the man, scenting no danger in so shabby-looking a questioner. "Not much, seeing I'm here doing crow for 'em."

"Crow? What's that?"

"Crow," explained the man confidentially, "is what I'm doing of. Inside that shed all the maties are taking it easy. When I sees some one wot don't matter, I knock soft. When I sees old Fisher, then I knocks like Hades; and when old Fisher pokes his nose into the shed, they're all working like it, too. See?"

The lord of the Admiralty did see, and the game of "crow" was no longer a paying one.

Admiral Fisher did not stay long at Portsmouth, as he became controller of the navy in 1892, a post which he held for five years. Revolution followed his advent at the Admiralty—coming this time in the engine-room. It was he who introduced the much-discussed Belleville boiler. As an early experiment, ignorance in handling the novel mechanism led to many troubles. Like all strong men, Fisher has his enemies, and these made the utmost of Belleville "failures." All the unprogressives rallied round the opposition standard, and they so far succeeded that the government appointed a committee, chiefly composed of civilians, which condemned the new type of boiler.

By that time Fisher had left the Admiralty, and after two years on the North American station had taken over command of the Mediterranean fleet. With his coming to that important post, there were no more Belleville troubles in the crack squadron that Britain maintains in the great inland sea; but nevertheless, his championship of the new idea was neutralized by his successors in office. It is the only defeat Admiral Fisher has ever suffered. Time and long sea experience have since proved the tubular

boiler to be a most valuable innovation, giving the greatest power at the least consumption of coal, and being the only type that can be mended by its own crew should it be damaged in battle. Nevertheless, to a certain extent it is still under official disfavor.

Returning to the Admiralty in 1902 as second sea lord, Fisher introduced another bitterly opposed reform, the so-called "new scheme." This settled a naval anomaly which had been growing ever since the introduction of steam-power. For the first time, it extended due recognition to the engineer officers—the men on whom a modern vessel is absolutely dependent for its power to move and to fight. It granted them executive titles and rank, and allowed the engineers of the future to enter the British navy like the admirals of the future, as cadets. A similar settlement of the vexed question of the "line" and the "staff" had already been made in the navy of the United States.

Like most of Fisher's reforms, the "new scheme" was sharply criticised and vigorously attacked, but after leaving the Admiralty for a year as commander-in-chief at Portsmouth, its author returned to Whitehall as first sea lord, and the machinations of the reactionaries fell to pieces.

His first act in his new post was characteristic enough. In deserted inlets round the British coast there lay more than a hundred war-ships, from battleship to gunboat—useless vessels that masqueraded as fighting craft until a few months ago. At one swoop Admiral Fisher struck them off the effective list, and they were auctioned off, practically as old iron—for the purchasers were not allowed to resell them to any foreign power. As a result the British navy, weakened on paper, is doubled in efficiency. "Lame ducks" no longer hamper it, and it is now appreciably nearer the Fisher ideal of "a force able to go anywhere and do anything at a moment's notice."

Such, briefly, is the record of "Jacky Fisher"—as the British navy, from admiral to bluejacket, always calls him. A mastering personality, a man who knows his own mind, feared and hated by the reactionary or non-progressive, but often trusted as much by those who dislike him as by his admirers.

A man who is unsparing to the inefficient is not a man to be widely loved, but he is the man to create an efficient navy. And he has created it. There is



VICE-ADMIRAL SIR JOHN ARBUTHNOT FISHER, FIRST SEA LORD OF THE
BRITISH ADMIRALTY.

From a photograph by Russell, Windsor.

not a single reform in the last twenty years of British naval history that has not had its genesis in him. As has been said, he was practically the creator of the torpedo as a serious weapon, and the introduction of the Belleville boiler was entirely his work. To him are due the great armored cruisers which, while able to sweep lesser craft from the seas, can, if need be, fight most battle-ships without any very serious risk. His the ending of the old-time feuds between deck officers and engineer officers; his the reserve ships ready for war; his all these and all other things that make for efficiency.

4 M

Naval men who know Admiral Fisher believe that he intends to bring about several other reforms so soon as the time shall be ripe. These include the sweeping away of all British cruisers without side-armor, the rehabilitation of the Belleville boiler, the substitution of deck officers for the civilian paymasters, the engagement of shore doctors under temporary contract instead of the "rusty" service doctors, and the complete fusion of the engineer officers with the line. All are revolutionary steps, but there is not one of them that will not make wholly for an efficient navy.

ETCHINGS

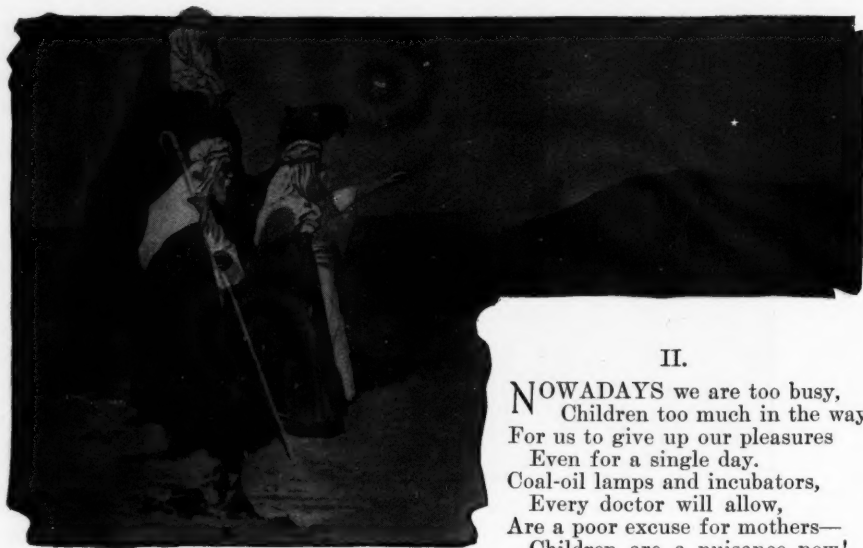
THE PROBLEM PLAY.

I HEARD the hero's labored talk,
His fervent declamation;
I saw him pace the stage, and walk
Its length in perturbation.
Would she leave him, or he leave her?
Had he the right to marry?
Would both of them to part demur?
Was it not wrong to tarry?

The critic with the sunken eye
Explained the situation.



His forehead bulged; a cultured sigh
Showed cultured exultation.
A listless hearer at his side,
Of intellect far baser,
Exclaimed, "The problem's not denied,
But where on earth's the play, sir?"
Elias Lieberman.



THEN AND NOW.

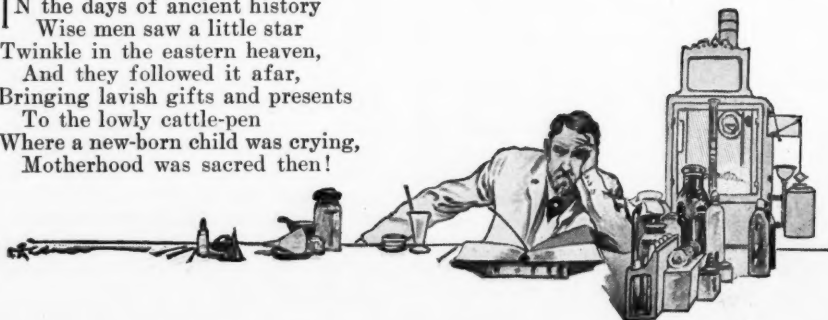
I.

IN the days of ancient history
Wise men saw a little star
Twinkle in the eastern heaven,
And they followed it afar,
Bringing lavish gifts and presents
To the lowly cattle-pen
Where a new-born child was crying,
Motherhood was sacred then!

II.

NOWADAYS we are too busy,
Children too much in the way
For us to give up our pleasures
Even for a single day.
Coal-oil lamps and incubators,
Every doctor will allow,
Are a poor excuse for mothers—
Children are a nuisance now!

Frederic Colburn Clarke.





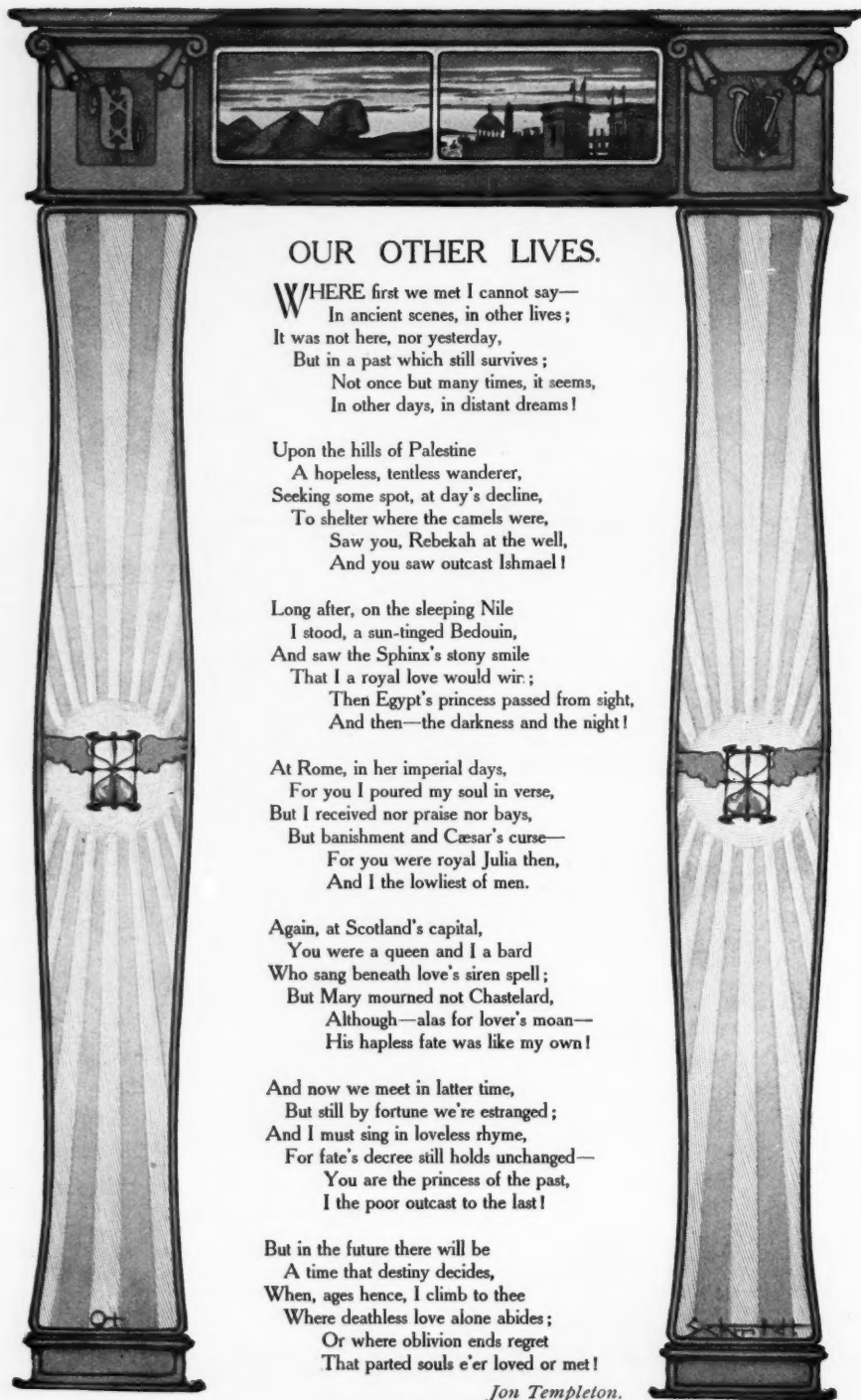
SUNRISE.

A SINGLE cloud within the sky afar
Darkened the east and mocked the morning star;
Yet in the shadow of its curtain gray
The earth was confident of coming day.

THEN, sudden, up the awed, expectant height
Shot all the whirlwind glory of the light;
And in the blinding loveliness of day
Like thistle-drift the cloud was swept away.

A GAZING woman from her window nigh
Watched long till light had won the waking sky;
Then, turning to a cradle near, she smiled—
For life was at the sunrise in her child!

Edward Wilbur Mason.



OUR OTHER LIVES.

WHERE first we met I cannot say—
 In ancient scenes, in other lives ;
 It was not here, nor yesterday,
 But in a past which still survives ;
 Not once but many times, it seems,
 In other days, in distant dreams !

Upon the hills of Palestine
 A hopeless, tentless wanderer,
 Seeking some spot, at day's decline,
 To shelter where the camels were,
 Saw you, Rebekah at the well,
 And you saw outcast Ishmael !

Long after, on the sleeping Nile
 I stood, a sun-tinged Bedouin,
 And saw the Sphinx's stony smile
 That I a royal love would win ;
 Then Egypt's princess passed from sight,
 And then—the darkness and the night !

At Rome, in her imperial days,
 For you I poured my soul in verse,
 But I received nor praise nor bays,
 But banishment and Cæsar's curse—
 For you were royal Julia then,
 And I the lowliest of men.

Again, at Scotland's capital,
 You were a queen and I a bard
 Who sang beneath love's siren spell ;
 But Mary mourned not Chastelard,
 Although—alas for lover's moan—
 His hapless fate was like my own !

And now we meet in latter time,
 But still by fortune we're estranged ;
 And I must sing in loveless rhyme,
 For fate's decree still holds unchanged—
 You are the princess of the past,
 I the poor outcast to the last !

But in the future there will be
 A time that destiny decides,
 When, ages hence, I climb to thee
 Where deathless love alone abides ;
 Or where oblivion ends regret
 That parted souls e'er loved or met !

Jon Templeton.

A BALLADE OF TRAVEL.

THE ways one may cover the earth
Stretch north, east, south, west, like
a net.

Steam reduces its once giant girth
Till for gage one might use a plan-
chette.

When the company's large and well-
met

A journey is bound to be jolly;
But for *first* choice my heart's firmly
set

On the siren, the sinuous trolley!

You may ship for some far polar firth

That the ice-floes eternally fret;

You may sail to those harbors of mirth
Where each wave is a laughing
coquette;



A SAD CASE.

FARMER HORNBEAK—"I'm afraid Uncle Timrod's
mind is kinder failin' him."

MRS. HORNBEAK—"I guess not, Ezry. Mebbe
his memory ain't quite what it was, but—"

FARMER HORNBEAK—"I should say it ain't!
Why, he's 'most as forgetful as one of them trust
officials when you git 'em on the witness stand!"



IN THE DIVORCE COLONY.

"Did you observe how Blinker stammered when
he met his first wife on the lawn?"

"Yes, poor chap—he couldn't recall her present
name."

Or, if seas are too windy and wet,
There's the train with its velvet and
volley

Of sounds that fill *me* with regret
For the siren, the sinuous trolley!

If the confines of stateroom or berth
Your megrims but aid and abet,
You may test the swift autocar's worth
On the road, without hindrance or let.

It is true, though we're not flying yet,
That to talk of it sounds less like folly;
Still, balloons are no serious threat
To the siren, the sinuous trolley!

ENVOY.

That I'm poor I have learned to forget!
So has—*this* in strict confidence—
Molly;

And I freely acknowledge my debt
To the siren, the sinuous trolley!

Edward W. Barnard.



A SUMMER GARDEN.

I.

WHERE siren summer sits enthroned
Beyond the north wind's bitter threat,
Give me a garden fragrant-zoned
With iasmine and the violet!

II.

A GARDEN sloping to the south
Where pine and palm twin brothers be,
And there is never any drouth
Of music in the cedar-tree!

III.

A LITTLE lute should lie at hand,
With delicately tuned string;
And I would have a fountain's bland
And melancholy languishing.

IV.

TO give the prism the perfect ray
This benison would I devise—
Love coming down the garden way
The wonder-light within her eyes!

Clinton Scollard.

FROM THE POLKVILLE (ARKANSAS)
CLARION.

WE are pleased to note that Dr. Buckover is rapidly recovering from his recent painful indisposition, but extremely sorry to state that Dr. Lammers, who has been attending him, is now believed to be in grave danger. So many conflicting rumors have been in circula-

which the patient belonged. In fact, so bitter was Dr. Lammers' prejudice against it that it had to be administered to him by force and contrary to his earnest protests, both vocal and physical. Nevertheless, such was the value of the treatment that in a phenomenally short time Dr. Lammers recovered.

His first action, when he was able to



AN AMBITIOUS YOUNG AMERICAN.

SKINNY—"Say, Bill, save dat board with de figgers on it."

BILL—"What for, Skinny? What good is it?"

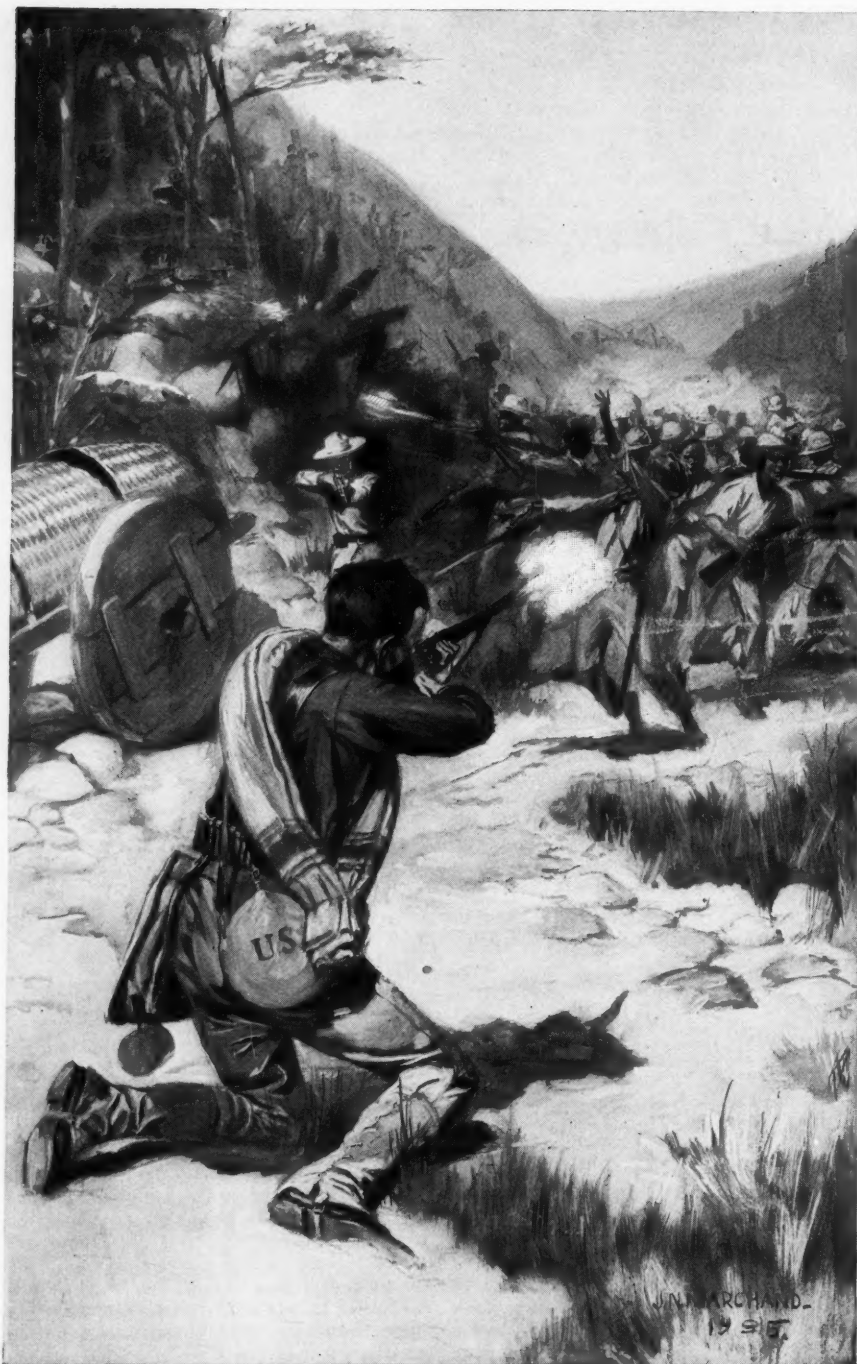
SKINNY—"I might have an autymobeel some day, and dat'll do fer de sign on de back of it."

tion regarding this peculiar affair that we are prompted to give the correct version of it.

As is well known, these two able physicians, although of opposite and antagonistic schools of medicine, were fast friends till recently. Dr. Lammers, we regret to say, was attacked by a dangerous and unusual malady, the name of which we haven't sufficient knowledge of therapeutical orthography to attempt to spell, and Dr. Buckover at once took charge of the case, as behooved a friend and brother-physician. However, the line of treatment he pursued, while eminently efficacious, was diametrically antipodal to that used by the school of medicine to

leave his house, was to visit Dr. Buckover's office, and to beat him so severely with a loaded cane that for a space his life was despaired of by his many friends, and also by Dr. Lammers, who promptly took charge of the case. And so skilfully has he ministered to the sufferer that the latter has already been able to announce his intention of shooting Dr. Lammers all to pieces, early next week. Should he do so, a full account of the tragedy will be found in our next issue. We sincerely hope, however, that these two talented gentlemen may reach an amicable adjustment of the difficulty and bury the hatchet before that time.

Tom P. Morgan.



JOE STRUGGLED TO HIS KNEES, TEN YARDS IN FRONT OF THEM, AND SENT A BALL INTO THE BUNCH.

[See story, "Joe Parsons, Deserter," page 543.]

JOE PARSONS, DESERTER.

BY M. H. BATTENBERG.

I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up at all—ll . . .

DOWN in a little rocky valley somewhere between Badog and Aripo, in Northern Luzon, the bugle sang the reveille.

A mile up on the side of the mountain a bunch of bushes quivered, shook, and parted. The thin face of Joe Parsons peered down on the scene below, while he swore at the bugle, at the bugler, at the sergeant, and at the corporals of the little detachment, and used harsh words toward the enlisted men. He did not swear at the officers, because there were none. If there had been, the half company would not have been lost in the disorderly cluster of hills, which seemed to have been suddenly petrified while engaged in a drunken riot, and selected by the enemy of man to make a retreat for marauding ladrone.

Three days before, orders had come up from Vigan to Badog for Lieutenant Bell to take two boxes of medical stores, ten thousand rounds of ammunition, thirty days' rations, and a detachment of soldiers, through the upper trail to Aripo, where a post was to be established to keep order in the province. The lieutenant left the surgeon and the second lieutenant at Badog, sent a courier to Vigan to report, and started at one o'clock in the morning with three carabao carts and fifty-six men, thinking to get into the hills before his absence was noticed.

About half-past eight, when they were working around a swamp at the head of Rio Tineg, eighteen miles out from Badog, the lieutenant saw a movement in the weeds on the farther side. He spoke of it to Sergeant Flink, who had just arrived from the States. The sergeant couldn't locate the place. The lieutenant pointed with his sword. This hostile movement was answered by half a dozen bullets. The lieutenant got two. One "creased" the back of his neck; the other cut a chunk out of a tendon behind his knee, and he went down like a bag of potatoes.

Joe Parsons yelled "To cover!" snatched him behind a bull cart, and prodded the carabao with his rifle. The

animal trotted out of danger before the sergeant, who should have seized the opportunity to distinguish himself for presence of mind, recovered from the shock. The sergeant followed. While Joe bandaged the lieutenant, Flink delivered an oration on the cowardly rascals who didn't dare come out and fight like men.

The lieutenant was dazed by the "crease," and it made him absent-minded and carelessly truthful, which is bad in an officer. When Joe had him propped against a bunch of bamboos, he looked up at the sergeant and said:

"If they did come out in the open, they would be as big asses as you are. Get back there, and get the boys together off the trail. The firing has stopped."

When things quieted down a load was shifted to leave a vacant cart, and a thick bed of palm leaves placed in it for the lieutenant to go back to Badog. He was in a little hurry, because if inflammation ever started in the back of his neck he would probably have to take a turn at spinal meningitis or brain fever, and if he did get well he would be likely to have a stiff neck, with his nose pointed to the blue void, which would be all right for saluting the flag at a post but all wrong for following a trail.

Ten men were detailed with the lieutenant. Just before starting he called for Sergeant Flink.

"Go west about a half-mile, sergeant," he said, "and you will find an old trail, pretty well grown up. Follow it a mile and a half; then it comes back into this road. About four miles and a half farther you'll see a flat-topped hill about two hundred feet high on your right, with only one path where you can get the carts up. Get on top of it, and get your baggage up. Take all the water you can. Don't build any fire. Every ladrone in the hills will be at the other side, along the trail, by to-morrow night, waiting for you to come. But you stay on the hill and wait for reinforcements. You have enough supplies, if they get them, to start another revolution. If there's anything else you want to know, consult Private Parsons. He was here all through the war."

From Badog to Aripo is fifty-six miles. About eighteen miles at either end of

the hike are open, and twenty miles through the middle are mountains. There is one cart trail through, and two hundred yards of it per canteen would settle the temperance question.

About ten o'clock the lieutenant started back. Then the sergeant formed his men into fours, which is bad, and ordered them to carry arms, which is worse, when you are breaking a trail through cactus and Spanish bayonets tied together with creepers that grow in loops like croquet wickets. The carabao carts would have broken a trail had they been put in advance, but the heavy-set books at Fort Keogh do not specify that you shall use carabao carts to break trails, and the "Soldier's Guide" says that what is not specified is forbidden. The sergeant's undoing was due, however, to his dignity.

"Sergeant," said Joe, "hadn't I better go ahead and scout around for that trail? It's likely to be hard to find."

"Private Parsons, when I want your advice I'll ask you for it," replied the sergeant. "Left dress! Don't you fellows know which side the guide is on yet? You march like a lot of garter-snakes!" he continued.

In about half an hour the sergeant found what he thought was the trail. About two hours later he began to realize deep down in his soul that he should have been kicked across to Mindanao.

The detachment halted in the foothills for mess. While they ate, the sergeant walked out and discovered a valley leading in the direction he thought they ought to take. They followed it as far as possible, then tried another and another, until night came and they were lost.

Sergeant Flink, foreseeing a general court-martial for disobedience, resolved to make a valorous dash through to Aripo, and to claim that disobedience was necessary to avoid the enemy. He started next morning on his dignity as commander of an expedition, and had the company lost before the sun got high enough to take direction. Then the sky became a shimmering bubble of melted steel, meeting the earth about four miles away. The hill-tops flickered and seemed about to explode into gas. If a man looked at them long, his head felt that way. When he looked at the ground again it seemed to slope away and he stumbled—and swore, wonderingly, at his eyes or his feet.

When the sun sank so low that the hills cast shadows, Flink and his men

found themselves in a wide valley skirting the edge of a swamp. They followed it hopelessly till it stopped in a little, sunken plateau from which a narrowing ravine ran out between two steep and rocky hills; down the ravine, through the plateau, and back to the swamp, a small stream of water trickled. The carabaos stopped of their own accord and knelt to drink.

"Unhitch them," commanded the sergeant. "We'll have mess here, and while it's getting ready you lads can brush up for dress parade."

Dress parade with forty-six men! Even the carabaos knew Sergeant Flink had looked too long at the flickering tops of the hills. They revolted. When free, heads down, and bellowing, they dashed back toward the swamp.

Every one except Sergeant Flink understood that when a carabao takes a mud bath he wades out until the depth suits him, puts his chin on a hummock, and squats down. When he gets the fever out of his hot Spanish blood he will come out—until then he is *mañana, muy mañana*.

Joe knew it meant a day's halt, at least, so he leaned on his rifle and grinned at Sergeant Flink. The sergeant resented this, and ordered Joe to bring the carabaos back.

"Shall I lead one and ride the other," said Joe, "or do you think I'd better lead 'em both?"

"Lead 'em both," replied the sergeant.

"Don't you think I'd better take a handful of cook's sugar along and kind o' coax 'em into camp, captain? They might feel bad if a big, rough feller like me pulled 'em back by main strength."

Then Sergeant Flink began to realize that he was being made game of, and he cursed Joe, beginning with Joe himself, and working back far enough to show that Joe was a result that might have been expected. Theoretically, he proved his point. While he was doing it, the smile left Joe's eyes, and his upper lip went square at the corners, which isn't beautiful in a face so lean that the skin looks stretched across the bridge of the nose.

"Do you want 'em to-night?" said Joe calmly.

"To-night——!" the sergeant gurgled with rage. "You stay till you get 'em, and bring 'em in!"

Joe came to position, made a salute like a volunteer sergeant on brigade guard, faced about, and marched to the mess cart. There he packed two boxes of

cartridges into his blanket roll, and filled his haversack with hardtack, coffee, canned beans, and bacon.

"Hold on, Joe; you're taking about five days' rations!" exclaimed the cook, who was getting out stuff for mess.

"I'm ordered to stay out till I bring the carabaos back," replied Joe.

"Better take another haversack, then."

"Can't you stay for dress parade, Joe?" asked the bugler, impishly perched on the front of the cart, caressing the pride of his life, a silver Spanish key-bugle, taken from the enemy.

"The deuce take your dress parade!" replied Joe as he pushed his haversack around out of the way and swung off on the back trail.

II.

JOE PARSONS, the best scout, the surest marksman in his brigade, had no intention of bringing in the carabaos. He was going to desert. It was desert, or whip the sergeant. With an officer present above the sergeant, Joe would not have thought of deserting, but that divinity which hedges about kings and non-commissioned officers in charge of detachments saved the sergeant's hide.

Joe went back about four hundred yards, made a détour to the right, and in the short twilight found a place to bunk on the mountain-side a mile above the valley.

He spread his poncho under some brush behind a boulder, rolled his blanket around him, and went to sleep and forgot the sergeant, till awakened by reveille. Then, after exercising his memory and imagination in invective, he cut the top off a can of beans, swore softly because the piece of pork was not larger, and ate breakfast. This done, he lit his pipe and surveyed the scene before him in the morning light, calmly and from a strategic standpoint.

"Cover for half a dozen regiments within three hundred yards of him. Hills all around him, the idiot! It'd make a good mule-corral. He'll stay there, I expect, till he gets his carabaos. Two to one his camp's rushed from the head of the valley. He hasn't sense enough to post a picket there, and he's too high to talk to the corporals. If there's a ladrone close enough to hear that bugle, I can see their finish. Wonder if the bunch that got the lieutenant followed us up?"

Then he offered to bet a can of beans they did, but no one would "fade" him,

so he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, drank the last water in his canteen, spread his blanket over a bush, and curled up under it for another snooze.

When the bugle sounded noon mess call he awoke. Making up his blanket roll, he took a look at his Krag magazine, threw his haversack over his shoulder, and started on, knowing that he could find dry fuel and water to make coffee in the upper ravine.

Two hours later he was a mile and a half away, toiling up the side of the ravine with a full canteen and an armful of dry bamboo stalks, looking for a place where he could build a fire and eat without danger of being potted for sport by some ladrone who wanted his gun.

He had eaten what he wanted, and had lain two hours or more in the shade of a shelving rock, considering ways and means, and wondering if there was a chance for a pretty fair American blacksmith in the Jap shipyards at Nagasaki, when he noticed, some five hundred yards above him in the ravine, a little brown spot that seemed new. He had almost decided that the sun had just moved enough to make it visible, when he saw another near it. While he watched, the two moved together.

Now, in the Philippines, when the real war was on, and you saw a little brown spot that moved, the best thing was to get in line and lie low until it came up, then rise suddenly, your gun at your shoulder, and say "Halt! *Quien es Usted?*" The little brown spot then became a little brown man, evidently very much frightened and intensely nervous, with a bolo-knife hanging to him, perhaps a Mauser in his hand, and would say "*Me amigo! Me amigo!*" like a guinea-hen cackling. When he got out of breath you marched him into camp—ahead of you. The revised tactics did not specify that you should believe what he said after you got him there. It is not written that a ladrone ever told the truth.

But Joe did not expect to march any more of them into camp. He had done his share of that. He would lie still where he was. They might pass within fifty yards of him and never know he was there. He was safe. The rest was the sergeant's business. But the sergeant had no right to sacrifice a company to his ignorance and jealousy. There were some good boys in the company; it was a shame to let them go without a fighting show.

Perhaps it was absent-mindedness, but while Joe was declaring himself out of

it, his fingers fished a box of cartridges from his blanket-roll, tore it open, and were filling up his cartridge belt just over the hip-bones, where a fellow doesn't like to carry shells on a long march. When there were no more holes, he tore open the other box and dumped the contents loose in his trousers pocket, all but one; that one he looked at for a moment, saying:

"I guess you can tell 'em there's trouble a-comin'."

Then he cut a cross through the nickel on the point of the ball and peeled the casing back raggedly. His rifle would send it screaming over the valley where the boys were. They would understand it—and then it would be "over the hill" for Joe.

He put his rifle to his shoulder, and was hesitating a moment before pressing the trigger to send the warning he thought his last duty to the States and Stars and Stripes, when faint and far, a tenuous thread of sound, its purity purified by following echoes, came the song of the old key-bugle:

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?

"Dress parade, bad luck to it!"

He crouched back under the stone as if he would hide his soul till the song was gone. Insensibly, as the strains died down, he started to rise to "Present arms," but his shoulders bumped the overhanging rock above him and brought him to himself, and he swore at the coward who lay in hiding while thieves stole upon the camp of his friends. Then he stepped out so that he could stand straight, like a man—and re-enlisted.

He glanced back at the bunch of larderons in the ravine, now more than a hundred, and measured the distance with his eye. Three hundred yards. It meant, with the down angle, "flat sight, ten inches high," in the judgment of the surest marksman in the brigade, and the surest marksman grinned as he turned and sent the yowling "teller" to his friends.

Then, before the little brown group up the ravine recovered from its surprise at hearing the crack of the rifle, he turned and emptied his magazine into it. There was a quick scurry, and where the brown bunch had been there were two writhing forms on the ground. A third, with arms outspread, was staggering blindly backward, clutching at air.

Joe flipped down his magazine, and dropped half a dozen shells from his

pocket into it. As he snapped the "cellar-door" back into place, the barking cough of a sawed-off Remington and the throbbing "hum-m-um" of a slug beside his head made him jump for cover.

The author of the Remington music, having faith in his marksmanship, stepped from behind a puff of pale smoke fifteen yards up on the side of the ravine, but even as he raised his hand to call attention to his valiant deed, Joe's Krag snapped spitefully, and the man grabbed a shattered jaw and reeled staggering down the slope, to fall beside the two men who had not left the ravine.

Crouching, dodging from rock to rock, Joe started back. He gained a hundred yards before a shot was fired. Then his hat was knocked forward over his eyes, and he dropped behind a rock just in time to escape the rest of a crackling volley. An instant later his own gun cracked, and a little brown spot behind a rock leaped into the air and became a little brown man, then fell and rolled down into the ravine.

In one quick glance Joe's eyes picked out the next rock in line for a rush. He made it, escaping another volley. Then, while he halted for breath, he realized part of what he was doing—holding, single-handed, the rush of a hundred and fifty men. He began to think the thoughts that come to a man who feels he is about to die gloriously alone.

They must have heard the firing in camp by this time, he thought, as he stopped the course of a man who was slanting up the hillside. This gave him a new idea. If they got up the hill, they could get past him, and he would lose his advantage in position. The next cover he selected was higher up. He got to it, but also got a blow alongside the head which made him reel. He reached up and felt the oozy welt made by a Mauser bullet when it barely touches the skin, without breaking it. That made him more cautious, and he began to select cover so that he could make shorter runs.

III.

Down in the valley where the ravine debouched, a huddled mass of men were listening to the angry meowing of Mausers flying over their heads. The increasing sharpness and "stinginess" of the sound told them that the fight was edging closer to them. Among the sounds could occasionally be distin-

guished the coarse, sullen "burr-r-r" of a Remington slug nearly spent; then behind them the "sput" as it struck the rocks, followed by the loud, angry, strident "whir-r-r" as the flattened projectile spun away.

Sergeant Flink was trying to form his men into a line of battle—per the heavy-set books—to stem the rush which all felt to be coming. The men were trying to make the sergeant understand that such a course would be suicide. They knew that even a ladrone with a burnt-out Mauser could hit a line of battle at a hundred and fifty yards, and they were barely that far from the opening of the ravine whence came the sounds of battle. They wanted to "make cover" on either side of the mouth of the ravine and let the enemy run into a pocket of cross-fire, then rush them while they were tangled up, dire experience having taught them that the best way to tear up a disorganized rush is to do the rushing yourself.

The sergeant had his back to the ravine, and did not see the grotesquely blood-stained figure which, rifle in hand, came leaping and stumbling down the side, stood for a moment to make the signal "Deploy!" with the rifle, and to shout in tones the men knew, "To cover; there's a battalion!"—then wavered, fell, and slipped down in front of the rock. Flink did see his men dart for the rocky hillsides; then, as he heard a sputtering fire behind him, he spun around with a shriek, and went down; the point of his hip-bone, intended by Providence to support a cartridge-belt, having been torn off by one of those slugs of rolled tea-lead to which ladrones are in the habit of treating soldiers found within short range.

As he fell, the mouth of the ravine suddenly filled with little brown men. They hesitated an instant at seeing only the twisting, screaming figure of the sergeant where they had expected to find a company.

Joe struggled to his knees, ten yards in front of them, and sent a ball into the bunch. The signal stirred the hillside,

and the nearest rocks spat fire. In about fifteen seconds the ladrones broke back and fell over one another trying to get away, leaving a dozen dead and wounded where they had fallen.

Then came the counter-rush, the boys loading as they ran. Scarcely a shot met them as they dashed into the ravine and spread out on either side toward its top.

The little bugler stopped by Joe, and saw the blood pulsing from a hole low down on his left shoulder.

"Is it bad, Joe?" he said, speaking of the wound.

"No; it's all right," said Joe, thinking of his re-enlistment. Then he put his right arm over the boy's shoulder and tried to rise, but failed. "Play me 'Retreat,' kid," he said. "I guess I'm done!"

And while the last rifles were cracking up in the valley, the old key-bugle sang Joe's requiem, "The Star-Spangled Banner."

A moment later a mounted captain with an escort of cavalry dashed through the valley and up to the bugler.

"What's this?" he demanded. "Where are the men?"

The bugler told him.

"Sound the recall! They're getting scattered."

The recall was sounded, and, while the members of the little company were straggling back, the bugler told the story of their troubles since the departure of Lieutenant Bell. A surgeon unbuttoned Joe's shirt and tried to find some life in him, but couldn't, and went back to Sergeant Flink.

That night, after having posted pickets in the ravine and about the camp, Captain Lee told the boys they must leave Joe for the time, as they had too long a march to take the body to an army post; and, because there was no chaplain present, he himself preached a little sermon over Joe, taking for his text the statement that you will find on the back of every good soldier's discharge:

"Service—honest and faithful."

ON THE STAGE OF LIFE.

WE are like puppets in some conjurer's hands,
Who smiling, easy, nonchalantly stands
And says, amid the universal cheers:
"You see this man—and now he disappears!"

Tom Masson.

MRS. CLARENCE MACKAY.

BY R. H. TITHERINGTON.

THE MISTRESS OF HARBOR HILL, ONE OF THE FINEST COUNTRY PLACES ON LONG ISLAND—HER ACTIVITY IN SOCIAL MATTERS, IN LITERATURE, IN PHILANTHROPY, AND IN LOCAL POLITICS.

AN interesting chapter of the modern history of New York society is that which records the development of a district of fine country estates on Long Island, a few miles beyond the eastern boundary of the metropolis. Here, on the great sandy plain that forms the center of the island, and among the wooded hills that fringe its northern shore, a colony—or, rather, several more or less distinct colonies—of rich New Yorkers have made their summer homes. Indeed, the social life of the region may be said to last all the year round. Its calendar of amusements includes Christmas festivities, spring and autumn riding with the Meadowbrook hounds, and the great automobile road race in October, as well as the summer round of polo, tennis, and golf tournaments ashore and yachting on the Sound.

A very few years ago the Meadowbrook Club was the social headquarters of these Long Island colonists. To-day the drift is further afield. The wide Hempstead plain, with its delectable possibilities of subdivision into choice suburban building lots, is being invaded by the trolley-car and the real estate speculator. Fashion is being driven northward and eastward, into the hills that overlook the Sound, where it is excluding all vulgar intruders by entrenching itself in the ownership of great tracts of land. Here, within a few miles' radius, are a series of estates of ducal proportions—great parks surrounding Colonial mansions or French châteaux, elaborately equipped farms for blooded stock, and ample game preserves. They recall the mansions of the Lord of Burleigh and his neighbors—"ancient homes of lord and lady," built for pleasure and for state." On the list of land-owners are the names of Vanderbilt, Gould, Morgan, Whitney, and many others almost equally synonymous with millions. The whole region seems likely to grow into a suburban playground for the wealthiest class of New Yorkers—a district of "parks and ordered gardens great" that might be compared to the so-called dukeries in England.

One of the finest of all these fine places is that of the Clarence Mackays at Harbor Hill. High on the wooded slope above the little old village of Roslyn—the highest elevation on Long Island—is their country house, typically French in architecture, imposing in its dimensions and ornamentation, spick and span in its modernity. It looks down the long reach of Hempstead Bay, and is a conspicuous object in the landward view from that picturesque inlet of the Sound.

Clarence Mackay's father, the late John William Mackay, was one of the four men, famous as the Bonanza Kings, who took one hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of silver bullion out of a certain hole in the ground in Nevada called the Big Bonanza mine. That wonderful pocket of ore, set by lavish nature in a nook of the Sierra Nevadas, was the foundation of the Mackay fortune, much of which was afterward invested in cable and telegraph properties. Of these interests, left in the hands of the younger Mackay by his father's death, three years ago, he has been a careful and successful manager. He is a young man only just past his thirtieth birthday, of very quiet tastes, and devoted to business—but not to the exclusion of healthy amusement, for he is fond of racquets, court tennis, and polo, and plays all three games well. He is also a box-holder and regular attendant at the opera.

It is Mrs. Mackay whose name figures most frequently in connection with Harbor Hill. As Miss Katherine Duer, a direct descendant of the Lady Kitty Duer—Lord Stirling's daughter, and a famous belle of Revolutionary days—she had as long and proud a lineage as any in New York. Through her mother, a daughter of the late William R. Travers, she inherited the traditions of an old Virginia family. The wealth that her marriage brought her gave her the opportunity to gratify the tastes, talents, and ambitions with which she was naturally endowed. As soon as she and her husband acquired their Roslyn property and built their house there, she entered

with no small zest into the life of a great country estate. She has disregarded, and thereby to a certain extent obliterated, the dividing lines of clique and faction that are perceptible even in such social paradises as the Long Island cottage colony. She is one of the few hostesses of the inner fold of the Four Hundred who constantly invite to their houses interesting people from intellectual and artistic regions quite outside of the sacred pale. Not many New Yorkers feel that absolute assurance of their own position which makes such experiments entirely safe.

Mrs. Mackay's interest in literature and literary people is more than a merely sympathetic one, for she is a clever writer herself. Since her marriage she has published a drama, "Gabrielle," and a novel, "The Stone of Destiny."

To her dependents and poorer neighbors on Long Island she is a veritable Lady Bountiful. The newspapers, in their eagerness for personalities, have told of many of her benefactions—of her gifts to local churches, of her visits of charity to the county prison. The largest function at Harbor Hill this year, and undoubtedly the one that gave most pleasure to its participants, was an entertainment to five hundred school-children. There is in Roslyn a library given to the village years ago by William Cullen Bryant, whose home stood near by on the shore of Hempstead Bay. Finding that through lack of funds it had fallen into decay, Mrs. Mackay restored and re-equipped it, contributing part of the cost herself and assessing the rest upon her friends in the neighborhood.

She has taken a special interest in school matters, and it is said that she intends to announce herself as a candidate for the position of school trustee at the next election in the Roslyn district. She recently exercised her privileges as a taxpayer by laying her views on the

subject of education before the present board of commissioners. "The duty of the school," she said, "is no longer to teach only the 'three R's' in order to make a respectable clerk for the future employer, but it is to develop men and women, fathers and mothers, awakening in each boy and girl the two great necessary instincts, the instinct of the fire-side and the instinct of mutual aid." Such a theory may seem a trifle high-sounding for a village board, but that the writer could also deal with practical details was shown by her businesslike presentation of the facts of the case. "There are four hundred and thirty children in our schools, and ten teachers. You can judge for yourselves how much individual attention each child receives. Our school tax in this village should be raised from eighty cents to a dollar and a quarter, in order to cover the additional expenses of a manual-training school and in order to increase the number of teachers."

Rich American land-owners have often found it a thankless undertaking to participate in local politics, but Mrs. Mackay evidently possesses the courage and the public spirit to try an experiment which has seldom succeeded in this country, where our social order is less suited to it than that of the old world.

The frontispiece of this magazine shows Mrs. Mackay in a costume which she devised for a fancy dress ball last winter. Her model was the famous French actress Adrienne Lecouvreur, in the title-rôle of Racine's tragedy of "Phèdre." At the ball, she carried a scepter, wore a tiara, and had two little negro pages to support her train. In Mr. Alexander's striking portrait these attributes of mimic royalty are replaced by the symbolism of a discarded scepter and a glass sphere, the magic mirror of destiny.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—John White Alexander, painter of the portrait of Mrs. Clarence Mackay, might four years ago have been described as a Franco-American rather than an American artist. He had lived in Europe for a good many years, and had become famous there. He had won a gold medal at an international exhibition at Paris, and had attained the great ambition of every Parisian painter—the admission of one of his pictures to the national collection in the Luxembourg. He was one of the organizers of the Salon of the Champ de Mars, and seemed to have become a part of the art world of the French capital. After all this, and in spite of the undoubted fact that residence abroad enhances the commercial value of an American painter's work, Mr. Alexander returned to his native country and established himself in New York.

The portrait of Mrs. Mackay is a representative specimen of his style. If Sargent is a portrayeur of character and Shannon of beauty, Alexander is preeminently a delineator of grace, dignity, and spirituality. Women are his favorite subjects, but he has also painted a notable gallery of men, including not a few of the intellectual leaders of the day.

THE DOWNFALL OF FOGERTY.

BY ANNE O'HAGAN.

I.

[T was in the first genial glow of their engagement that the Rev. Archbold White and Miss Viola Webster took Fogerty's case in hand. Love for each other had made them very benign toward all the race. Moreover, philanthropy was the Rev. Archbold's permanent mission in life and Miss Webster's pastime at the moment of their meeting. Their happiness confirmed them in their generosity, and Fogerty was one of their first beneficiaries.

It is safe to assume that Fogerty had not escaped having parents, but the record of them had been lost in a devious line of aunts, asylums, cousins, and haphazard guardians, from the moment of his first chronicled appearance in the world to the time when he became a "case." It is even likely that he had sponsors in baptism, for his first name was known to be Dennis. In the early days of his career he had been called Denny, but against this he had finally protested. The narrative of his protest was left in unmistakable language upon the features of a confrère who had declined to accept Fogerty's wish as final.

"Aw, don't go a-Dennyin' me!" Fogerty had growled. "Wot sort of a name is that for a man? Yes, a man. Wot more can a man do than earn his own money an' spend it like he likes? No more Denny for me. Are ye on?" And he had jingled the contents of his pocket with the hand that was not tucked up under his bundle of papers.

One deep, mellow laugh had greeted this proclamation from the twelve-year-old citizen. It has come from Apple Annie, the monopolist whose exclusive privilege it was to sell apples, bananas, and strange confections in cocoanut, peppermint, and sugar throughout the Clarion Building. And in the shadow of the Clarion Building the newsboys were wont to congregate.

"Ye're a fine man, ye are!" Apple Annie had laughed. "Ye're a hop-o'-me-thumb of a lad. How old would ye be, now, me great man?"

Fogerty had eyed Apple Annie with dark malevolence, but his outraged pride and desire for vengeance melted before

the kindly gleam of her answering glance. Annie's eyes were very beautiful, though of course Fogerty and his companions had not recognized that. They were gray and wise and bright with the brightness that has resolutely put grief away—a brilliancy more wonderful than that of youth which has known no grief. Her round face was rosy in spite of its wrinkles. Her close black bonnet was set upon smooth, tight, scant, gray locks. Altogether, with her shawl crossed upon her ample chest, her big basket guarded with black waterproof cloth against the elements, and her kind old face wrinkled with mirth, Apple Annie was one to disarm the wrath of even an outraged Fogerty. Therefore, after a second's hesitation, he had foreborne to reply bitterly to her, and had instead attacked the ill-advised mocker who had begun to call out:

"Denny, Denny, big man Denny!"

That night saw Fogerty installed in Apple Annie's spare room. He had been rather suspicious of her offer to take him as a boarder, following upon his victory over his derider. He feared some infringement of his liberties. The Newsboys' Home and less reputable lodging-houses had always proved sufficiently magnificent for his periods of prosperity, and the tenement hallways, the park benches, and the alley gratings had not been despised in times of financial depression. He had had no desire for a change; but the same power that had made it impossible for him to vituperate Annie for her laughter at his expense made it impossible for him to deny the business proposition which she made him.

"A bit o' breakfast each mornin', an' yer bunk, for two dollars a month. I had a boarder till las' week, but she was a poor fool of a thing, always quarrelin' wid her Joe an' wakin' me up wid her cryin' at night. I made up me mind to have no more like her, though she was good enough pay, that I'll say for her. She worked at Stacey's feather factory. Now they're married, her an' her Joe; an' I'm thinkin' ye're about the size of a man I want. Sure ye'll not be cryin' over sweethearts, annyhow!"

"Aw, calico!" sneered Fogerty.

He shifted uneasily from foot to foot. He shot distrustful glances at Annie from the corners of his eyes. He wanted to refuse, but he could no more do that with the kind, wise face smiling at him than a frozen pool can refuse to obey the warmth of the April sun.

"All right, I'll be there," he said briefly; and forthwith took up his abode in the dark room of her rear tenement on Water Street.

The unaired closet in which his bunk was put was separated by the thinnest of partitions from the other one in which Apple Annie kept her wares. The smothering scent of bananas and apples, the close air of the tenement, and the whiffs of salt miraculously penetrating the place from the thick-masted river beyond—the blending of all these would have been fatal to nostrils and lungs more delicate than Fogerty's. Even he was driven to comment upon it.

"Say, de fodder's pretty strong, ain't it?" he said as he ate bacon and bread and drank coffee with great gusto on the first morning of his tenancy.

"Ye'll get used to it," answered Apple Annie placidly, from the side of the oil-clothed table nearest the shining cook-stove. From her seat of vantage she could reach the steaming coffee-pot and the spider in which the reserve supply of meat still sizzled. The room was gay with religious chromos on the walls and with the dazzling patchwork quilt upon the big bed in the corner. Fogerty surveyed his surroundings approvingly.

"I guess I will," he said. "Say, this room is all right!"

"I've no fault to find wid it," said its owner comfortably.

"Well, if ye'll give me me key, I'll be goin'," announced the boarder; and equipped with that tie to his new home, he left.

The queer alliance thus begun lasted several months—until the appearance on the scene of the zealous Mr. White and the ardent Miss Webster, already chronicled. Mr. White's mission church was in the neighborhood. He stumbled upon Apple Annie's apartment when he was

looking for that of one of his own parishioners. Apple Annie had made him welcome with the easy tolerance she showed to almost all comers. She dusted a chair for him to sit upon while she went forth to inquire throughout the tenement if the Baxters had left any address when they moved. She was full of kindly regrets when she came back to announce that they had not taken the precaution to leave a clue to their present whereabouts. She was quite willing to talk with the young man about the neighborhood and the weather and the needs of the city. By and by it was borne in upon her that he was waiting for some other purpose than mere conversation with her.

"The truth is," he said awkwardly, when her questioning gaze made some explanation of his prolonged call necessary, "that one of—one of—a district visitor of our church—a young lady—was to meet me at

Mrs. Baxter's. We were to arrange for sending that little cripple boy of hers to a hospital," he added in a businesslike manner. "And I don't wish to go before she—the young lady—comes. I could wait in the hall, though, and—"

"Not at all! Not at all!" declared Apple Annie hospitably. "Sure, I'll open the door into the hall there, an' we can see the young lady when she comes in. It would be a pretty how-d'ye-do if you was to have to wait in the hall. An' a cup o' tea 'll do her no harm after climbin' the stairs an' all. I'll have the kettle boilin' in a jiffy."

When Viola, blushing, breathless from haste and mounting unfamiliar stairs, finally arrived at the Baxters' deserted threshold, she was greeted by a rosy, smiling old woman who bore her into a gay kitchen and poured bitter tea for her. She and Archbold looked at each other across the rims of the flowered gift cups in which the beverage had been served. Their eyes said:

"Isn't she dear and quaint? Isn't this a lovely adventure? What can we do to maintain the friendship thus inaugurated?"

What they decided to do was to come back some time when they could see



FOGERTY ATTACKED THE
ILL-ADVISED MOCKER.



FOGERTY SCOWLED AND
ANSWERED IN MONO-
SYLLABLES.

Fogerty, about whose sullen braggadocio Apple Annie had told them with much tender humor.

A faint misgiving stirred Apple Annie's heart when they had departed. She hoped that they would have no scheme for parting her from Fogerty. Since, one by one, her own had gone from her, she had unconsciously expended upon the world in general the affection which had once been given to them; but for none of those who had come within the circle of her warm-hearted kindness had she had quite the feeling which she reserved for Fogerty.

"Not that he's like anny of me own," she said to herself, when she reflected upon the emotion with which the stunted little gutter urchin inspired her. "Thank God, they was different—not wid their hands always clenched to hit an' their eyes always cocked for trouble. But—maybe it's that he's a lonely poor thing, an' when all's said an' done I'm a lonely poor thing meself. Annyway, it'd go hard wid me now if he was to leave me. But I don't think he will. I don't think he will. An' I don't think the young minister or the young lady'd be wantin' it. Sure they've no call at all to interfere with my affairs. 'Twould be poor thanks for the cup of tea I give them!"

Fogerty had fallen into the habit of occasionally appearing at the tenement shortly after supper-time. He averred that trade was dull between the time of the homeward-surging workers and that of the emptying theaters. He allowed himself to be persuaded to sit at the table and have a bite or two of what-

ever Apple Annie had had for supper. Then, fearful lest she should think the visit planned merely for the sake of free food, he offered to reimburse her for all meals not included in their original contract.

"Go on wid ye!" said Apple Annie, laughing. "Sure, it's the queer little piece of impudence ye are! Drop in to supper when ye like. I'll have no extra thing for ye, so what would I be takin' yer money for? An' for the matter of that, I'm glad of yer company."

Then Fogerty, still unable to comprehend giving for the sake of mere kindness, solved the problem by bringing home tidbits to supplement the meal. Now it was a frankfurter, and now doughnuts; or again an ear of hot corn would be borne triumphantly in from the corner merchant. And sometimes a dripping, paper-wrapped block of ice cream.

As he discovered this method of returning Apple Annie's hospitality, the proud and independent Fogerty availed himself more often of her invitation to drop in as soon after tea-time as possible. And as Apple Annie discovered this tendency on his part, she gradually put the hour of the evening meal forward, in order to meet her lodger's habits.

They were dallying over a late supper of this composite sort on the evening when the Rev. Mr. White and Miss Webster returned for their call on Fogerty. Fogerty had been discoursing, with an open-heartedness new to him, of affairs in general, and especially those in his own business, when the callers arrived. Their appearance was the signal for him to fall into the old silent, suspicious attitude. His chin sank into his collarless shirt, his eyes met no one's except furtively. He scowled and answered in monosyllables the questions addressed to him.

Poor Annie was quite distressed by the impression she was sure he made upon the visitors. When they had made their voluble, over-friendly way out she rebuked Fogerty for his sullenness.

"Aw," said Fogerty, "g'wan! Wot d'ye take me for? They wants some-

thin'; they ain't comin' to see ye because it's wot they'd rather do—ye can put that in yer pipe an' smoke it. It's some con game, that's wot it is. So long. I'm goin' out."

Out in the street Viola was saying to her lover: "Oh, how dreadful, how dreadful, for children to be brought up like that! Poor little chap, he wouldn't be bad-looking if it weren't for his stunted look and that hangdog defiance in his eyes. Couldn't we do something for him? He must be a burden on that poor woman—she's awfully good, isn't she? But that little black hole where he sleeps, that fruit in the next closet—Archbold, if you ever eat a thing out of an apple-woman's basket after this, you'll deserve all the hideous illnesses you'll be sure to have! Oh, can't we do something—send him to the country or something?"

"That's the salvation of the street gamins," said Archbold seriously. "It's both physical regeneration and moral regeneration for them. I wish we could do something for the boy. Perhaps—I'll see about it. I thought there was something appealing about him for all his surliness, as you say."

II.

In the days of her loneliness Apple Annie used to solace herself with the memory of Miss Webster's promises.

"Think of what it will mean to him," the young lady had besought her when her eyes had dripped with slow, painful tears at the thought of Fogerty's departure. "He will have a good home—big and roomy. He will learn such useful things—plowing and reaping, and I don't remember all of them. And he will have a chance to go to school. You know, Mrs. Flannigan, it has been very wrong that he has not been at school here. If he stayed here, we should have to change all that. The truancy laws are not strictly enough enforced, I am sorry to say. But out there he will go to school six whole months each year, and he will always be learning something useful and helpful—not all the vileness of the streets, and horrid games of craps and things. Come, come, my dear woman! He isn't your own, after all, you know."

"I don't want to stand in no one's light," said Apple Annie simply. "But—I've seen a great deal, Miss Webster, more than you. I've seen that it was generally them that had some one to

love them that turned out well, an' not—oh, well, you know best. An' I've no claim to him, as ye say."

So Fogerty, little pawn on the philanthropic chess-board, had been moved from the influence of the first love that had ever sheltered him, and Apple Annie had lost the latest companionship that had brightened her days. When some of Fogerty's confrères offered to hire his room from her, she had curtly refused. She would take no more boarders, she declared. She could not have told how she missed the queer, impish little figure, the keen, old eyes set under the child-like brows, the street cynicism of talk



FOGERTY ON THE SHERMAN FARM.

that issued so fluently from the boyish lips. She was very lonely, and only the constant repetition to herself of Miss Webster's prophecy of goodness and grandeur for Fogerty kept her from being despairingly miserable as well.

Fogerty had gone West with a queer mixture of rebellion and anticipation in his heart. He had been bitterly defiant in the beginning, but gradually curiosity had crept upon him, and after that the rest was easy as far as he was concerned. He had grown a little gray about the mouth and a little shaky in the knees when he said good-bye to Apple Annie, but his language had been tinged with no undue anguish.

"So long," he had said. "Wish ye could write. Miss Webster, she'll send me word, though, how ye are. So long. Don't—now don't turn on the water-works."

But the last words had been almost quavered.

Now it was July, and Fogerty's curiosity was thoroughly appeased. He knew the country. The country was a

region where, while yet the night was gray, one was aroused by a harsh voice, to stumble down a dark ladder from the attic, and to make a sleepily staggering way to a wood-pile. One brought wood into a lean-to kitchen used for summer cooking. One built a fire in the stove, put water to boil, and then made one's way to the barn. One fed horses; one looked for eggs; one obeyed a harsh call to the breakfast table. There had been mornings when the call was omitted until the greater part of the breakfast was consumed. One ate, not airing views and exchanging gossip, as had been the custom in that roseately-remembered tenement. One ate keeping a watchful eye upon the mistress of the house. She was a thrifty soul and tart of speech. Sometimes Fogerty used to wonder why he was so fearful of her eyes. He always dropped his own before them, and apologetically pretended not to have been looking in her direction at all.

After breakfast one carried the slops to the pigs—and woe unto him if he lingered to study their voracious ways! One learned to hitch horses to plows, and to guide them across fields. One chopped more wood, gathered vegetables for dinner, cleaned them on the kitchen porch. One carried water to men working on a distant, springless portion of the farm; one walked three dreary miles across the flat country to the village, on errands for the mistress. One was a chore boy, an apprentice at farming, a somewhat disliked wheel in a big and dreary machine.

Unfamiliar food had at first sickened Fogerty. The absence of companionship had fretted him beyond belief. He who was afraid of nothing in the teeming city started at shadows, trembled at the falling of night over the wide country, shivered at the stillness, quaked at the strange noises of the trees and grasses. It had happened to him, as it happens once in a while, to be assigned to a family utterly unsympathetic, desiring him merely for the work he could be trained to do in return for his board and lodging; a family hard-working, taciturn, cold-hearted, prosperous, and entirely worthy, so far as superficial in-

vestigation could reveal, to care for a waif from the city.

The hard, hot summer wore away; the autumn came. If Fogerty was conscious of the changing glories of the foliage, he made no mention of it to any one. His old habit of secrecy had returned upon him with redoubled power. He wrote no letters. To whom should he write? Apple Annie could not read the painful scrawl he could succeed in making. And Miss Webster and Mr. White he now viewed as forces antagonistic to happiness. Therefore why would one write to them? They belonged to the tribe of enemies.



AN ENCOUNTER WITH A FELLOW SCHOLAR.

The time of the red leaf passed and the time of the bare boughs came. The attic grew cold. The dawns were darker. The countryside—region of desolate distant purples and barren browns, region of chilling winds, of scurrying, wide clouds—grew terrible. It was as unfriendly as everything else in the topsy-turvy world.

Fogerty did not go to school with that regularity which Miss Webster had prophesied. His first day at the seat of learning—a little drab barn of a place at the crossroads—had been signalized by an encounter with a fellow scholar who had taunted him with being "that charity boy of the Shermans." But the joy of combat had soon passed. In the first place, he had been beaten; in the second place, he had been reprimanded by the teacher; and in the third place, he had overheard her explaining to the other pupils that he was a poor fellow to whom they must be very kind. Fogerty hated her more than he had ever hated any one before in his life. He concurred easily in the opinion of his household that it didn't make much difference whether or not he went to school at all.

One day, when Mrs. Sherman had sent him to the village, two things happened which impressed him with a great homesickness. A wagon loaded with apples crawled along the road, and their aroma saluted his nostrils. He breathed deep, gathering the pungent fragrance into his lungs.

"Gee," he said, "that smells like home!"



"YOU NEVER GAVE
ME ENUFF TO ETE
NOHOW."

His memory, with the scent of the apples for a whip, recalled the tenebment. There was the stifling smell of bananas — "like flannel," reflected Fogerty. There was the shining kitchen, with the glitter of oilcloth and of polished stove, of red and blue Holy Families, and of variegated patchwork. There was something sizzling and sputtering on the stove, and above all there were the kindly, laughing eyes of Apple Annie.

Endless miles away it all was—the warmth, the comfort, the companionship. He saw the crowd of boys struggling in the alleyway for their supply of papers; he saw the streets agleam with the dampness of a rainy autumn evening, and the reflected lights shining upon them. He heard the shouts, the crash, the roar of trains and cars.

Then, beholding with the eyes of the body instead of those of the imagination, he beheld the flat, bare, hideous little town stretching away to the railroad station at its edge. A train puffed in. He watched the steam belch forth as it puffed out again. As he looked at it, his eyes grew suddenly brilliant. When he went home from his errand there was something almost feverish about his color.

The next morning he did not respond to the harsh call from the foot of the ladder. Mrs. Sherman advanced, scolding his heavy-headedness. She looked over the lower edge of the door. Fogerty's trundle-bed was smooth.

She hurried down-stairs. On the kitchen stove lay a communication. It was a sad scrawl, reflecting no credit upon the institutions where Fogerty had acquired his education.

I have took the egg money you Put in the braun teapot an loaf of bread, the money will get cent to you when i get Home the Bread you never gave Me enuff to ete nohow.

D. FOGERTY.

They did not find Fogerty. That astute son of the sidewalk had not walked guilelessly to the nearest station and there embarked for as great a distance of the road to New York as the

small amount of money he had stolen would carry him. Instead, he had gone across country. He had hidden in hayricks, he had begged at farmhouse doors, until he was on the line of another road, miles distant. Then he had hidden in a freight-car, to endure tortures of loneliness and black horror when it moved. He had fallen out when the car was unloaded after he knew not how long a time. A railroad hand caught him.

He was shaken and unnerved, no longer the daring Fogerty of Newsboys' Alley. He whimpered and staggered in the man's grasp. His eyes were wild and rolling.

"Don't send me back," he wailed. "Don't send me back! But don't put me in a car like that again. Oh, oh, it's like a coffin; it's like a coffin!"

They fed him, and finally reduced him to something approaching quietude. He learned that he was in Cleveland—still in the State to which he had been sent by the society. Then his anxiety to escape, even in the cavernous gloom of a freight-car, was as great as his fear of the torture had been.

They were a good-natured lot around the station. And Fogerty, frightened and appealing instead of self-sufficient and brazen, had much whereby to win them. They made him up a little purse, and put him on the first tourist car that passed eastward.

III.

It was in the gray of the evening that Fogerty reached New York. His heart was beating tumultuously; joy and fear rocked it. He was back again in the midst of the hubbub, the crash, the glorious crowding. That could not be taken from him. But—after all, Apple Annie was no relative of his. She might have another boarder; his room, dark, close, with the odor of apples and bananas and strange whiffs of salt—another might be there.

He made his way to the Water Street tenement swiftly. He slid through the passageway to the yard, and crossed it



"DON'T LET THEM SEND ME
AWAY AGAIN!"

to the rear tenement, where Apple Annie abode. There was no light in her window; his heart misgave him. The bravery he had felt on finding himself among his own familiar things again—the bravery that had so utterly deserted him while he was cast among things unfamiliar—began to weaken. Suppose—suppose she were dead! Fogerty turned sick at the thought. He leaned against the stairway wall. Then he breathed deep and mounted.

No light beneath her closed door. He gathered his courage for a knock. He rapped. Ah—a great gasp of relief burst from him. The listless “Come in!” was in Apple Annie’s voice. His fingers shook on the knob. Some one inside, impatient of the fumbling delay, pulled the door sharply back.

Apple Annie stood there. The rocking-chair before the fire still moved in testimony of her recent occupancy. She looked down for a mere fraction of a second.

“Denny, Denny, my boy, my boy!” she cried.

For the first time within his memory, Fogerty was gathered up in a great embrace and was kissed. Then Annie put him down suddenly. She remembered his peculiarities.

“It’s Fogerty I should be sayin’,” she said.

Fogerty cleared his throat.

“Any one got my room?” he asked with an attempt at jauntiness. Then suddenly he began to cry, his face on her arm.

“I—I’m—a blubberin’ f-fool!” he sobbed. “But—don’t let them send me away again!”

“I’ll adopt ye in the mornin’,” announced Apple Annie, jubilant in the evidence of the boy’s affection. “An’ then we’ll see if they can send you here an’ there, Denny, me boy—if ye ain’t insistin’ upon the Fogerty now?”

“I’d rather ye called me Denny,” said Fogerty shamefacedly. Then he made one clutch after the manliness that was slipping so wretchedly from him. “But I’ll break the first feller’s face that does!” he said.

THE BOY AND THE STREAM.

A STREAM untrammelled blithely sung
Through sunshine ways of mead and vale,
Where lilies of the valley swung
Their censers pale.
There rose-lipped honeysuckles spilled
Sweet incense on the morning air,
While meadow-larks and robins trilled
Cadences rare.

And here a barefoot fisher boy
At break of summer’s happy day,
Whose heart was full of nature’s joy,
Wended his way.
Here in the dingle, hid within
The shade, he dreamed his vagrom dream;
With cotton line and bended pin
He whipped the stream.

No carking cares of life molest
The vagrom boy; his heart beats free
Beneath his checkered gingham vest.
Life is all glee!
And like the sun-tipped rivulets
That rock the waxen lily-pad,
His song, untouched by vain regrets,
Is sweet and glad.

To-day the stream no more cajoles
The perfumed breeze to waft along;
A whirling turbine wheel controls
Its lilt and song.
And there among the grimy stacks
That belch their lurid tongues of flame,
The one-time care-free boy attacks
Life’s frenzied game.

Horace Seymour Keller.

THE ROOSEVELT GENEALOGY.

BY WILLIAM S. BRIDGMAN.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S ANCESTORS AND BLOOD RELATIONS—
NINE GENERATIONS OF A FAMILY THAT HAS BEEN PART OF THE
HISTORY OF NEW YORK FOR MORE THAN TWO AND A HALF
CENTURIES.

THOUGH the President of the United States is the first Roosevelt to rise to national and international fame, his ancestors and blood relations have been closely identified with the history of New York for more than two hundred and fifty years. An unusual proportion of them have been men of mark, who have stood high in their community, and done good service to the state in war and in peace.

A very complete genealogy of the Roosevelts, containing more than sixteen hundred names, was not long ago compiled and published. It is a most interesting chronicle of a representative Knickerbocker family which has been a part of the chief American city ever since the present metropolis was a little Dutch trading-post newly established on the frontier of the wilderness.

THE FIRST AMERICAN ROOSEVELT.

The founder of the house, Claes Martenszen van Rosenvelt, landed at New Amsterdam—then a settlement of two or three hundred houses and less than fifteen hundred people—in 1649, two years after Peter Stuyvesant came out from Holland as governor. Under Stuyvesant's autocratic rule there were disorders and disorders, but it does not appear that the pioneer Roosevelt took any recorded part in them. Later, when the British flag had superseded the Dutch, and New Amsterdam had become New York, his son Nicholas, his grandson Johannes, and his great-grandson Cornelius were prominent men in the growing seaport, and all of them in succession were members of the board of aldermen.

Once established in the future metropolis of the New World, the Roosevelts flourished and multiplied. In his fulminations against race suicide, the present master of the White House only preached what seems to have been a tradition of his ancestors, for most of them married early and raised large families. They took their wives from the other old Knickerbocker houses—the

Pecks, the Hoffmans, the Brinckerhoffs, the Duryeas; and their daughters married into the Schuylers, the Lows, the Rutgerses, the de Peysters, the Barclays, and the Provosts.

Nicholas, son of Claes Martenszen van Rosenvelt, had four sons—Nicholas, Johannes, Jacobus, and Isaac. Isaac died young, but each of the other three has numerous living descendants. Those of Nicholas moved into northern New York, and thence scattered widely; both Johannes and Jacobus are still represented in the metropolis. The line of descent from Johannes has been decidedly the more prominent, among his direct posterity being Nicholas Roosevelt (1767-1854), a famous engineer of his day, who invented the paddle-wheel, and was associated with Fulton in the first successful operation of steamboats; James John Roosevelt (1795-1875), Congressman and justice of the State Supreme Court; Robert Barnwell Roosevelt, Congressman and minister to Holland; and President Theodore Roosevelt.

THE ROOSEVELTS IN THE REVOLUTION.

When the Revolution came, and many if not most of the leading citizens of New York clung to the Tory cause, the Roosevelts were heartily on the side of independence. The family chronicles record that Jacobus Roosevelt, son of Johannes, was a private in the State Colonial troops. His brother Cornelius, the alderman, enlisted with him. His son and namesake, Jacobus or James, acted as commissary in the Continental army throughout the war, and took no pay for his services. His cousin Nicholas, although past sixty, enrolled in a local militia company called the Corsicans, and was chosen a first lieutenant. Another cousin, whose name appears as John Rosawelt and as John Rosevelt, was captain of the Oswago Rangers, an "independent company of foot guard" organized in 1775; and in 1776, shortly before the British captured New York, he was appointed a member of a "com-

mittee of war" whose duty it was to give "advice, direction, and assistance" to Continental troops in the city.

But the most distinguished of all the Revolutionary Roosevelts was Captain John's brother, Isaac. He was a sugar-refiner, and built the first sugar-house in New York. An advertisement in a contemporary newspaper informs the public that at his establishment on Queen Street—since rechristened Pearl Street—"his customers may be supplied with double, middling, and single refined loaf sugars, clarified, muscovado, and other molasses, *etcetera*." When the Chamber of Commerce was founded, in 1768, he was one of the first members; but the war sundered him from the majority of the chamber, which was a strong Tory body. He was a member of the New York provincial congress; and when Howe's red-coats entered the city, Isaac Roosevelt retreated with General Washington. During the war he was active in raising funds for the patriot cause, and after its close he helped to frame the constitutions of New York State and of the United States. It is pleasant to add that he also reestablished his sugar business, taking his son into partnership, and prospered greatly until he died in 1794. He was also president of the Bank of New York, president of the Society of the New York Hospital, and a State Senator.

In Washington's diary there is an entry dated November 14, 1789—during his official residence in New York—which records that he had been asked to attend the funeral of Mrs. Isaac Roosevelt. "I declined complying with it," adds the first President, always careful to uphold the social dignities of his office, "because the propriety of accepting an invitation of this sort appeared to be very questionable, and secondly, though to do it in this instance might not be improper, because it might be difficult to discriminate in cases which might thereafter happen."

James Roosevelt, the commissary in the Continental army, married Mary van

Schaack, and had five sons, of whom the eldest was Cornelius van Schaack Roosevelt. This Cornelius was one of the founders of the Chemical National Bank, with which his family has since had a hereditary connection, his son, James Alfred Roosevelt, having been its vice-president, and his grandson, William Emlen Roosevelt, being at present a director.

THE LATER ROOSEVELTS.

In all, Cornelius van Schaack Roosevelt had six sons, of whom five grew to manhood. The fourth of these five, and the only one now surviving, is Robert Barnwell Roosevelt, the President's uncle, who has been a prominent figure in the social and political life of New York ever since the days when, as a young man, he helped to organize the citizens' association that first combated the corrupt municipal régime of Tweed. The youngest of the five was the late Theodore Roosevelt, who died in 1878, leaving two sons—the President and his brother Elliott, now dead—and two daughters, Anna, wife of Captain Cowles of the United States Navy, and Corinne, who married Douglas Robinson, a prominent New York real-estate broker. Mrs. Robinson's eldest son, Theodore Douglas Robinson, was married about a year ago to a very distant cousin, Miss Helen Roosevelt, whose portrait appears on page 555.

It was a curious genealogical complication that the father, the mother, and the husband of this young matron should all be direct descendants of Claes Martenszen van Rosenvelt. Her father, James Roosevelt Roosevelt, is the great-great-grandson of Isaac Roosevelt, the sugar-refiner and Revolutionary patriot. Her mother was Miss Helen Astor, who traces back through her mother, a Schermerhorn, to Helena Roosevelt, Isaac's sister. The descent of young Mr. Robinson, the President's nephew, from the elder branch of the house has already been given.

NATURE AND THE SOUL.

REFLECTED in a tiny drop of dew,
The earth how green; the sky above how blue!
A single tear-drop, strayed beyond control,
Contains the clearest picture of a soul.

Dawn seeks to hide behind a jealous haze
The bursting splendor of its early rays.
Not so the soul; its purity appears
Far fairer through a veil of burning tears.

Walter Brooks.



MRS. THEODORE DOUGLAS ROBINSON, OF NEW YORK, FORMERLY MISS HELEN ROOSEVELT—MRS. ROBINSON IS A DISTANT COUSIN OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, AND HER HUSBAND IS THE PRESIDENT'S NEPHEW.

From a photograph by Bradley, New York.

[See page 553.]

THE BIGGEST PLAYGROUND IN THE WORLD.

BY LINDSAY DENISON.

CONEY ISLAND, THE SUMMER PLAY CITY OF NEW YORK—ITS VAST THRONGS OF FUN-SEEKERS, ITS DAZZLING AND DEAFENING VARIETY OF ENTERTAINMENT, AND THE REMARKABLE TRANSFORMATION IT HAS UNDERGONE DURING THE LAST THREE YEARS.

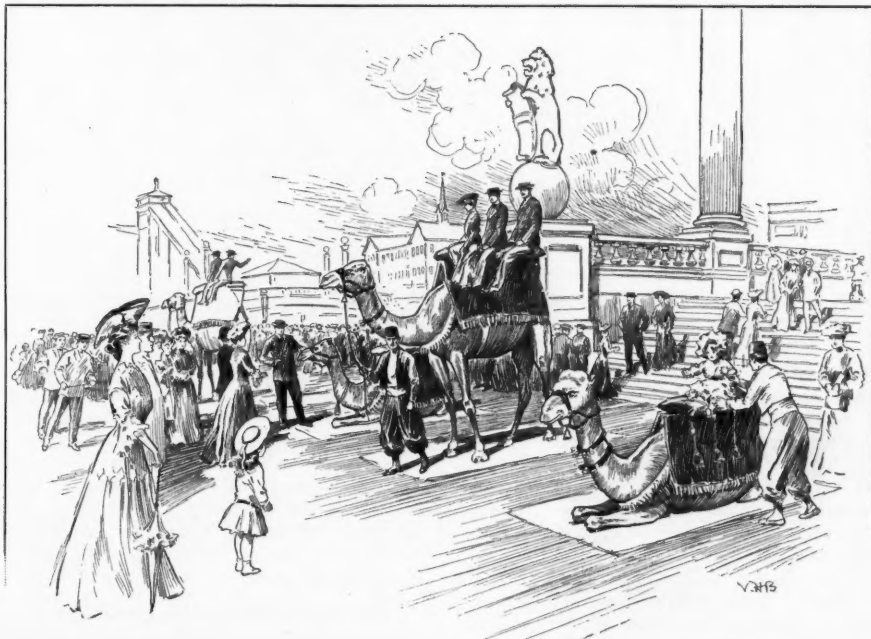
CONEY ISLAND is a unique illustration of the fact that men and women are but children of a larger growth. It is the vast summer playhouse of a great city—a playground in which boys and girls of all ages and of all classes may find such amusement as they choose.

Two generations ago Coney Island was a wind-swept waste of sand, stretched along the ocean's edge east of the opening of New York Harbor. A generation ago the waste was dotted with booths and hurdy-gurdies and bathing-houses. The island was a resort to which adventurous dwellers in Brooklyn journeyed at great expense of family, time, and treas-

ure, for a day's outing by the sea. Very few people in New York knew aught of it.

In the mean time, it has passed through changes which it would be a libel upon insect life to compare to the larva and chrysalis stages. At its worst, less than ten years ago, the most frequented part of the island was a concentrated sublimation of all the mean, petty, degrading swindles which depraved ingenuity has ever devised to prey upon humanity. Nevertheless, demoralizing and unbeautiful as it was, it was the best public playhouse the city had.

Now, where the waste was and where the catchpenny hovels were, there rise to



ONE OF THE GREAT ENCLOSURES AT CONEY ISLAND—"HERE ONE MAY WATCH THOSE WHO RIDE ON CAMELS OR MINIATURE TRAINS, WHO 'SHOOT THE CHUTES' OR 'SLIDE THE SLIDES.'"

the sky a thousand glittering towers and minarets, graceful and stately and imposing. The morning sun looks down upon them as it might upon the magically realized dream of a poet or a painter. At night, the radiance of the millions of electric lights which

great Manhattan Beach and Oriental summer hotels at the other. In the days when the amusements of the place were small, and for the most part bad, the site of the wonder city of to-day was "the West End." Along the shore itself was a board-walk built close down to the



CONY ISLAND REALISM—"TRAINED FIRE-FIGHTERS ATTACK SHAM CONFLAGRATIONS IN A CITY BLOCK MADE OF IRON SCENERY. THE FIRE-ENGINES ARE REAL, THE HORSES ARE REAL, THE WATER IS REAL."

glow at every point and line and curve of the great play city's outlines lights up the sky and welcomes the home-coming mariner thirty miles from shore. To this playhouse, every day of the summer come from ten thousand to three hundred thousand merry-makers from the American metropolis.

The Coney Island which the world knows by good and evil report is really but a small part of the stretch of land set down on the maps under the name, with Sea Gate, a somewhat aristocratic salt-water suburb at one end, and the

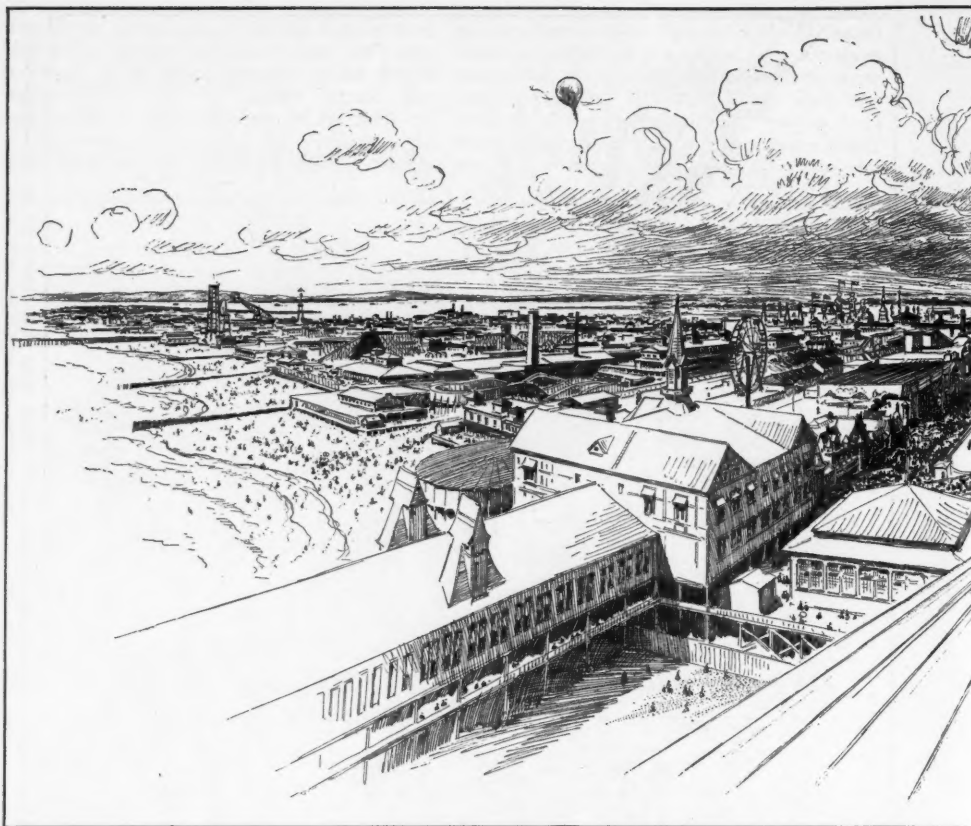
tide line; behind this were acres of dressing-houses—for it was the opportunity for sea bathing which first attracted the crowds to Coney Island. Behind the bathing-houses, along irregular plank walks which were built across the sands according to the whim of the beach proprietors, grew up the catch-penny settlement.

THE CONY ISLAND OF YESTERDAY.

There settled the frankfurter man, the boiled-corn man, the fried-crab man, and the lemonade man. The droning carou-



THE FALL OF PORT ARTHUR AS A CONEY ISLAND SPECTACLE—"RUSSIAN AND JAPANESE ARMIES BOMBARD EACH OTHER OVER THE CRESTS OF TIN HILLS, AND FORTY MINIATURE WAR-SHIPS, UNDER THEIR OWN POWER, CIRCLE IN A HARBOR OF REAL WATER AND BLAZE AWAY."



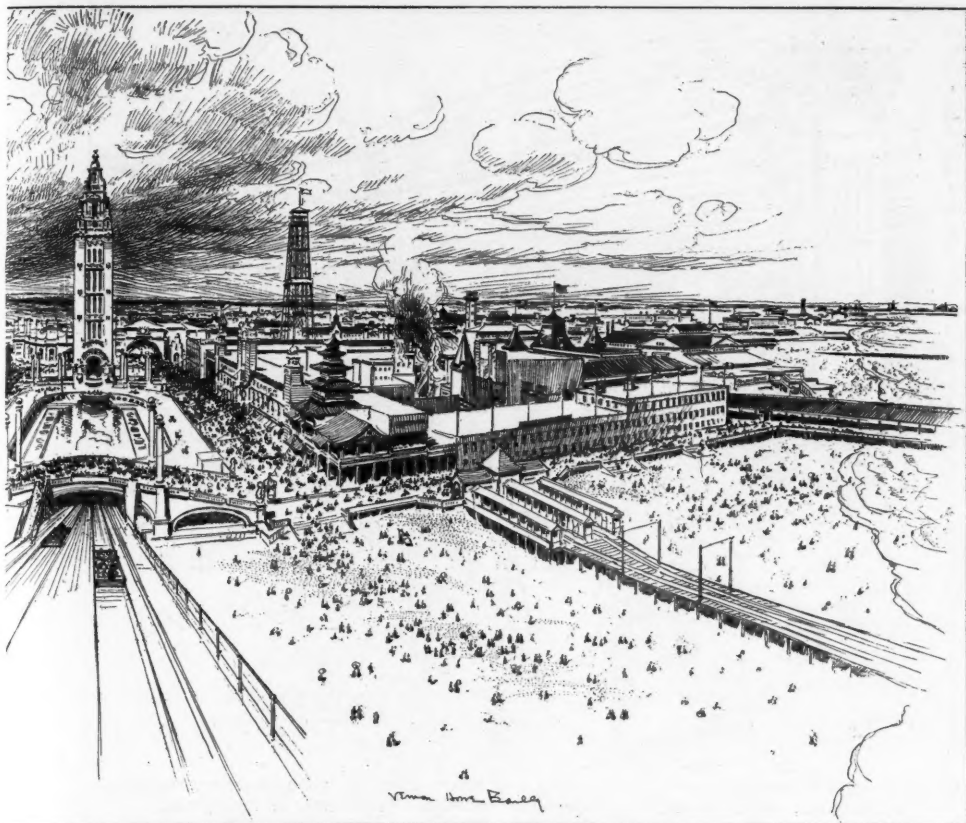
A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

THIS SHOWS THE VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE WATER CHUTES IN ONE OF THE GREAT CONEY ISLAND ENCLOSURES (DREAMLAND), LOOKING INLAND FROM THE EDGE OF THE OCEAN—

sel whirled its horses under its conical canopy. Loudly was the passer-by incited to hit the colored man whose face decorated the center of the curtain, and to get thereby a good cigar. "Cane-boards," the insidious gambling devices by which spendthrifts are lured to the tossing of tiny rings over the heads of canes and umbrellas; tin-type galleries, and shooting galleries, and all the other delirious accompaniments usually associated with a traveling circus—not excepting the nimble three-shell man—elbowed one another for room. Nor were more ambitious enterprises lacking. Observation towers and gravity railroads, dancing-pavilions and music-halls—in which the standards of conduct and entertainment were none too near the ideal—grew up in blocks. In the midst of the whole queer conglomeration was a mammoth wooden

elephant. At the moment it is not possible to recall what was in that elephant, or why it was built; but it was as big as a church, and was the first landmark one caught sight of when approaching the island across the marshes.

Preachers assailed the wicked Coney Island from the pulpit. Legislatures vented orations at it in support of measures for the condemnation of the whole tract and its transformation into a public park. Reformers marched on it with warrants and axes and squads of policemen. Newspapers lashed themselves into a rage denouncing its vulgarity and iniquity. Coney Island grew worse with every year, noisier, more dishonest, more shameless, more demoralizing. The big innocent ocean became a mere excuse for the human travesties. So far was this true that in a day when yellow journals were despatching "com-



OF CONEY ISLAND.

—TO THE LEFT (WEST) THE VIEW EXTENDS TO SEA GATE AND ACROSS THE NARROWS TO STATEN ISLAND; ON THE EXTREME RIGHT (EAST) ARE THE HOTELS OF MANHATTAN BEACH.

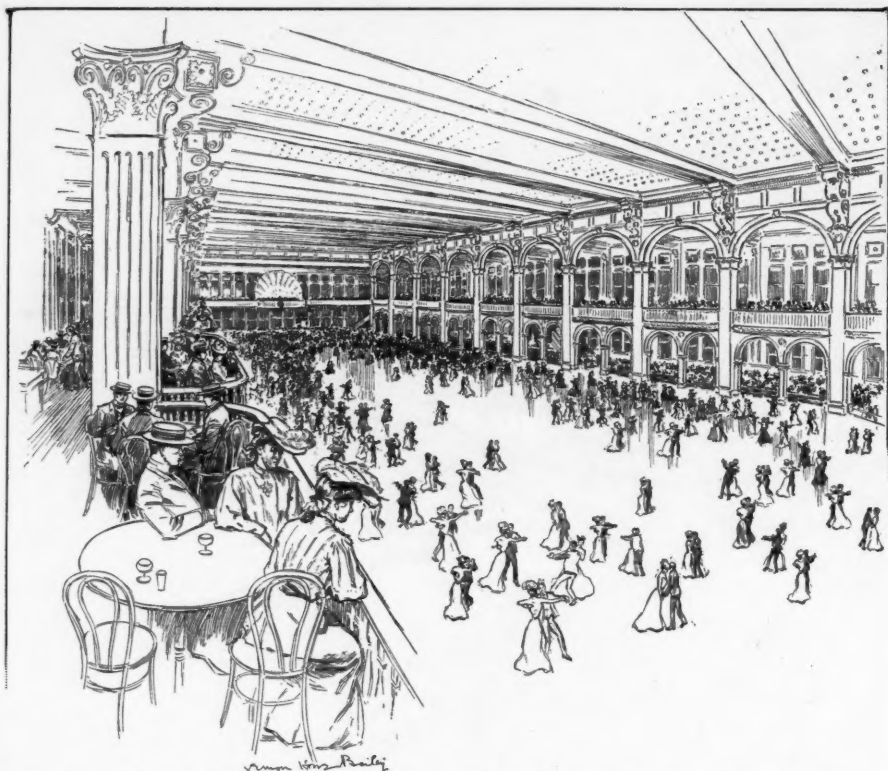
missioners" to the far ends of the earth to investigate all sorts of abuses and wonders, one satirical New York editor sent forth a reporter who was appointed a "commissioner to learn whether there is really any ocean at Coney Island." The commissioner reported to the extent of a column his conclusion that there was none.

THE COMING OF A NEW ERA.

The resort grew to be so "tough" that thousands shunned it after a single visit. Out of this very aversion to the rough and tumble of the streets and alleys came the wonderful regeneration of the place. At the far western end of the West End, where things were most vulgar and squalid, a shrewd man built a great enclosure within which there were decent shows, honest prices for food and drink, and some semblance of cleanliness and

public order. A queer hobby-horse railway on which four riders, each on a different hobby-horse, started on an undulating tour of the enclosure, gave the place its name, Steeplechase Park. It prospered. The respectable fun-seekers crowded into it with their families.

Two young men who had studied the American people, and who had given shows on the "midways" and "pikes" of half a score expositions, saw the prosperity of Steeplechase Park. Midways and the like were profitable because they were close to temporary displays which brought out great numbers of holiday-making visitors. Here was the city of New York and its suburbs, with a population of some five millions of people; and it was apparent that these five millions wanted to be amused—even to the extent of enduring to be bulldozed and swindled. Instead of leaping from



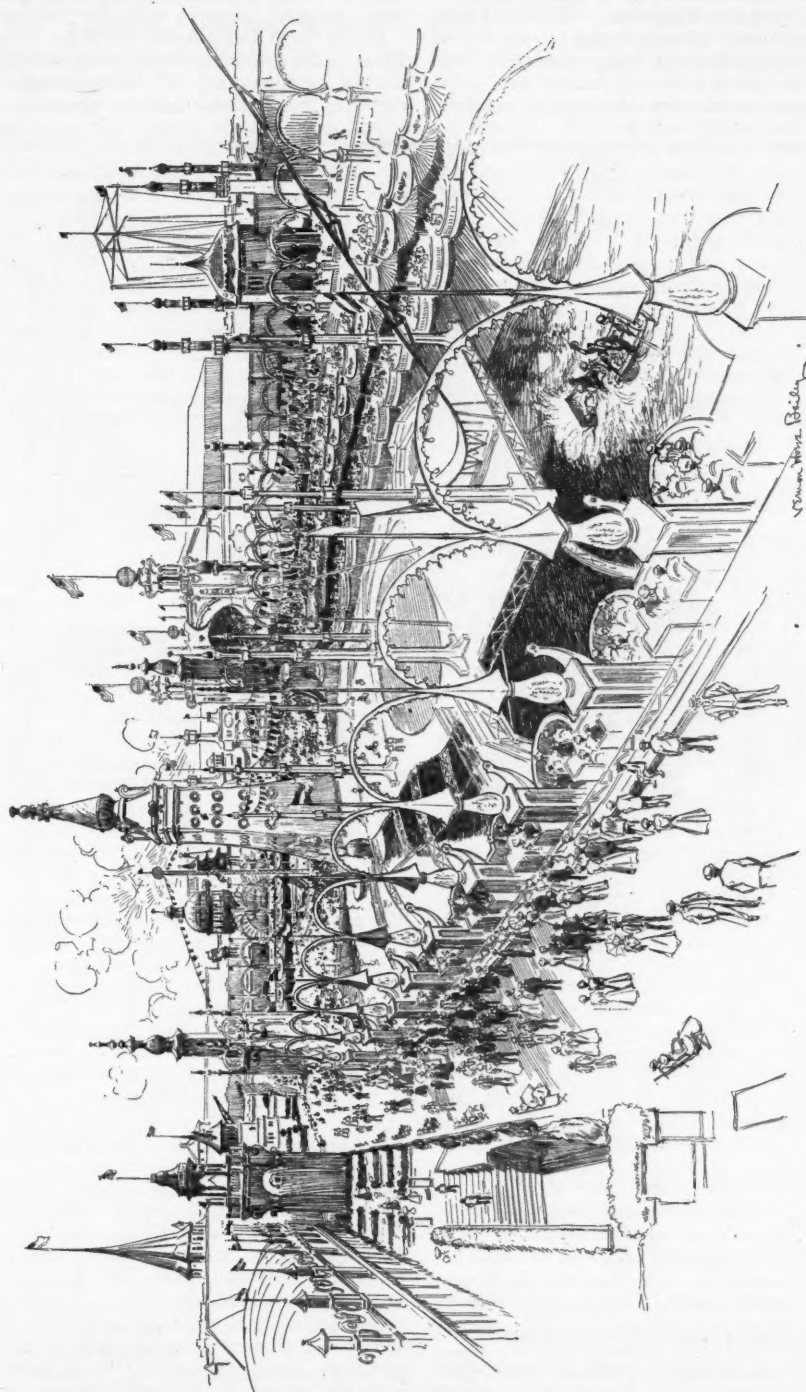
CONEY ISLAND'S FINEST DANCING PAVILION—"A MARVELOUSLY BEAUTIFUL ROOM OF SIMPLY DESIGNED DECORATIONS, ALL IN WHITE, WHICH SPARKLES WITH ELECTRIC LIGHTS, AT NIGHT, LIKE A GEM-SET CASKET."

exposition to exposition up and down the land, taking chances on the enterprise of boards of directors and the liberality of railroads, why not settle down to amusing New York?

On the cheapest large tract of land they could find in Coney Island the two young men built Luna Park. They made it as much like a section of an exposition midway as they could. The staff-molded sculptures; the lavish use of incandescent lights; the blaze and glitter of bright-uniformed employees; the crowding together of free shows and open-air circus performances; a lagoon full of sea lions; a polished trough in which the populace sat and slid, giggling and whooping, from a raised platform to the ground—all these things put the visitors in a good mood with themselves and all the world, and moved them to a reckless patronage of any side-show that offered amusement. Air-ships, submarine boat trips, scenic railways, canal trips through dimly lighted tunnels, miniature

railways, animal exhibitions, villages of outlandish peoples—such was the bewildering variety of the side-shows.

The experiment was successful. The number of visitors from the city increased until the street-railways had to double and triple their equipments. The character of the crowds showed a great change. The man who formerly came with a gang of fellows from his office or shop to enjoy a relapse into rowdiness now brought his womenfolk and was decent. By a lucky accident, about this time a succession of fires cleared off nearly two-thirds of the miserable old scum of frame shacks and tent frames. Capitalists, catching the point of the Luna Park experiment, piled in their money to get a share of the profits. Through the winter an army of carpenters worked at enlarging the enclosures already built, in making a new one—Dreamland—on a still grander scale, and in erecting costly buildings along Coney Island's main streets for the housing of



A GENERAL VIEW OF ONE OF THE GREAT CONEY ISLAND ENCLOSURES (LUNA PARK)—ALL AROUND ARE THE SIDE-SHOWS; IN THE CENTER IS A PLATFORM FOR SHOWS, AND UNDER IT THE LAGOON INTO WHICH BOATS DESCEND FROM THE WATER CHUTES.

ambitious shows such as the Johnstown Flood and the Eruption of Mount Pelée.

Restaurant-keepers and owners of dancing-pavilions caught the spirit of the times—at least, the wisest and most progressive of them did—and cleaned up

Island except to have fun. Over its railway termini might well be written, "Leave Care Behind All Ye Who Enter Here." Down from the big city—which, thanks to the hurry of the railroads to carry as many passengers as possible, is



THE BOWERY, ONCE THE TAWDRIEST AND "TOUGHEST" OF CONEY ISLAND THOROUGHFARES, BUT REBUILT IN IMPROVED STYLE SINCE THE GREAT FIRE OF TWO YEARS AGO.

and rebuilt their establishments. What preachers, reformers, and newspapers had failed to do, came with a rush at the behest of business instinct. For two years New York has had the new Coney Island for its playhouse, and has watched it grow with a pride which almost amounts to a sense of proprietorship.

THE FUN-SEEKER'S PARADISE.

It is essentially a place of merriment. There is no reason for going to Coney

but little more than half an hour's journey away—the tens of thousands come down hungry for laughter every afternoon and night in the week. On Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays the crowds increase to a hundred, two hundred, three hundred thousand. The fun-loving spirit cannot but get into the very atmosphere. There are hundreds who come with only their return car-fare in their pockets, merely for the joy of mixing with the crowds on the public streets and

catching the live sense of humanity and of good humor that is everywhere.

THE "BALLYHOOS" AND THE "BARKERS."

Indeed, one might well spend a day most economically if he confined himself to a study of the "ballyhoos" of Surf Avenue, the main street. The ballyhoo is the free show which is used to illustrate the talk of the barker at the ticket booth, and to guarantee, in a way, the trustworthiness of his statements. Just as the exploiter of the Turkish theater of the older and grimmer days lined up his performers and lectured on their non-apparent perfections, the Dreamland animal-trainer now brings out a leopard, a lion, or even an elephant to the street, and hints of more terrible creatures within. Japanese sword-fighters have a preliminary bout before their theater. A procession of camels and nautch girls marches out of the Asiatic village to the throbbing and crooning of drums and pipes, and marches in again. A band of brown and naked Igorotes appears in front of the Luna Park entrance, and nods and bows and slips and slides through part of a solemn war-dance, which, as is announced in tones that reach a quarter of a mile down the street, "is but a miserable tithe of the vast anthropological, educational, thrilling, and altogether unimaginable" performance about to take place inside.

The orators are a show in themselves. Here we have a young man repeating in a loud, monotonous voice the multitudinous marvels of the drama within the door. He nods almost imperceptibly; as if by accident, the curtain is drawn aside, exposing to view a bit of the stage and a glimpse of the performers. The languid youth leaps a foot in the air; the monotone becomes as sharp and as full of life as the bark of a rapid-fire gun.

"Look! Look!" he yells. "Quick! See! Get a free look! There! There, before the curtain closes! It won't cost you a cent if you hurry!"

There is a rush of half indifferent idlers suddenly become interested. The crowd outside the speaker's sphere of influence catches the movement, and in a moment he has an audience. The accidental parting of the curtains is closed. Earnestly—nay, entreatingly—he resumes his efforts to convince the public that every man, woman and child within the sound of his voice ought to buy a ticket and enter in.

If sometimes the free fun is a bit

8 M

boisterous, there is no viciousness in it. There is never any telling what vagary any part of an American crowd may turn into an amusement—as, for instance, that which captured the mood of a party of prosperous-looking young business men, of whom one was noticeably small of stature while all the others were large and tall. Within ten minutes after they had set foot on the island it was noised abroad that "The Trusts and the Common People" had arrived. The party put the spirit of Mr. Oppen's series of cartoons into action. The fun was for the big men; it was the duty of the small one to be their plaything and to have no enjoyment of his own. They "played horse" with him, hitching him in a toy harness. They refused to enter any show—there were twelve of them—unless the ticket-taker would promise to exclude the Common People, who was always left outside with a guard. In the restaurants he was allowed only crackers and milk, while the rest ranged through the bills of fare. His resistance, at first vocal and then physical, was ignored with hoots of laughter until he fell into the very sensible determination to be good-natured and help the fun along. All through one hot evening thousands of merry souls followed the Trusts and the Common People up and down the length of the island, and rejoiced with them almost as much as they rejoiced in themselves.

No one ever knows just what sort of fun he is going to have, but some sort of unexpected fun, if he really has the spirit of adventure on him, he is pretty sure to find. And more important still, he is certain that the people around him will be in harmony with his mood.

You may step up to the thin, precise-looking gentleman who is posing for his portrait in front of the stand of a lightening silhouette artist, and may begin a lecture to the populace on the surprising architectural features of the subject's countenance, his taste in clothes, and the like. The subject may lose his temper, and probably will; but the multitude will take your side, and will protect your retreat if he becomes over-choleric.

THE ISLAND'S SIGHTS AND SOUNDS.

There is a constant braying of bands on the main thoroughfare and its branches. The frankfurter kitchen, the miniature barbecue for the manufacture of beef sandwiches, the mechanical taffy-pullers, the swishing pop-corn roasters, countless exhibitions of marksmanship with rifle and hand-thrown ball at a

hundred booths—these entertainments and countless others are free as air for those who want them. For him who has ten cents of good and lawful money and a willingness to spend it, the enclosures are open with further opportunities to laugh. Here one may watch those who ride on camels or miniature trains, who “shoot the chutes” or “slide the slides”—exploits that sometimes prove more amusing to the spectator than to the performer.

As for the shows one can see if he begins a round of the inside entertainments, who shall number or describe them? The appetite of the American people for rapid motion has produced innumerable gravity railways and chutes and whirling air-ship swings. There is every variation—a trip through the Swiss Alps, a whirl through scenes from heaven and hell as pictured by artists of somewhat crude but always highly-colored imagination, a tour of Europe, a visit to a coal mine, to the North Pole, and to every other place on or over or under the earth to which the paraphernalia of the gravity railway can be adapted.

All the enclosures, too, have dancing-pavilions, where public dancing is free. The most notable of these, shown in the engraving on page 562, is built on the Dreamland pier—a marvelously beautiful room of simply designed decorations, all in white, which sparkles with electric lights, at night, like a gem-set casket.

THE BIG SPECTACULAR SHOWS.

Then there are firemen's exhibitions, in which trained fire-fighters attack sham conflagrations in a city block made of iron scenery, after a rather elaborate acting out, by a crowd of two or three hundred people, of the life in a city street, just to make the display more realistic. The fire-engines are real, the horses are real, the water is real, and the leaps of men and women from the roofs of the buildings into the life-nets are real. There are spectacles like “Creation,” in which a panorama of the beginning of the world is presented. In the new Brighton Beach Park, which is well over toward the aristocratic Manhattan Beach, is the Boer War, where actual participants in the South African struggle fight their battles over again twice a day. The battle-field covers thirteen acres, and the musketry and cannonading are heard miles up and down the coast. Most pretentious of all this year's spectacles is the “Fall of Port Arthur,” at Luna Park, where Russian and Jap-

anese armies bombard each other over the crests of tin hills, and forty miniature war-ships, under their own power, circle in a harbor of real water, flying the flags of the Czar and of the Mikado, and blaze away at one another and the fortifications.

The Brighton Beach Park, when finished, will be as large as was the whole Midway at Buffalo. The shows already on Coney Island are greater than was the Pike at St. Louis. It is a city that will not fade away or tumble in on itself at the end of an exposition season. It has become a permanent institution, with a fixed population of its own.

THE CONEY ISLAND NATIVES.

It is a queer population, too. An uncanny shock comes to one who hears two good women gossiping over their back fences, on the outskirts of the settlement, about Mamie's trouble with the black-maned lion and Tom's efforts to cure the boa-constrictor's indigestion; of the way the magnesium powder in “Fire and Flames” ruined Tina's dresses faster than one had time to make them, and of the injury Jim suffered from the premature explosion of a cartridge in a Boer gun; of the danger of pneumonia to a young woman who sits all day in a ticket-booth, shielded from drafts by nothing more substantial than a cheesecloth cap and gown, and of the temptations which beset a son who is hired to waltz with unaccompanied young women at a dancing-pavilion.

It has a butterfly life, this community. It is dead seven months of the year. But as surely as the spring will bring back the butterflies, so surely will all the fun and queernesses of Coney Island be with us every summer. Because it is still new in its present form it is as yet a city of frame and staff, relying on its show fire departments and on tin sheeting to protect itself from a disastrous blaze. But as profits are turned into invested capital, brick and stone will take the place of the flimsier materials, and the parks will reach out more and more into the slums—which have never been wiped out altogether. The playhouse will become a permanent temple of fun for the people.

Already, in other populous centers from the Atlantic to the Pacific, other amusement cities are building. It has been established as a fact, and as a safe basis for investment, that the American people will pay freely and eagerly for fun that is clean and honest.

THE PLAIN MISS PRETTY.

BY ETHEL SIGSBEE SMALL.

I.

[T was not that she was unconscionably plain. By the side of ordinary mortals she even appeared rather more favored than most girls; it was only in the presence of her beautiful sister that she deserved the adjective which always accompanied her name. Then one saw that her nose was a little too short and her face a little too long; her rather large mouth, pleasant as it was, appeared extravagant beside her sister's exquisitely molded lips.

The elder Miss Pretty was a beauty. She was one of those rare creatures, the petted children of nature, on whom no gift has been too great, or too small, to lavish. I saw her first at the horse-show. My eyes held spellbound, I spoke to my companion, Algy Vannerdale.

"Who is she?"

"Miss Pretty," said Algy. It seemed he had been watching her, too.

"Miss Beautiful!" I murmured, and waited for Algy's unsympathetic chuckle.

The chuckle did not come, however. I looked at Algy. His soul—all he's got—was in his eyes, which still feasted on Miss Pretty. Somehow it irritated me.

"I'd like to meet her," I said. "I think her beautiful—the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. But if you have any claims, or are thinking of having any claims, I'll forego the introduction."

"That's all right, old man," said Algy. "I am thinking of having claims—I'd give my soul for claims, but then so would every man she knows, and she knows a good many. My intentions, therefore, needn't prevent you from entering the lists, from being introduced, or from being in earnest. We're all in earnest so far as that goes."

"So instead of one I am to have one hundred rivals," I said, as I watched the sunlight on Miss Pretty's Titian hair. "Ah, well, she's worth fighting for! Known her long?"

"She only came yesterday. That's her mother with her."

"And the girl?"

"What girl? Oh, that's the plain Miss Pretty."

That night Algy very gallantly made me known to the most wonderful being in

the world. She was in white; from the cool transparency of her gown her shoulders rose ivory-white and satiny. I am not conspicuously young, either in years or matters of the heart, yet I felt ill at ease in the presence of this dazzling woman. She did not talk much, so far as I remember, but looked at me from eyes so clear and deep and glistening that I nearly forgot to ask for any dances. She had none to give me, as it happened. I grew desperate, and asked her if she would golf with me the next day. It was bald and rather malapropos, but I was past caring. She turned those wonderful eyes on me.

"My sister golfs; I do not."

Here I was introduced to the plain Miss Pretty, and as the situation seemed so clearly to demand it, I extended my invitation to her. She accepted. I took a dance with the plain Miss Pretty—I had plenty to choose from; her card was but half full—and we sat it out, as she said she was tired. I watched the dancers and Miss Pretty talked. I heard very little until she mentioned her sister's name. Beatrice! How it suited her!

"Mine is Mary Anne—that suits me, too, don't you think?" the plain Miss Pretty asked.

I assured her it did. It was not until her sister had passed out of eye range that I realized what I had said. Then I hastened to make matters better—or worse; but she laughed at me.

"Good-natured," I said to myself, "but plain—quite plain!"

She wore a gown high in the neck, always unattractive at a dance. Evidently shoulders like her beautiful sister's did not run in the family. I dreamed of the beautiful Miss Pretty that night. All night I saw her hair, her lips, her eyes, and I vowed that if she had twice as many lovers, I would win her in the end.

II.

THE plain Miss Pretty golfed very well. Her slender figure looked trim in her starched shirt-waist and ankle-length skirt. Freckles somehow do not offend under a canvas hat. On the way to and from the links, and often during our game, she talked of her sister.

"You think her beautiful?" she asked.
 "Could any one not think her so?"
 "No one, I am sure," said Miss Pretty.
 "Isn't she a dream? Did you notice the wonderful color of her eyes?"

It is refreshing to hear one woman praise another; especially refreshing, when the woman she eulogizes happens to be her sister. I looked down approvingly upon my companion, whereupon she looked up, and I received a distinct surprise. Her eyes were most attractive. She lowered them at once, and went on talking about her sister.

We found the beautiful Miss Pretty on the hotel veranda, surrounded. Her gown of pale sea-green made her skin like new ivory, and heightened the rose-leaf color of her cheeks and lips. My heart stifled me as she raised her eyes and gave me one of her rare, if cold, smiles. I was guilty of forgetting her sister's existence. The plain Miss Pretty, however, took a chair beside us and opened a book which she found upon it, the men with whom her sister was surrounded being much too busy watching that beautiful face to talk to her.

"It has been a glorious day, and I think we shall have a cool night," I stammered.

It was the only remark I could think of. The beautiful Miss Pretty smiled and agreed with me. I compared the color of her misty gown to the color shimmering in the sea below us. She said she had always liked green. By this time many of the men had remembered their breeding and were talking to the plain sister. She seemed to be amusing them, judging by the laughter. I thought the time ripe, and asked the beautiful Miss Pretty if she would not walk with me on the board-walk.

"Thank you, I fear I must dress for dinner," she said; but mine was the privilege of walking with her to the door. "Will you tell Mary to come and dress, please?" she asked me, and again those curving lips melted into her rare smile.

I walked back to the plain Miss Pretty. She was talking vivaciously. The men about her had apparently not noticed that the bird had flown. When I spoke, they looked up, and, noticing the empty chair, made some excuse to wander off, thinking they might find its late occupant. I delivered my message.

"Oh, bother dressing!" said the plain sister. "I came here to have a good time."

"Are you having it?" I asked.

"Yes," she said, apparently surprised.

"What do you call a good time?"

She started to speak, then hesitated, and said:

"Oh, watching Beatrice, and being with her, and listening to her talk."

I thought it a charming speech. Still, I felt that she might have added to it.

"And golf?" I suggested.

"And golf," she said emphatically.

"Will you golf with me to-morrow?"

"I should like to, but I've already made an engagement," she said regretfully.

"Then are you bathing to-morrow, and may I have the pleasure of going in when you do?" I asked.

"Why, of course," she said.

She had an odd little way of emphasizing, which was not unattractive. Just then I caught a glimpse of a vision in pink through one of the long windows.

"You will excuse me?" I said.

III.

MISS PRETTY—I mean the plain Miss Pretty; her sister did not care for sea bathing—Miss Pretty in a bathing-suit was a nymph. She had quite a group about her as I joined her on the beach the next day.

"Ah!" I said.

I meant to convey the fact that I was here by appointment, and expected the others to scatter. Nothing seemed further from their minds, however. One might have thought they were all there by appointment. It ended by all of us going in together, Miss Pretty smiling on every one alike.

The plain Miss Pretty swam like a fish and floated like a feather. She raced some of us; some she splashed with water, laughing like a child. She swam far out with me, and, growing tired, rested her hand on my shoulder. She seemed to weigh nothing at all.

On the beach, coming out, we met the beauty. She was seated in a beach chair, her beautiful face shaded by drooping veils. The blue of her faultless gown was repeated in her eyes, the rose at her breast in the lips that smiled at me.

"We have been trying for the last hour to imagine that we are fishes," I said as we passed her.

"Have you?" she asked, and smiled.

That night there was another dance at the Seacrest. The beautiful Miss Pretty, in black, was a picture to stir the soul. She carried her head like an empress; it was inches above the other women. What chance has the small woman beside the

statuesque? I had the good fortune to secure three dances with her. Then I sought her sister.

"I'm so sorry," said the plain Miss Pretty. "I haven't one left."

I felt rather bad-tempered about it. She could easily have kept one for me. I enjoyed her naïve talk about her sister.

"Suppose we make an engagement to walk to-morrow morning?" I said.

"Oh, dear, I can't go to-morrow. I've promised——"

"It doesn't matter," I said.

I felt that the girl had snubbed me quite enough. I had tried to be nice to her for her sister's sake, but I resolved to make no more self-sacrifices. I would have done with her.

"But the next day I should like so much to go," went on Miss Pretty.

"The next day, then," I said. "I shall remember."

Then I left to claim a dance with her sister. The beautiful Miss Pretty did not talk while she danced, and I was left to my own reflections as we glided through the waltz. I wondered if she liked me, and whether she would be very much surprised if I made her an offer of marriage after the dance finished. I had quite made up my mind to it, surprise or no surprise, when the music stopped.

"That was perfect!" I said softly in her ear.

"Charming, I thought," she replied.

Somehow her calm, cool voice gave my ardor a check. I resolved to wait until a better occasion. After all, a dance was no place to propose to a girl; and I had known her but three days. Then a thought came to me. I would ask her sister what she thought about it. Her sister was nowhere to be found, but I heard her light, laughing voice floating in with the breeze from the piazza. I have no opinion of a girl who frequents dark corners during the intervals of a dance. I sat alone in the ballroom throughout the intermission, very much bored.

It was at the beginning of the tenth dance that I caught the plain Miss Pretty's eye, and saw her beckon me.

"Mr. Williams has gone home ill," she said. "You may have this one if you like. Do you like?"

Williams had been her companion on the piazza.

"I like beyond anything in the world," I said as I put my arm about her. Of course it was an extravagant speech.

She danced like a little fairy, and kept up a steady stream of nonsense as we waltzed. Her merry jests, her teasings,

her roguishness, held my attention during the dance and after. In fact, the next was under way and her partner glowering at me before I realized I had over-stayed my time. I had that next dance with her sister, I remember.

"Have you one more for me?" I asked the plain Miss Pretty as she took her seat after the dance and her partner fled for some punch.

"Mr. Williams had the next too," she said, wrinkling her brows at her card. "You may have it as he is ill, poor fellow!" Her face grew pensive.

"Oh, don't give it to me if you are going to pity him all through the dance," I snapped.

"Very well," she said sweetly.

"You are going to give it to me?" I asked, not quite understanding her.

"I told you so, silly," she said.

I had never been called "silly" before. I thought it forward and familiar. After the dances were over which blocked the way to mine, however, I carried her off to the end of the piazza. We were alone. Save for a broad wash of moonlight there was no light. She looked very little and girlish in her pretty high-necked gown.

Her sister—with Algy—passed us, tall, willowy, wonderful. The moonlight gave added whiteness to the ivory shoulders from which her scarf had slipped.

"Isn't Beatrice lovely to-night?" said the plain Miss Pretty.

"She is wonderful," I said seriously. "I brought you out here to talk about your sister."

"Of course," said Miss pretty. "They all do. Well—she is beautiful, isn't she?" "Beautiful," I murmured.

There was a silence. We listened to the soft thud of the breakers. From inside came the throbbing of violins. Miss Pretty hummed the melody.

"Go on," she said at last.

"Go on?"

"About Beatrice."

"Do you think," I said, "it would be quite inexcusable to propose to a girl at a dance after knowing her just three days? I've been wondering. A dance seems hardly the place."

"Oh, it isn't at all the place," said Miss Pretty hurriedly. She looked toward the ballroom. "Isn't that the next dance beginning? I really must go in."

I dislike to see a girl so eager for dancing. It seems to show that tendency toward the frivolous which I have observed more than once in the plain Miss Pretty. It struck me that I might offer a few brotherly suggestions.

"There are a number of things I do not approve of in you," I said as an opening.

"Why, what are they?" she asked in a small, innocent voice.

"I shall be delighted to tell you," I said. "One is your going off alone with a man to a dark corner of the piazza."

I looked at her sternly, expecting her to flush. Instead, she rose.

"You are right," she said. "I'll go in."

I caught one end of the scarf she held and stopped her.

"Of course it is all right your being here with *me*," I said stiffly. "I meant Williams."

"I see," she said. "It's all right to be here with you, but all wrong with Mr. Williams." She sat down.

"The difference is—er—the difference between Williams and myself is that Williams may possibly be in love with you, and I—er—"

"And you are not," she finished sweetly.

She smiled at me. We were very near together. Her eyes were most attractive. In some unaccountable way I suddenly found myself holding the plain Miss Pretty in my arms.

"When will you marry me?" I asked hotly.

"Please don't," said Miss Pretty, and, disengaging herself, she added, "A dance isn't the place to propose to a girl—you said it yourself."

"A dance is the best place on earth for it!" I said. I was far from calm.

"And when you have known a girl only three days—"

"It can't be helped," I said positively. "I have loved you from the first minute I saw you. That counts for something, doesn't it?" I caught her hand.

"When did you first see me?" asked Miss Pretty, drawing her hand away.

"At the horse-show. I said then—ask Algy—I said I was going to win you, that very day!"

"Aren't you getting rather mixed?" said Miss Pretty sadly. "Wasn't it Beatrice?"

"Beatrice!" I said. "Good heavens, how can you talk of Beatrice *now*? That's another thing I disapprove of in you. Why should a girl always talk about her sister? When will you marry me?"

I had the plain Miss Pretty in my arms again.

"There's the dance," she said, freeing herself, "and here comes Mr. Davidson."

I glared at Davidson, and, strange to say, he glared at me.

Pacing the piazza after Miss Pretty had left me, I ran into Algy.

"Mind where you're going," he said savagely. Then his manner changed, and he took my arm. "By George, I wish I'd never let you into this contest!" he said miserably.

I knew at once what he meant.

"That's all right, old man," I said.

"I retire of my own free will. There she is now, sitting alone in the moonlight. The field is yours. Go in and win!"

We looked where a Titian head rose from an ivory neck.

"Who are you talking about?" said Algy. "That isn't the one. It's her sister—the plain Miss Pretty!"

"You're crazy, man; it's Beatrice you're in love with."

"Don't I know who I'm in love with?" Algy almost shrieked in his fury.

I had no patience with him. The fellow's fickleness was disgusting. I turned and left him.

After the dancing was finished, I captured the plain Miss Pretty and bore her off to our corner of the piazza.

"Now, when will you marry me?" I asked.

"I can't marry you all," said Miss Pretty, sighing.

"All? Who else wants you to marry him?"

"Who doesn't?" said Miss Pretty sadly.

"You needn't marry any one but me," I said soothingly.

Miss Pretty came nearer. She put a timid hand on my arm.

"Couldn't you marry Beatrice?" she asked pleadingly.

"No, I couldn't," I said flatly.

Her face fell.

"That is what they all always say—always! It is just the same every summer." Then she sighed. "I'm rather tired."

I took her in my arms. She was so little and soft and sweet, how could I help it?

"Won't you marry me?" I pleaded, but she shook her head.

"I'll see about it," she said, drawing away.

That was years ago. I am still making it the business of my life to win the plain Miss Pretty, who is now Mrs. Arrowborn, the widow of a Chicago millionaire. Unfortunately, some hundred others are making it their life-work, too.

The beautiful Miss Pretty is still beautiful. She is also still Miss Pretty.

THE CZARS OF RUSSIA FROM IVAN TO NICHOLAS.

THE FORMATION OF THE EMPIRE—THE WILD TRIBES OF WHICH IT WAS COMPOSED—THE CONSTRUCTIVE AND BLOODY WORK OF IVAN—THE LINES FORMED AND CHARACTERISTICS DEVELOPED THAT HAVE MADE RUSSIA WHAT RUSSIA IS AND HAS BEEN FOR THREE HUNDRED YEARS.

FIRST PAPER—IVAN THE TERRIBLE. BY EDGAR SALTUS.

THE fathers of history and fathers of lies told of a land, inordinately remote, called Hyperborea, where the inhabitants had elastic bones, bifurcated tongues, and enchanted lives which they ended on a perfumed grass that produced a voluptuous death.

The description tempted adventure. In search of the land, triremes entered the Euxine, beyond the farther coast of which Hyperborea was rumored to be.

But it must have gone. In any event, the fascinating inhabitants had. In their stead were the Scythians, a swarm of rough and ready chaps who drank from skulls, used the tanned skins of their enemies for clothes, and, generally, were so truculent that, to down them, the earth had to produce new races. Then through gaps of time they dispersed, disappearing utterly, vanishing even from legend. It was forgotten that they had been. But to the north, in the hinterlands, in fens and steppes, they brooded, invisible, segregating and separating into clans affiliated yet distinct.

Centuries passed. Then slowly, from the White Sea to the Black, a horde that called themselves Slav—a word which means glory—descended. The territory which they occupied was outside of Europe, outside of the world. To the north were the Finns, to the south were the Turks. Beyond were the Huns. To the east were the Tartars. In between the Slavs halted.

They were not otherwise idle. They had customs that were laws, chiefs that were legislators, families that then formed a nation which is Russia to-day. Their life, from nomad, became pastoral and then communistic. Where they came

villages sprang. But not towns. The Teutons had their cities, their burghs and guilds, for they had the commercial instinct also. That instinct the Slavs lacked. They lack it still. They are an agricultural people. With them the market was an aftergrowth. At the time they were content to exist. In the chaotic and convulsive conditions of the ninth century the process was difficult. As a consequence, the Slavs, if not commercial, at least were busy. In default of other foes there were strifes internecine and bloody from which the victors emerged princes and the vanquished serfs.

Princes are not necessarily amiable. These princes quarreled. Each wanted to be really primus. But where all are equal who shall be first? Precedence being impossible, they haled from the roof of Europe a Norse pirate and asked him to take the *pas*.

RURIK, FIRST RULER OF RUSSIA.

The pirate was Rurik. He was chief of a band, turbulent and aggressive, of Russ, or rovers. He accepted the invitation, took the *pas*, with it the title of grand prince, and gave the name of his band to the country. With him Russia came into being, and the monarchy too.

From origins so dramatic it was but natural that results still more dramatic should ensue. And they did, torrentially. But the chronicle of them has the monotony of the infernal regions. It is made up of groans. From it you get a record of famine and plague, of wars civil and foreign, of pillages, assaults, and sacks; a nightmare of murders and massacres, of crimes tangled, obscure,

but always atrocious; a long ribbon of blood, punctuated, however, by visions of fusing elements, the coalescing of rival principalities, a coalition to which the subsequent unity of the realm is due. Therewith are pictures of growing dominion, increasing strength, the gestation of an empire, the building of the cage in which, bent double, the empire is to live.

On these pictures others are superposed. You see gleams radiated from Byzance and, in those gleams, religion, art, ascending cupolas, glittering domes. You see, too, the avalanche of Asiatics precipitated by the Khan of Khans, the conquest of Russia by the Mongols, her temporary subjection into a vassal state, with, for sovereign, a despot whom it took years to reach, and from whose oriental ideals of iron Russian absolutism came.

More dimly you get glimpses of peasants heavy-witted as cattle, feeding like cattle on straw, coerced by forces which they cannot comprehend. You get also the outlines of cities such as Novgorod, which styled itself *My Lord Novgorod the Great*, and which, though for figurehead it had a prince, was free, independent, ruled by an assembly of its own. You see other cities, but notably Moscow, the last grand principality, which, from Mongol, made Russia Muscovite, and where, among pomps curious and barbaric, you behold the elevation of the grand princes into autocrats and finally into Czars.

The term Czar is one that Orientalists derive not from Caesar, as is usual, but from a Hebrew word that means "power." Ivan, surnamed the Terrible, was the first of the Rurikovitch to apply it to himself. The present Czar does not descend from Rurik, but presumptively from the relatively modern and genealogically obscure house of Romanoff, which sovereignty proceeds from a grand-nephew of one of Ivan's wives.

IVAN, FIRST OF THE CZARS.

Ivan, who succeeded in resembling both Bluebeard and Caracalla, was obviously a striking person. What he chiefly struck was terror. Terror was his food, cruelty his drink. These things were his life. On his death they survived him.

In the caverns of ancient history there are many fine fiends. In modern history there are few superior to Ivan. Attila was remarkable. So was Tamerlane. But Attila was hardly a human being. In the fury with which he pounced on civiliza-

tion there is the impersonality of a cyclone. Tamerlane was a maniac with unlimited power and a limitless area in which to be homicidal. Ivan was not impersonal. He was not insane. He did terrific things, but he left tangible results.

Russia then was Cimmerian. The Tartar khans, who seemed to have come from hell, had gone back there. Behind them, for souvenir, they left night. During their dominion Russia had shammed death. The feigning became almost real. Europe itself was dark; Russia was pitch black. The glow of the Renaissance could not light its voids. There was nothing in them to brighten. Of Greek glories she had no traditions, of Roman grandeurs no knowledge. Without memories of the past, without dreams of the future, she was not merely black; she was dumb, unable to speak, unable to think. The liberty of thought which elsewhere was producing liberty of action was to her as is the calculus to an embryo. Russia was embryonic, a desert of ignorance, a land apart. On its wastes was a scatter of gaunt, struggling villages peopled with oafs, ruled by a brute. Nominally the oafs were free. Serfdom came later. A Romanoff invention, it was designed to preserve the country's economic balance. Freemen may wander, and did. To insure financial and military resources they were made fixtures. The peasant was bound to the soil, the villager to the village. The peasant might not leave the one, the villager the other. If either did, he ceased to be peasant, he ceased to be villager; he was a corpse.

THE BEGINNINGS OF A GREAT EMPIRE.

At the time of Ivan, all, nominally, were free. There were then four kinds and conditions of folk. First was the class which comprised Ivan himself. Apart from him were the monks. These were the capitalists, these were the merchants, these were the great landed proprietors, these were free. The rest were nobles and vassals—that is to say, servants and laborers, whose horrible lives and scant possessions were Ivan's absolutely, all in all, just as Russia was. The realm, his personal property, a private estate, politically isolated, intellectually dumb, barely governed, was practically without defense. About it Ivan ran a ring of forts. Of his estate he made a park. Within he put an administration, a national guard, a states general. The members of the latter were permitted to

express their views. The permission provided them with little more than a variant of the Byzantine formula, "May I speak and live?"—but it was a beginning. From it the parliamentary history of Russia dates.

Other things date from that epoch also. Practically all that Peter the Great and Catherine the Greater subsequently accomplished originated with Ivan. The preludes of progress, the first hesitant stammer of culture, the initial relations with Europe, but particularly the onward policy which future Czars were to follow and which was to lead the Bear through the China shop to the teeth of Japan, began with him.

A nation resembles love. When it does not increase, it diminishes. Without Ivan, Russia through her own impetus would have advanced anyway. But it was with him her evolution began. To use a Teutonism, already she was in process of becoming. The potential germ Ivan cultivated. Peter forced it into a fruit rotten before it was ripe. In a marvel of canning, Catherine brandied and preserved it. The rottenness endures, but so, too, does the work. Time shall not cope with it yet. On the other hand, as every dog has its day, so has every dynasty its night. With Ivan was the dawn, a dawn terribly red, yet not exclusively occupied in illuminating the tall gibbets that he erected or the torture-chambers which he built.

These things had their purpose. Under the Tartar yoke Russia lay prostrate. From the ground Ivan raised her and left her on her knees. For centuries that was the attitude she was to maintain. That she might do so the more earnestly, there were the tall gibbets, there were also hot vats. We will get to these things in a moment. They detained Ivan over-much. To him they were a governmental necessity, devised for the due production of proper respect. To heighten that respect when produced, as it was and very alarmingly, Ivan, first of the Czars, was the first of his house to assert the theory of sovereignty by right divine. Genuflections were insufficient. There must also be awe. Without both, autocracy never could have been. The theory is therefore useful. For autocracy, that is. Yet such are the abysses of human credulity that wretches whom autocrats were torturing have called out in their anguish, "God save the Czar!" At the Czar's command millions have vacated the planet. Why? They did not know. The Little Father had so ordered. That was enough.

The Emperor Paul, displeased with a regiment, said "March!" The regiment started. Paul added: "To Siberia!" Off the regiment went.

THE AMUSEMENTS OF A TYRANT.

Paul was mad. Ivan was sane. Though occasionally the buffoon, though occasionally, too, Rabelaisian in his relaxations, he was the best-read man in the realm. He delighted in the subtleties of metaphysics, and, unfathomably devout, alternated between massacres and mass. Those whom he liked to caress he liked also to kill. He fondled an infant with one hand, and, when the child laughed, ran a knife into its mouth with the other. He had seven wives, whom he loved, and of whom he killed three. He killed his son, whom he loved best of all. But he could be severe. An envoy appeared in the presence with his hat on. Ivan had the hat nailed to the envoy's head. A boyar who, not seeing him approach, omitted to grovel, had his legs broken. He could be also jocose. On the head of a favorite jester he clapped a bowl of burning punch. Now and then, when his musicians played, he beat time on their heads with a hammer. He made certain overtures to Queen Elizabeth, and, on her thanking him, wrote her that she was a vulgar wench. He could be terrible as well. The Church of Vassili Blagennoi, a marvel of bizarre beauty, was built for him by an Italian artist. To prevent the latter from duplicating it, Ivan had his eyes torn from his head.

These episodes were due to nervousness. Ivan was born in a storm, an accident which predisposes to neurosis. At the age of five he was an orphan with a scepter. He was fully ten before he knew how to use it. Then a noble displeased him. He had the man eaten by dogs. Otherwise he was modest, gentle, and pious. Nero, when a lad, was quite like him. But as Ivan grew the hyena appeared. At first over animals, then over men, he poured brandy and set it on fire. He was in training for the throne of Moscow.

IVAN'S COURT IN THE KREMLIN.

Moscow at the time was more than a capital: it was Russia's Mecca, the sacred site, the depository of a nation's faith and hope; a loose, rambling village, as large as London then was, shuttled by squalid streets, through which men passed in the flowing robes of Bagdad and of Babylon, and over which scowled the Kremlin.

The Kremlin, a fortified town, harem, and abattoir in one, full of soldiers and monks, was surrounded by tooth-shaped battlements that girdled palaces and cathedrals, monasteries and barracks, mingling the architecture of Byzance and Italy, of Hindu and Goth, in a revel of colors and forms. Without, on the Red Square, was the Church of Vassili Blagennoi, an immense bird of paradise in stone. Within were more marvels, churches with pineapple cupolas covered with colors; crypts gloomier than Egypt ever saw; palaces gorgeous as quetzals; walls striated with ocher and vermilion; vaults agate-floored, golden-roofed, the treasure-houses of Ivan.

Moscow was Russia's Mecca; the Kremlin was Moscow's heart. It was here, but a little before, that Europe had discovered between her and Asia a new realm, one whose chief had outfaced the Tartar horde, and who, while taking everything else he could lay his hands on—the privileges, prerogatives, and property of his subjects—had taken a two-headed eagle for device and the sables for banner. It was here Ivan was crowned. It was here he held court. Envoys found him seated on a throne that was upheld by monsters of the Apocalypse, a tiara on his head, a crozier in his hand, hieratic as a divinity on an altar. About him, in caftans of white satin, a group of nobles stood, armed with silver hatchets, which they held upraised in silence. The courtiers, too, were silent, motionless. You would have thought the whole palace bewitched. Until Ivan permitted, there was not a sound, not a gesture. Into a scene such as this Prince Charming must have strayed when he sought the Sleeping Beauty.

In any event, it was impressive. Ivan liked to impress. It was not silence, though, that he used to impress My Lord Novgorod. He had discovered that the authorities there were arranging to open the city's gates to the Poles. He decided to pay them a visit. The visit involved, first, the destruction of the surrounding country. Ivan left it bare as your hand. Then followed a slaughter that outlasted a month. Every day a thousand people were despatched. Some were flogged to death. Some were fed to dogs. Some were ordered off to tall gibbets, to seething vats, or, more expeditiously, were tossed wholesale into the river. Some were hacked to pieces. Others were first strung up a bit, then hacked a little, and finally boiled. In the wholesale drowning, children were tied to their mothers.

Men with pikes rowed among them and shoved them down.

Then Ivan prayed. This was his prayer:

"Remember, Lord, the souls of Thy servants, inhabitants of this town, whose names Thou knowest."

But he had not done. He turned his fury upon the inanimate. The city was razed, less by way of punishment than as a lesson in fidelity.

THE BUTCHERIES OF THE RED SQUARE.

From Novgorod Ivan returned to Moscow, where, in torture-chambers, other traitors waited. These he attended to in the Red Square at the east wall of the Kremlin, the center of Muscovite life—and death. Here were vats, gibbets, saws that cut bodies in half, pincers that tore the tongue out, instruments that slipped you, like an eel, from your skin. At one side was a pond in which were carp bloated with human flesh. At the other were bear dens, hounds in leash. Otherwise it was empty.

The sight of torture is magnetic. It draws. But on this occasion the populace was in hiding. Ivan sent reassuring criers. Spectators were tempted. Then the traitors were poignantly destroyed. Ivan, foaming like a horse, called at them:

"I am your god, as God is mine!"

Gilles de Retz, who stalked boys and girls as another hunts game, did not know how many he killed. He had neglected to keep tally. Ivan was more particular. He kept lists of the departed and prayed for their souls. One list mentions three thousand four hundred and seventy "whose names Thou knowest." Though some of the names that Ivan himself knew are itemized "with his wife," "with his wife and children," "with his sons and daughters."

These debauches, while excessive, were not unique. In Haarlem twenty thousand people were put to the sword by their ruler in person. The king of Sweden had his own baths of blood. In Ferrara, in Florence, they were duplicated. England had Newgate and the gibbets of Tyburn. In France was the massacre of St. Bartholomew. In Spain was Torquemada. Ivan, to employ a vulgarism, was only up to date. The relief in which he stands is due to his isolation, to the aurora behind him, to popular fancy that pictures him a specter affrighting an uncomprehensible people, a population dumb and driven, who nonetheless loved him, to whom he was indeed

a god, jealous, severe, but just. When at his death they were told that he had become an angel, it was thought that he might have done better. For it was his idea, one which he originated, which was accepted then and is accepted still, that the Czar, Russia, and the Divine are scarcely differentiable entities. This idea inspired an awe so complete that, until within relatively recent years, Russians got from their conveyances and knelt, with heads bowed, before a Czar as he passed. That was Ivan's idea of what's what.

Where he now may be is not very uncertain. But on earth he descended below permissible planes. There are depths beneath which there is nothing deeper. Ivan got as far down in them as he could, and then arose in prayer, presenting as he did so the curious spectacle of a vampire and mystic in one, a saint aspiring to unions with the supersensible and a saurian conjecturing fresh repasts of blood. The Red Square and the torture-chambers knew him, but not better than the monastic cell. Into the latter again and again he retired, prostrating himself before the Cross, protesting his abasement, purging his soul, and, the cure completed, provoking orgies too unholy to be described.

Therewith he was alert, keen-witted, a statesman, holding off Poland with one arm and reaching out for Siberia with

the other, a dual effort in which he succumbed, but not before he had shown future Czars the road to the East, a road which was to convert an insignificant monarchy into an empire that covers one seventh of the land surface of the globe.

That, though, as we have noted, would have come any way, and in coming would have coincided with the ideas of Ivan, who had many ideas, yet few more significant than this: It was his custom to supply his guards, nobles, courtiers, the guests at his table, with garments and gems. Among the nobility at that time there was no wealth; barely was there ease. Ivan alone was rich. But the clothes and jewels which he supplied were but loaned temporarily for use there and then. When the reason for the use had gone, Ivan saw to it that the loans were returned.

The custom has been abrogated, but the theory of it, that from the sovereign everything emanates, that he alone is, that no one else is anything, endures, and rather explains the attitude of Nicholas II, who first denounced as insolent the effort of starving strikers striving to have him hear their wrongs, and then loosed his Cossacks on them. What were they to one who is all?

The theory, perfect in its atrocity, came from Ivan, who, though for centuries dead, still, as you may see, continues to be terrible.

THE OLD MAID'S BOY.

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART.

THE big doll in Miss Maria's shop window had been for years the model after which the village infants were clothed. When Miss Maria's baby wore thread lace, so also did every baby in Moon Center. When blind embroidery became the fashion, the doll wore its stiffened glories smilingly, although the other infants shouted lusty rebellion. And when everything gave way to hemstitched flounces, according to the agent who made semi-quarterly visits in a mud-spattered buggy, the baby in the window blossomed out in a complete hemstitched outfit, with tiny tucks and feather-stitching. The next christening at the church was an orgy of hemstitching, accomplished at night after milking, at no one knows what cost to work-hardened fingers and tired eyes.

Miss Maria was thinking of these

things as she bit off her thread with a snap and laid the finished garment on the table before her. It was a sheer white dress, trimmed with tiny frills of lace and insertion, and beside it lay the skirts to match—the doll's new summer wardrobe. Miss Maria picked up the lamp, and, going into the darkened store, took the doll carefully out of the window.

"It's bed time, Elizabeth," she said, putting the lamp on the counter, and drawing out the box in which Elizabeth had been shipped from the city, and in which she still lay protected from the dust at night. Miss Maria pulled down the blue shades and sat for a moment on one of the stiff-backed chairs with the doll on her lap. "Ten years to-day I've had you," she went on, smoothing back the doll's yellow curls, "and four times every year I've sat up like an old fool

and made you new clothes. That makes forty dresses, most of them lying in the trunk getting yellow. You aren't hard on your clothes, that's sure, if you aren't much company."

Outside, steps came rapidly down the street, paused a moment, and went on. Miss Maria rose, yawned, and picked up the lamp.

"Well," she said, looking at the clock, "I reckon I'd better wash your hair and put it in kids. Having the stove lit the last few days has made it kind of grimy."

She pushed into their places the bolts on the door, and turned to go. Then she stopped suddenly and listened. Outside, above the rustling of the maple leaves, she heard the fitful cry of a small child.

"Nice hour to have a baby out!" she snapped, fumbling at the bolt. "It would be just like the Jim Blakes, and their baby's got a weak chest."

She threw open the door, letting the lamp-light stream out over the deserted street, and looked around her anxiously. Then with a little cry she stooped, and, picking up a shawl-wrapped bundle which lay on the upper step, retreated hurriedly into the store and bolted the door.

Once safe in her tiny sitting-room, Miss Maria unrolled the shawl and looked critically at its contents. The baby stared fixedly at the lamp and sucked a wrinkled thumb noisily.

"Seems like I ought to know those features," mused Miss Maria. "If it wasn't for the nose, I'd say it was a Simmons youngster. It's certainly got the Simmons jaw, and goodness knows they could give a baby away without missing it. But those curls aren't Simmons." Here her eyes fell on the shawl, dirty, faded, and ragged. Miss Maria stiffened and glared at the inoffensive baby. "Humph! So she thought I'd forgot that shawl," she said grimly. "I'm not in the habit of forgetting things that aren't paid for. It must be six years since the little idiot ran off to get married, and took a trunk full of things she'd no notion of settling for." The baby caught her finger in its small, restless hand and conveyed it eagerly to its mouth. "But you aren't responsible for a worthless mother, baby, and I reckon you'll be a nice little thing when you're clean."

Miss Maria had officiated at the inaugural tubbing of half the village; hence it was with no unskilled fingers that she got together materials for the bath. The baby emerged even pinker from the scrubbing; and when at last, fed and warm, he dropped comfortably to sleep,

she sat gently rocking before the empty fireplace, the tiny bundle close in her arms, and a soft light shining through her steel-rimmed spectacles. Elizabeth lay forgotten and neglected on the counter in the shop that night, while close beside Miss Maria's four-poster the wooden box, set on two chairs and filled with pillows, made a comfortable bed for the new member of the family.

The coming of Samuel—named after Miss Maria's long-dead father—marked an entirely new era in that lady's life. The boy grew and thrived in spite of occasional childish ailments. Miss Maria fed colds and starved fevers according to the custom of the village, and put much faith in mustard foot-baths and catnip tea. Sammy had passed the toy-horse period, and was in the kite-flying, pock-ets-filled-with-marbles stage, when the thing happened which had been Miss Maria's secret dread for years.

She was putting clean papers in the store windows, keeping at the same time a watchful eye on Sammy, who was engaged across the street in a wordy combat that threatened every moment to come to blows, when she saw a strange woman walking slowly past the shop. The stranger's dress was cheaply fashionable, and draped around her feathered hat was a purple veil.

Miss Maria glared at the veil with disapproval. Then she caught sight of the pretty, weak face beneath, and with a gasp she tottered back to a chair. The woman hesitated a moment and then came slowly into the shop.

"I guess you don't know me, Miss Maria," she said with a dubious smile, raising her veil. But Miss Maria only set her lips tighter and stared at her visitor with curiously strained eyes. "It's a long time since I've been here."

"Seven years!" Miss Maria's dry lips almost refused to articulate, but she made a supreme effort at self-control.

"You knew, then? Well, that makes it easier. I—I think I'll take the baby now, Miss Maria."

Miss Maria got up then, pale with desperation.

"You can't," she said slowly. "You can't have him. He's—he's dead!"

For a moment the woman believed it; then she laughed scornfully.

"You're lying," she said coarsely. "Whose cap and coat are those hanging over the chair? Besides, I asked at the station. I'm going to take the boy with me. He's mine, isn't he?" Then her voice became more pacific. "I'm doing

all right now, Miss Maria. I haven't been drinking at all lately, and if you're thinking about Jim's being in the Pen. last year, why, you can ask any one about it; he wouldn't have been sent up at all if his lawyer hadn't took sick."

Miss Maria shuddered. For a moment she did not move; then she walked over and opened the door fiercely.

"Get out!" she said chokingly. "Get out, quick, or I'll strangle you!" The

room sobbed convulsively over the bewildered child.

Her arraignment of Mrs. Jim rankled in that lady's shallow mind. The fleeting maternal impulse was gone, but the more lasting one of revenge took its place. Miss Maria was not surprised to hear that the case was to be taken before the squire.

The day of the hearing was a cold, damp day in early autumn. Miss Maria



MISS MARIA RETREATED HURRIEDLY INTO THE STORE AND BOLTED THE DOOR.

woman fidgeted a moment with her parasol, then moved slowly toward the door. "You may have borne the child—I don't deny it, but he's mine by every law of God. While you've been sleeping your drunken sleep of nights, I've been hanging over that boy's little bed, listening to his every breath. While you've been dancing and carousing and flirting through life, I've been teaching that boy his prayers and listening to his primer. I'd rather see him dead than with you and your Jim!"

As the visitor banged the door behind her and trailed her long skirts down the muddy street, Miss Maria called Sammy in, and in the seclusion of her sitting-

turned Sammy's collar up around his throat and pulled down his cap; then they went hand in hand, heads down before the chilly wind, along the street. They were very early. The squire's office was empty, save for a man asleep in a corner over the weekly paper. Miss Maria sat down before the stove and took off Sammy's wraps. Then she kissed him impulsively, half ashamed the next moment of her weakness.

The squire and Mrs. Jim came almost together, and the hearing commenced. Squire Andrews listened with an impassive face, first to the child's mother, then to Miss Maria. The latter was as reticent as the former had been voluble.



"YOU'RE CRAZY, IRA ANDREWS!"

She had reared the boy and loved him, she said with a little tremble, and the mother was not fit. That was all.

The squire sat stroking his beard thoughtfully, and Miss Maria desperately counted the loud ticking of the clock on the wall, while a lump in her throat seemed to choke her. Sammy played unconcernedly with the office-cat, while his mother removed and readjusted the purple veil, and yawned repeatedly. At last the squire looked up and cleared his throat.

"It's a pretty hard question," he said slowly, "to decide in a hurry. Seems to me I'd better think it over to-night and decide to-morrow. In the mean time, Maria, I'm scarcely justified in allowing you to take the boy home. We'll leave him in the lockup over night."

Mrs. Jim got up pettishly and drew on her gloves.

"That's another trip for me," she said, shaking out her skirts; but Miss Maria was on her feet, staring at the squire with blazing eyes.

"You're crazy, Ira Andrews!" she stormed, a spot of indignant red in either cheek. "If he goes to the lockup I go too, and we neither of us go if you haven't got the stove put up yet. The idea of a man with eleven children at home putting a seven-year-old boy in that damp, cold place over night! Sammy has a cold now. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Squire Andrews took off his glasses and wiped them serenely.

"A good many years ago," he said, holding his glasses to the light and inspecting them, "a king was called on to decide the ownership of a child. When he said to divide the baby and give each mother a half, one consented and one protested. As I remember, the mother whose first thought was for the child, got it. It seems like a pretty fair arrangement, and I guess the law books ain't got any better precedent than that. Maria, you'd better take that youngster home and give him some onion juice for his cold!"

ELIHU ROOT.

BY FRANK A. MUNSEY.

THE BRILLIANT LAWYER AND EXPERIENCED MAN OF AFFAIRS WHO SUCCEEDS THE LATE JOHN HAY AS THE LEADING MEMBER OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S CABINET—HIS UNIQUE QUALIFICATIONS FOR THE POSITION, AND THE GREAT OPPORTUNITIES IT OFFERS TO A STATESMAN OF FIRST-RATE ABILITY.

IT is doubtful if an appointment to a Cabinet position has ever been made which has at once brought forth a more hearty and general expression of approval, from people of all political parties, than the nomination of Elihu Root to be Secretary of State. Mr. Root is a known man, a tried man, and a man of the very highest grade of ability. His splendid work as Secretary of War makes it certain that the State Department will be in the hands of a very wise and a very strong man—strong and stanch in the biggest, broadest sense of the term.

Mr. Root is to-day easily the first man in his profession, the leader of the American bar. In going back into President Roosevelt's Cabinet, it is probable that he relinquishes forever this distinguished position, and gives up an average annual income from his practise of a quarter of a million dollars. It may well be that his earnings would be emphatically larger, for in these days of enormous corporations and enormous enterprises the men best equipped in brains and training to guide giant concerns command dazzling sums. But the colossal retainers and stupendous fees are for him who stands apart by himself—THE BEST.

In returning to the government service, Mr. Root not only sacrifices his great income, but sacrifices the position in his profession to gain which he has given nearly forty years of intelligent, intense work. It is safe to assume this on the probability that he will remain

with President Roosevelt to the end of his term, four years hence. Four years added to Mr. Root's present age would make him sixty-four. At sixty-four, and after four years out of the swing of things, and wholly out of the legal atmosphere, it could hardly be expected that he could resume his place at the head of his profession as he did a year ago on leaving the War Department.

It may be urged that the possibility of being made the Presidential nominee of his party in 1908 has influenced Mr. Root in deciding to return to the Cabinet. But it is more probable that his keen admiration and love for Mr. Roosevelt, together with a full measure of appreciation of the opportunity to do great work, far-reaching work, for our own country and the other countries of the earth, have been the deciding considerations with him.

And after all, is he not entering upon a work that in a broad sense means a greater return to him than any fees he might receive for his legal services in New York, were they ten times as great as he has ever received? For with money enough for his family and himself, which Mr. Root fortunately has, all additional moneys would measure up very feebly beside the rewards of great service to his country—a service that means, or may mean, much to the entire civilized world.

At this particular juncture, with the Russo-Japanese peace conference in the immediate foreground, and with the other tremendous problems arising from

the re-formation of the lines and theories of statecraft of this critical and interesting period, there is such an opportunity for statesmanship of the first rank as rarely, if ever, has fallen to the lot of our premiers. That Elihu Root will "make good," that he will be a great Secretary of State, is a justifiable conclusion. A failure to reach this standard would be illogical and inexcusable in a man of so fine a mind, so well trained—a man, too, of his courage and application and stanch, substantial qualities.

There has been no luck, no political finesse, back of Mr. Root. His rise, step by step, in his distinguished career is due wholly to clean-cut merit and to nothing else. God gave him the brains and the strong, virile body for the work

he has done, and he has not misused his talents.

President Roosevelt is to be congratulated warmly on inducing Mr. Root to return to his Cabinet. He is to be congratulated still more warmly because he is not afraid to have the ablest men of the country in his immediate political family. With the vast problems coming before the chief magistrate for decision, and with the enormous work of the government, the President of to-day must have the best brains of the United States about him and at his command. A century ago a President could be in pretty close individual touch with all the affairs of the government; but now, with eighty millions of people, the Executive must to a great extent make himself felt through his lieutenants.

THE BEHEST OF DUTY.

When Duty bears the stirrup-cup,
A blithe maid is she !
The charger whinnies at the door,
The breeze is freshening o'er the moor ;
A bold ride, a wild ride,
The gates of glory open wide !
The parting tear so quickly dries
When gallant blood with Duty flies ;
When Duty bears the stirrup-cup,
A blithe maid is she !

When Duty sings the anchor up
A gay lass is she !
The ropes and tackle strain and creak,
The salt spray's stinging eye and cheek ;
A new land, a strange land,
Oh, cheer the gallant little band !
The dock's receding tear-bedimmed—
The sea, the sea, the azure-rimmed !
When Duty sings the anchor up
A gay lass is she !

When Duty bids you stop and sup,
A dour wife is she.
A meager meal she offers now ;
To nagging humors you must bow.
A long life, a dull life,
A stretch of pettiness and strife—
The craven wretch doth wryly grin,
For Duty bids him stay within.
When Duty bids you stop and sup
A dour wife is she !

Jesse H. Wilson, Jr.

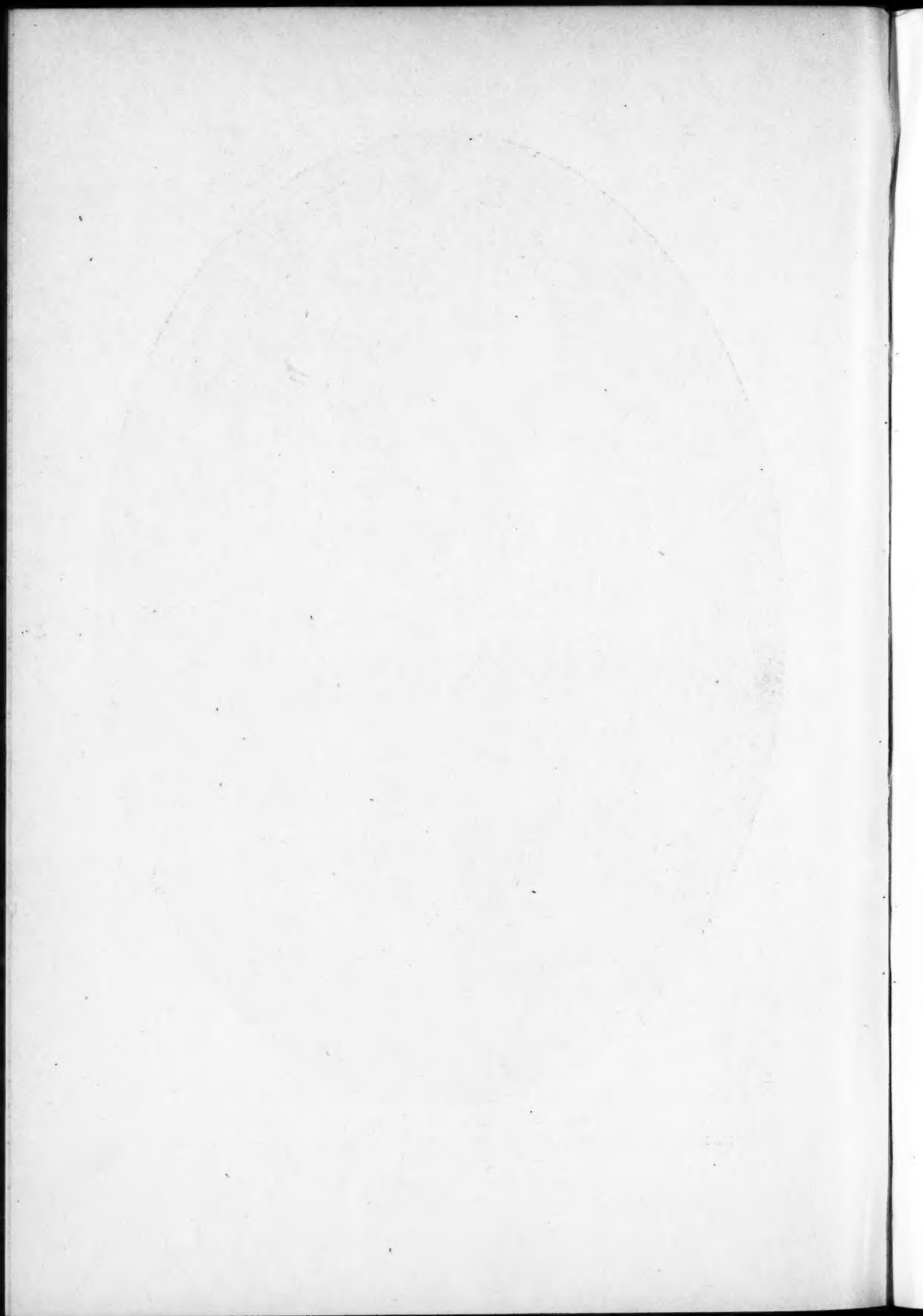


ELIHU ROOT, SECRETARY OF STATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. Root gives up a position at the head of the New York bar, with an income of perhaps a quarter of a million dollars annually, for an office with a salary of eight thousand dollars, but with vast possibilities of public service.

From his latest photograph by Pach, New York.

[See page 579.]



MAUDE ADAMS.

BY ACTON DAVIES.

THE MOST POPULAR ACTRESS
ON THE AMERICAN STAGE—HER
CAREER AND PERSONALITY, THE
POWER OF HER ART, AND THE
SECRET OF HER CHARM.

SOME weeks ago, when it was announced that Miss Maude Adams had barely escaped with her life from a serious surgical operation, the entire theater-going public of America expressed its delight at her recovery. The articles published in the newspapers could scarcely have been more flattering to Miss Adams if they had been her obituary notices.

The incident emphasized the great popularity which this clever young actress enjoys from one end of the United States to the other. Not alone is she one of the greatest financial "draws" in the profession, but there is no woman on the stage so genuinely beloved by the



MAUDE ADAMS ABOUT THE TIME WHEN SHE BECAME LEADING WOMAN WITH JOHN DREW (1892).

From a photograph by Clickering, Boston.

public at large. Hers is the popularity of the woman even before the artist, and, curiously enough, it is to her own sex that her personality makes its greatest appeal.

In all probability, Miss Adams is as ignorant as any one else of the secret of this spell which she asserts over playgoers generally and women in particular. It is something quite different from charm of feature. For when you come to analyze her, Miss Adams could scarcely be called even pretty. She has a certain piquant grace of beauty and manner which is all her own, and which stand her well instead of more conventional beauty; but it is through her little mannerisms of gesture, and the thousand and one expressions of her face, that she takes her audiences captive.

Although there is no more serious and indefatigable worker on the stage than Miss Adams in all that pertains to the performance of her rôles, there is no actress who pays so little attention to the outside world. Except for the society of three or four friends of her girlhood, she lives a life which stands quite apart. Society, in the general acceptance of that term, she has always detested and shunned. It is only on the rarest occasions that she will go out to dinner, even at the house of old acquaintances, and then only on condition that no other guests are to be present. When not acting herself, it is very rarely that she thinks of entering a theater. She is an insatiable reader, and for the past five or six years has been deeply engrossed in the study of French. She loves



MAUDE ADAMS AS SUZANNE IN "THE MASKED BALL" (1892).

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.



MAUDE ADAMS AS THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT IN
"L'AIGLON" (1900).

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

riding and long walks. Indoors, she has a horror of "gimcracks," portières, and all sorts of stuffy things. When she was building her country home at Ronkonkoma, Long Island—one of the quietest and most out-of-the-way spots within fifty miles of New York—she had the

entire ground floor made into a single huge room, so that fresh air might sweep through it in every direction.

It has often been asked why Charles Frohman, who has engineered her entire stellar career so well, has never taken Miss Adams to London, as he has so many of his other stars. But with the American continent at her feet, why should she yearn to conquer so comparatively limited a theatrical field as that of England? If she ever does cross the Atlantic, however, it is almost a certainty she will repeat, at least in large measure, her great American success; for with all due appreciation of her personality as a woman, Maude Adams as an artist can win her way upon any stage.

She never proved this fact more conclusively than last season, when she produced that plaintive little cockney play, "Op-o'-Me-Thumb," at the Empire. Here she threw all her charms of person to the winds. When she first came into view, the audience did not recognize Miss Adams in the half-starved, tightly pigtailed little slavy who stood before them. To the *matinée* girls her appearance was an appalling shock, but rarely has she scored a greater artistic triumph.

Miss Adams' real name is Maude Kiskadden. She was born in Salt Lake City, where her father was engaged in business. Her mother, Annie Adams, was then the leading character actress of the local stock company. She made her *début* at the age of nine months in a play called "The Lost Child." It was entirely an impromptu appearance. The baby cast for the title rôle was suddenly seized with a fit of colic, and yelled so loudly, just as the curtain went up, that the actors were thrown into consternation. It was feared that "The Lost Child" would have to be like "Hamlet" with *Hamlet* left out, but fortunately Mrs. Kiskadden had brought little Maudie to the theater with her. The child lay asleep in her dressing-room. Snatching it up hastily, the actress carried it on the stage, while the mother of the stricken infant hurried off in quest of paregoric.

So successful was little Maudie on her first appearance that she was soon in-

stalled as a regular member of the company, and created a number of baby rôles before she went into temporary retirement at the age of two.

From Salt Lake Mrs. Kiskadden went to other Western cities, where she played long engagements. The little girl was her mother's constant companion, and at the age of five began her professional career in real earnest. Her mother was then leading woman in J. K. Emmett's company in San Francisco. "Little Maudie," as everybody called her, was such a precocious youngster that Mr. Emmett insisted on casting her for the important rôle of *Little Schneider* in one of his Irish plays. She had nearly a hundred lines to speak, but she memorized them without the slightest difficulty, and her success was complete.

For about four years she was the most popular child actress in the Pacific States. She did not come to the East until later, after she had spent half a dozen years at school. Her first appearance in New York was at the Star Theater, in a play by Duncan B. Harrison called "The Pay-



MAUDE ADAMS AS DORA IN "CHRISTOPHER, JUNIOR" (1895).

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.



MAUDE ADAMS AS JULIET (1899).

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

master," in which she had the ingenue rôle. Then she joined E. H. Sothern's company at the Lyceum, and played several parts so successfully that Charles Hoyt engaged her to create the rôle of the young schoolmistress in "A Midnight Bell." It was during the run of this play that Charles Frohman saw her for the first time. David Belasco and William De Mille were then writing for Mr. Frohman's Twenty-Third Street Theater a drama called "Men and Women." Manager and playwrights agreed that Miss Adams was just the girl they wanted for one of the important characters, and Mr. Frohman made her a proposition to join his company. Mr. Hoyt, naturally anxious to keep her for his road tour, offered to double her salary if she would remain with him. Mr. Frohman promised her that if she succeeded in the new play she would have better opportunities in the future. Miss Adams took him at his word, and has since remained under his management.

One of her great successes at the



MAUDE ADAMS IN THE SECOND ACT OF "THE LITTLE MINISTER," AT THE TEA-PARTY IN NANNY WEBSTER'S COTTAGE.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

Twenty-Third Street was in Belasco's adaptation, "The Lost Paradise," in which she acted *Nell*, the lame girl. In this, her first really pathetic rôle, the critics began to recognize Miss Adams as an actress of fine possibilities.

A year later Mr. Frohman promoted her to be leading woman with John Drew, who had that season become a Frohman star. They opened at Palmer's Theater on October 3, 1892, in a Clyde Fitch adaptation, "The Masked Ball." The success of both the new star and the new leading woman was instantaneous. I have heard Mr. Frohman say that it was on the first night of her fine performance of *Suzanne* that he decided to make Miss Adams one of his stars.

Wise in his generation, however, Mr. Frohman determined to leave her with Mr. Drew for several seasons, and she appeared with him in "The Butterflies," "The Bauble Shop," "Christopher, Junior," "Rosemary," and two or three other plays. When her manager felt that the time had come for the young actress

to blossom forth as a star, the piece selected for her was Barrie's "The Little Minister." With this she opened in Washington, coming to New York—at the Empire—on September 28, 1897. "The Little Minister" proved a tremendous success. It was only the other day, on its fourth revival, that Miss Adams played *Lady Babbie* for the one thousandth time.

After two seasons in this play, Mr. Frohman, by way of giving his star a little rest, engaged a special company and produced "Romeo and Juliet." The



MAUDE ADAMS AS LADY BABBIE IN "THE LITTLE MINISTER," HER MOST FAMOUS CHARACTER, WHICH SHE HAS PLAYED MORE THAN A THOUSAND TIMES.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.



MAUDE ADAMS AS SHE IS TO-DAY.

From her latest photograph by Fowler, Evanston.

next year, in "L'Aiglon," she played her first boy's rôle since the days of *Little Schneider*. Then came J. M. Barrie's "Quality Street" and Mrs. Frances

Hodgson Burnett's "The Pretty Sister of Jose." In September she will be seen once more as a boy in J. B. Barrie's fantastic comedy "Peter Pan."



LIFE ON THE MOON.

BY WALDEMAR KAEMPFERT.

THE THEORY THAT THE EARTH'S SATELLITE IS NOT, AS HAS LONG BEEN SUPPOSED, AN UTTERLY DEAD PLANET—THE INTERESTING DISCOVERIES MADE BY AN AMERICAN ASTRONOMER, PROFESSOR PICKERING, OF THE HARVARD OBSERVATORY.

ASTRONOMERS who have been concerned more with the writing of text-books than with telescopic observation have laid it down that the moon is a planetary corpse, which hardly repays study except for the purpose of reveling in the mathematical charms of its wonderfully complex motion. Despite the fact that almost every special student of the moon—selenologist, he dubs himself—has noted slight lunar changes of some kind, and has timidly announced them from time to time, most of us still cherish the text-book illusion that the moon is a cold, blackened cinder, rushing through space—an orb which may serve to make poets and other lunatics pleasantly unhappy, but which is hardly worth much telescopic scrutiny.

Ever since Galileo invented the telescope, we have known that the moon has its tall mountains and its towering, terraced craters. Although the moon and the earth were formed of the same mass, and the life history of the one is prophetic of the other's, these craters, for chaotic number and startling size, are quite unlike anything we can display. At the very least there are two hundred thousand of them; perhaps there may be a million, assuming, as we have a right

to assume, that there are many too small for magnification. Clustered so closely together are they that Galileo, who was an unscientifically poetic soul in spite of his science, prettily compared them with the eyes of a peacock's tail.

It has long been surmised that the lunar craters are dead, every one of them. And now Professor William H. Pickering, a Harvard astronomer who has studied the moon for some twenty years, and who has not confined himself to the writing of text-books, assures us that, although most of them are dead, a few are still very much alive.

THE MYSTERIOUS CHANGES OF LINNÉ.

In a great plain, centuries ago picturesquely misnamed the Sea of Serenity, is a crater christened Linné, after the great Swedish naturalist. Compared with the splendid dimensions of many similar formations, Linné shrinks into miserable insignificance; but although it now measures only a paltry three-quarters of a mile in diameter, it was not always so unpretentious. Fortunately, a fairly complete record of its checkered history has been kept for nearly three centuries. On a map of the moon made in 1651, forty years after Galileo intro-

duced the telescope, it appears as a rather noticeable crater. Diameters at that time could be measured only with brilliant spot." When means of accurate measurement were devised, Linné proved to be about four miles in diameter, and



THE CRATERS AND THE SO-CALLED SEAS OF THE MOON—THE LARGE DARK AREA OCCUPYING MOST OF THE LOWER HALF OF THE ENGRAVING IS THE SEA OF SERENITY. IN IT, NEAR THE GAP IN ITS RIGHT-HAND SHORE, IS A BRIGHT SPOT OF INDEFINITE OUTLINE, THE CRATER LINNÉ, WHOSE CHANGES INDICATE THAT THE MOON IS NOT AN UTTERLY DEAD PLANET.

difficulty. Still, Linné must have been fairly prominent to have been seen at all.

Toward the latter end of the eighteenth century a German selenographer puts it down as "a very small, round,

rather deep. Measured repeatedly during the last century, it was rarely found to be the same in size by two surveyors. One scientist placed its diameter at six miles; another at seven. Once it van-



THE FULL MOON, SHOWING SOME OF THE MOST PROMINENT CRATERS, WITH THE BRIGHT STREAKS RADIATING FROM THEM—THESE STREAKS ARE NOW EXPLAINED AS DEEP CREVICES FILLED WITH SNOW OR ICE.

ished altogether, only to be rediscovered as a "craterlet," one-quarter of a mile across. After that it grew in size to a mile and a half; and now it has shrunk again to three-quarters of a mile. Do extinct volcanoes change their size so inexplicably?

PLATO AND ITS SHIFTING CONES.

Another striking example of a crater in action is afforded by Plato—a magnificent walled plain considerably larger than the State of Rhode Island, and not unlike a huge circus-ring in appearance. Scattered over the dark floor of the crater are many volcanic cones, varying in diameter from a few hundred feet to a mile. During the last twenty-five years that floor has been examined minutely for the purpose of fixing the number and position of the cones. When the first

survey was made, thirty-six were counted. A second survey revealed thirty-eight. Later forty-two were mapped. Whenever they were plotted, some were found to have shifted about, and some to have grown less distinct or to have disappeared entirely, while some were discovered that were not marked on any map.

If Plato is stone dead, as we have been taught, its twoscore cones show a mercurial elusiveness hardly compatible with inactivity. Last year Professor Pickering noted in the great crater what appeared to be a crescent-shaped sand-bank six miles long, two miles wide, and a thousand feet high. So conspicuous is this bank that it must have been seen in the various surveys mentioned had it been only faintly visible; and yet not a single map made prior to 1904 reveals its presence.

A deep, tortuous abyss known as Schroeter's Valley has afforded Professor Pickering an opportunity of actually seeing what may have been a lunar volcanic eruption. Thick, white clouds have shot up before his eyes from Schroeter's Valley, flashing so brightly in the sunlight that their presence was unmistakable, and shifting about incessantly, so that no two drawings of the many that he made show them in exactly the same position. They were real clouds, and not figments of the imagination; for they sometimes concealed objects that were usually distinctly visible. Here we have additional evidence of changes occurring on the supposedly dead moon.

IS THERE WATER ON THE MOON?

Every active volcano on the earth expels a certain amount of water in the form of steam, and a certain amount of gas. Because the moon once formed part of the earth, it is fair to suppose that active lunar craters must likewise vomit water and gas. Water, if there is any on the moon, can exist only in two forms—as a gas and as ice. Why? Because the moon's temperature never rises above the melting-point of ice when the sun is hottest, and is probably several hundred degrees below zero during the night. Then, you ask, has any one ever seen snow or ice on the moon?

Among the lofty lunar Apennines, towering twenty thousand feet above the Sea of Showers, white peaks blaze out in the sunshine. Within the larger lunar craters a silver lining gleams brilliantly. On the slopes of many mountains, on the walls and central cones of the smaller craters, white caps strangely flash into view after daybreak, only to fade away again as the sun rises higher and higher, and to reappear as it sets. From Tycho and several other prominent craters long, spoke-like streaks radiate for hundreds of miles—also white, also mysteriously evanescent under the rays of the rising sun.

What is this argent panoply? In the eyes of the old astronomer, the inexplicable chatoyant play of light and shade; in the eyes of Professor Pickering and his adherents, merely snow, ice, and hoar frost, melting as it should melt under the rays of the sun, and crystallizing once more into a white deposit at nightfall. It is snow and ice that gleam in the rays of Tycho, rays that are now regarded merely as deep crevices in which the impounded snow can be seen only when the sun is at the zenith; and

snow and ice, too, that stain the moon's poles with white.

Up to the present time, no one has satisfactorily explained the puzzling modifications in two craters known as Messier and Messier A. One man finds them as like in size and shape as two drops of water; another considers them wholly dissimilar. Sometimes Messier seems the larger of the pair, and sometimes Messier A. Modern instruments of precision never lie; each observer is right. If any evidence were demanded of physical changes on the moon, this pair of craters would furnish all that is needed. A consideration of the time of lunar day when the two undergo their enigmatic gyrations has convinced Professor Pickering that the phenomenon is due entirely to the varying distribution of hoar frost.

Night after night, any one with a fair-sized telescope may see many round craters distorted by melting snows into queer forms. Because these forms are never twice alike at corresponding times of observation, they can be occasioned only by evaporating snow.

THE PROBLEM OF A LUNAR ATMOSPHERE.

If there be snow and ice on the moon, and if this snow and ice melt, the moon ought to have an atmosphere. Now, if there is anything of which astronomers have felt unshakably certain, it is the utter lack of any lunar atmosphere. No one ever saw clouds on the moon; and clouds are usually the accompaniment of an atmosphere. The light of the stars that drift behind our satellite as it swims through the heavens is never bent out of its course near the edge of the moon, as it ought to be if there were a gaseous envelope.

Strong as these arguments may be, they apply only to fairly dense atmospheres. If the moon has an atmosphere, it must be so exceedingly rare that even the occultation of a star cannot indicate its presence. The force of gravitation on the moon is so very much less than it is on the earth that oxygen would escape from the moon with about the same facility as hydrogen from the earth. That there is a lunar atmosphere, however, Professor Pickering has demonstrated by the best possible photographic proof.

If you can prove that, why not also prove that there is organic life on the moon?

First you must analyze your atmosphere, and determine if it is chem-

ically able to sustain life. It has been stated that the moon's few active volcanoes vomit water and gas. Judged by earthly standards, that gas can only be carbonic acid, which is so heavy that it must cling to the planet more tenaciously than any other. Given a sphere, therefore, on which there is water in the form of ice, snow, and gas, and on which there is also carbonic acid, the food of plants, is there any good reason why vegetation should not be present?

EVIDENCES OF LIFE ON THE MOON.

Shortly after sunrise spots appear on the moon, which rapidly darken toward noon and fade away with the setting of the sun. Sometimes they are inky black, sometimes gray. They are particularly noticeable at the equator, although they are not lacking in what would correspond with the temperate zones of our earth. Never are they seen at the poles.

Perhaps they are merely shadows, it may be suggested. But long shadows are not cast when the sun is directly overhead. Perhaps they are due to some mineral. But no mineral has yet been discovered that darkens as the sun shines upon it and then pales again. These variable spots are caused only by vegetation, according to Professor Pickering; and his simple view, it must be confessed, is the most satisfactory that has yet been advanced.

How is it possible for organized life to withstand the bitter cold of the moon? How is it possible for vegetation to spring up in a single day? And how is it possible for vegetation to thrive without liquid water?

Life, particularly in the lowest forms, is hard to destroy. Some bacteria resist death even when exposed to the most intense cold. In the arctic regions of our own globe certain lichens wage the battle of life against a temperature that never rises above the freezing-point and is usually much below that. The apparent absurdity of requiring plants to leap into being in a single day is not so ridiculous when it is considered that a lunar day lasts half a terrestrial month. There is no reason in the nature of things why, in the season that passes for a day on the moon, vegetation should not flourish luxuriantly in the sunlight and wither as the cold, long, lunar night sets in.

Rank scientific heresy as most of the theories here set forth may appear, they are nevertheless substantiated by the overwhelming testimony of photography, by a careful comparison of early maps with modern charts for the purpose of showing what changes have occurred on our satellite since the telescope was invented, and by painstaking study of doubtfully permanent regions.

The best map ever made of the moon, a miracle in its way, is drawn to a scale a little more than one two-millionth of that body's actual size. On a similar map of the earth it would be impossible to record slight modifications which our continents and islands are constantly undergoing. It has been tellingly argued that if a man on the moon knew as little of the earth as we know of the moon, he would conclude that our planet is a lifeless, dreary waste, just as we have supposed the moon to be.

THE SEA AT NIGHT.

BLACK lies the deep;
No shore, no sound, no stir—
A lifeless realm of water and of air;
The elements asleep.

A ship in sight;
It comes, disturbs, moves on—
Man, for an instant, present, then is gone
Through sea, and air, and night.

A tempest born
Spreads seaward far and fast;
The depths are lashed to foaming by the blast;
Calm breaks the early morn.

Thus runs life's sea;
Man only stirs the crest;
God moves the deeper parts, and all the rest
Obeys Divinity!

Dewey Carter.

STORIETTES

A Walapai Cupid.

THERE was a girl at old man Tedrow's—I knew it because I had passed her and Tedrow on my way up. I had gone to bed thinking of her; and as she was the only white woman, except the station agent's slovenly wife, that I had seen in two years, it was only natural, perhaps, that I should think of her the first thing on waking.

Gordon wasn't thinking of anybody; he was still asleep. The morning light filtered through the coarse meshes of our ore-sack curtain and painted a reticulated band of yellow on the wall behind our rickety old bed. It threw into bold relief Gordon's handsome features—handsome even in sleep, the final test of a man's comeliness.

I didn't intend to tell him about the girl at first. He could find out for himself. He hated women, he said; he understood them so well—from which I gathered he had failed to understand one of them.

His failure in that line had left a scar which showed like an ugly sear on his otherwise sunny surface. I didn't know the particulars of the affair; he had never volunteered them, and we don't ask for itemized accounts on the desert. I often wondered, though, what sort of girl she was to have turned deaf ears to him, for after two long, laborious years spent in the monotonous hacking through of a tunnel that might or might not lead to gold, I had come to hold him pretty dear myself.

I reached under the pillow and got my



THERE WAS A CRASH AND A YELL FROM THE INSIDE, AND THE SQUAW WENT SPRAWLING.



"THIS IS—IS THE GIRL, YOU KNOW, OLD FELLOW!"

watch. It was almost eight o'clock—an unheard-of hour for us to be still about the shack, much less abed, but accounted for by the fact that I had loaned the team, the night before, to Perry, our nearest white neighbor, to take a sick man down to the doctor at Paradox; and for the first morning in six months we were not driving over to the mine.

I threw off the cover, and was just getting out when I heard a noise at the side of the cabin. It was a stealthy noise, and I listened with interest. To my vast astonishment, some one walked softly across the roof, and an instant later the guttural sounds of the Walapai tongue came down the flue. There was a childish whimper which seemed to voice a protest, and some tall coaxing in the Walapai language. Then the noise in the chimney came nearer.

Was the mystery over which Gordon and I had almost cracked our heads about to be solved? For more than a month our provisions had been disappearing in the most unaccountable manner while we were away at the mine. We had placed an extra bolt on the door, and barred our single window, but to no avail. The bolt and bars were left untouched, but not so our meat and coffee, our potatoes and flour. That it was the

Walapai we didn't for a moment doubt, but their method of effecting an entrance was clear beyond us.

I brought the covers about me and pulled them over Gordon's head, arranging a narrow peep-hole that commanded the room. There was a scrambling in the flue, and the next moment an object dangled in the fire-place, swung uncertainly about, at last found its feet, and stepped out on the hearth.

It was the fattest, brownest, rolypoliest papoose I ever laid eyes on. He was about four years old, with hair as black and shiny as a raven's wing. His big black eyes looked solemnly about the room. He

had accumulated astonishingly little soot for a first trip—if this was his first—through a chimney that had never been cleaned.

He unfastened the rope knotted about his body, stepped outside the noose, and made straight for the grub-box on the opposite side of the room. He cleverly placed the noose about our flour sack, jerked the rope, and the sack moved slowly over the floor to the chimney, guided in its course by his tiny hands till it vanished up the flue. There was no indecision about the movements of the little rascal, and he seemed to know exactly what was expected of him.

His next move was directed against a piece of dried beef which I had brought home the night before and had not yet unwrapped. He had his hands upon it when I pushed the cover off and sat bolt upright in bed.

He heard the movement and turned. I expected him to make some outcry, but not he! He stood, very quiet and very solemn, his round eyes holding me steadily. I put on my most engaging smile, and, going over to him, quietly took the rope from his brown fingers. He backed away from me till his chubby body rested against a box near the fireplace, where he remained, an unblinking baby mystery.

I felt that I was master of the situation. The papoose was in my possession, and even a Walapai buck is not wholly wanting in parental feeling. The capture of the thief would mean little to me, as it was fifty miles across the desert to where the white man dealt out a wobbly justice, and the satisfaction of punishing the Indian on our roof would not be worth the candle; however, I had an itching desire to lay hands on him.

I fastened the rope to the nearest bed-post, gave it a jerk, as the papoose had done, unbolted the door softly, and stepped out. A squat, bandanna-blanketed figure was tugging away valiantly at the upper end. It had its back to me, but the blanket revealed its sex—a squaw!

She had braced her moccasined feet against the flat lava stones of the chimney, and was tugging like a sailor. Nothing more comical ever blessed my eyes than the sight of her trying to pull our bed, with the hundred-and-eighty-pound Gordon sleeping in it, up that eight-by-ten flue!

Controlling my risibilities by cramming my fist into my mouth, I ducked under the short cornice and tiptoed toward her, prepared to emit the Berseker whoop which, on the spur of the moment, I had thought would be a fitting climax for the scene.

I raised my head and peered up cautiously. My line of vision struck the trail at the brow of the opposite hill, not a hundred yards away, and at that instant there fluttered around the last intervening rock—the girl from Tedrow's!

Suddenly something gave way; there was a crash and a yell from the inside, and the squaw went sprawling to the roof. Gordon bounded from the door, clad, as was I, in a pair of very dilapidated pajamas.

"Some one's dynamited the bed!" he shouted excitedly.

I looked from behind the end of the cabin and saw the squaw flopping furiously up the hill. The girl was hurrying down the trail, now within fifty feet of us.

"I beg pardon!" I cried, waving one hand at her over the level roof, and pushing Gordon down with the other. "If you will only stay where you are a moment we shall be in a position to—ah—receive you—that is—if——"

"Certainly," she answered back, stopping in sheer astonishment.

"What in thunder is it?" demanded Gordon.

"A girl! Don't you know 'em when you hear 'em?" I growled, and we hastened around to the door and in.

The bed was a wreck. At our entrance the papoose set up a wail. I lifted him from where he was cowering in the blackness of the chimney, and enthroned him on a pile of bed-clothes. The little chief's nerve was gone. Great pear-shaped tears rolled down his round brown cheeks, and heart-breaking sobs alternated with his dismal howls.

I succeeded in getting into my duds first, and hurried out.

"You may come now," I called to the girl, who, with an apparent intuition of our dishabille, had very properly turned her back to the cabin.

She was a pretty sight, coming down the path there with the wind blowing her soft, fair hair and fluttering her blue serge skirt about her trim ankles.

"You have a papoose in there, haven't you? That's it crying, isn't it?" she demanded with an eagerness that put to shame conventional preliminaries.

I bowed an affirmative, and involuntarily sought to lift my hat, which I later found under the wreck of the bed.

"Yes, there's a papoose in there," said I. "He came down through our chimney only a moment ago."

"I'm not surprised at his mode of entrance," said she, laughing happily. "I've traced him all the way from Hackberry by the window-panes he's been pushed through and the chimneys he has descended. He is an orphan, and was left in our charge—I'm an assistant at the Indian school. Six weeks ago, his aunt, the thieving old wretch I just saw tumble from your roof, stole him, and she's been making use of him ever since. I've had a dreadful chase—there are so many Indians in the hills gathering squaw-berries!"

"Bring out the kid, Dick! There is a lady here to see him," I called. "You must excuse me for not extending Western hospitality to you, under the circumstances," I said with a smile.

"Indeed I shall," she answered merrily, and she sat down on a rock to wait.

Gordon came out with the papoose in his arms.

"Amy!" he cried when he saw her sitting there.

"Dick Gordon!" she exclaimed in a shaky little whisper, half sorry, half glad.

They stared at each other; I stared at them; and the papoose stared at us all. Then I made a dash for the youngster, for I had had my illuminating moment.

"That kid is half starved," said I savagely. "Give him to me. He's got to have something to eat!"

Gordon stood like a lay figure and let me take him. I don't believe he even knew that I did it.

I went inside and spluttered about noisily among the pans and kettles and the general débris there. They let me splutter a long while, it seemed to me. I was beginning to get bored with the whole performance when Gordon finally looked in at the door.

"Come out here," he said. He was beaming. "This is—is *the* girl, you know, old fellow!"

She looked like a wild rose growing straight up out of the desert sand as she stood beside him, so pink and radiant.

"Lord bless you," I cried, "did you think I didn't know it? Even the papoose saw that;" and I bent over the girl's hand.

"Where is he?" Gordon asked.

"Asleep in there."

"I'm going to do something handsome for that young rascal some day," he said. "If it hadn't been for him——"

He did not finish. He looked at the girl with all his big heart in his handsome eyes.

"Our little cupid!" she murmured softly.

William Chester Estabrook.

The Barings, Peacemakers.

I.

MRS. BARING'S country place was conducted very much on the plan of a summer hotel—if you didn't want to see your hostess, you didn't have to. Indeed, more often than not, if you did happen to want to see her, you had some trouble in hunting her up.

So when Mrs. Baring met Fanny Egerton at the foot of the front steps, and conducted her to her room, the other members of the house-party at once recognized that one of importance had come among them.

Mrs. Baring helped the girl remove her hat and veil, and settled her in a chair in front of the open window.

"You poor dear!" she said sympathetically. "I'm sure you must have a perfectly dreadful headache! I'll send you some tea, and then I'll drop in and you can tell me all about it."

She dropped a kiss on the girl's forehead and went out, softly shutting the door after her.

Fanny turned her head and sobbed into the chair cushions. Ever since she had broken her engagement with Herbert Faraday she had strongly suspected that she was a blighted being. Now she knew it.

II.

"MOLLY! Mol-ly! Mol-lee!"

Mr. Baring considered it his prerogative, as the husband of Mrs. Baring, to plant himself in some conveniently central location and call aloud for the wife of his bosom whenever he particularly wanted to see her.

Mrs. Baring emerged from behind a clump of shrubbery.

"My dear," she mildly remonstrated, "I am not deaf."

"I've brought a man up for two or three days," said Mr. Baring. "And I want you to come in and speak to him. I know you'll be pleased, for I've heard you say you wanted to meet him."

"What is his name?" Mrs. Baring asked non-committally.

"Herbert Faraday!"

"Herbert Faraday!" Mrs. Baring's voice rose in a shriek of dismay. "How could you ask him here now?" she demanded tragically. "Don't you know that he's the man Fanny Egerton was engaged to?"

"Oh, the dickens!" exclaimed Mr. Baring. "Why didn't you tell me that before?"

"I did," said Mrs. Baring. "I told you all about it the night before last—Fanny came that day, you remember." She eyed her lord and master accusingly. "You were *asleep*, Jack Baring!" she went on. "All you heard was just Herbert Faraday's name. That somehow stuck in your memory, and I suppose that afterward you made up what you call your mind that I'd said I wanted to meet him!"

Mr. Baring was a gentleman, and never contradicted a lady. Besides, he realized that his wife had correctly grasped the situation.

"Well," he demanded practically, "what's to be done now?"

"You'll just have to tell Mr. Faraday," said Mrs. Baring decidedly, "that he can't stay."

"I'll be hanged if I will!" replied Mr. Baring energetically. "I've never told a guest to leave my house, and I certainly am not going to begin now."

"Just as you please, of course," said Mrs. Baring coldly; "but when you see them glaring at each other across the

dinner-table, I rather think you'll wish you had. I wash my hands of the whole affair. Mr. Faraday is *your* guest. You brought him here, and you may do with him exactly as you see fit." She lifted her chin in a peculiarly aggravating manner and strolled carelessly across the lawn. "You can put him in the south bedroom," she called over her shoulder.

Mr. Baring stood and kicked savagely at the grass until she had disappeared; then he turned toward the house. He couldn't and wouldn't order a guest of his off the premises, but he had decided that he owed it to Faraday to explain the situation to him. Then the fellow could either go or stay, just as he might see fit. The responsibility would be shifted from his host's shoulders.

III.

WHEN Mrs. Baring burst into Fanny Egerton's room she was so breathless that it was all of a minute before she could talk to her guest coherently.

"I'm so sorry, dear!" she gasped. "It was perfectly dreadful of Jack—he's a dear, but he's always doing some stupid thing—and now he's gone and brought your Mr. Faraday down here for a visit!"

"He is not *my* Mr. Faraday," Fanny replied icily.

"Of course not, dear," said Mrs. Baring, accepting the correction. "And I've been trying to make him tell Mr. Faraday he must leave, but he won't—Jack is so obstinate at times—and—"

"Oh, you mustn't think of sending Herb—Mr. Faraday away," broke in Fanny. "I will go!"

"But—" remonstrated Mrs. Baring. "If you will send me in the auto," said Fanny over her shoulder—she was al-



FROM ITS LOOSENED FOLDS THERE POURED A STREAM OF RICE.

ready pinning on her hat before the glass—"I think I can make the five ten. You can send up my trunk to-morrow. And will you get my pongee dust cloak out of the closet? Oh, thank you. Now my gloves and purse. And, oh, where is my umbrella? Oh, I remember! Totty carried it off to the nursery. We can stop for it on the way down. Really, Celia, you ought to get that child an umbrella of her own. She has a perfect craze for them."

Mrs. Baring, murmuring protests and apologies, followed after her determined guest. At the nursery Totty kissed Miss Egerton and reluctantly surrendered the umbrella. Then they hurried down to the front veranda. The two Wyntoun girls, who always told everything they knew, sat in the hammock. At their feet, on a pile of cushions, sprawled Percy

Faxon. Faxon was a nice boy, but a regular old woman for gossip. Fanny Egerton nodded good-by to the trio, and hurried down the steps. The Baring auto, in charge of the Baring chauffeur, was waiting. Beside it stood Mr. Baring. He was saying farewell to a gentleman who was in the act of following his suit-case into the vehicle.

For four people it was a terrible moment. Mrs. Baring alone kept her head. From the tail of her eye she had a glimpse of the gossip and obviously interested three on the veranda.

"Oh, Mr. Faraday," she cried, ignoring the trifling fact that she had never been presented to the gentleman whom she addressed, "we were so afraid you would get off before we could get down! You're to have company. Miss Egerton is also returning to the city. Fanny, you've met Mr. Faraday?"

A smile that was like a sunbeam on an icicle, and the very faintest inclination of a pretty blond head, indicated that Mr. Faraday was not entirely unknown to Miss Egerton. She entered the auto with the air of an outraged princess, carefully settling her skirts with a view to avoiding all possible contact with her companion. She waved her hand to Mr. and Mrs. Baring. Mr. Faraday lifted his hat, and the auto rolled off.

Mr. Baring stood and stared dazedly after it. Then, obeying a look from his wife, he meekly followed her into the house. He knew that he was about to receive his just deserts for having arrogated to himself the purely feminine privilege of changing his mind.

IV.

DISDAINING Mr. Faraday's proffered assistance, Miss Egerton climbed out of the auto and sailed across the station platform. The train was just in, and she was devoutly thankful that there need be no awkward wait in the company of the gentleman who stalked moodily behind her. She offered no verbal protest when he followed her into the car, but her silence was of the kind that is more eloquent than words.

"I have no intention of imposing my company on you for long," Mr. Faraday said, "but at least you cannot refuse to let me make sure that you have a seat."

He piloted her down the aisle to the far end of the car, and she settled herself with great deliberation in the seat he indicated. Mr. Faraday put down his suit-case and raised her window to the height

that he knew she preferred. Then he took her umbrella and placed it in the rack above his head. The umbrella was snugly rolled and buttoned. The button caught on the rack, and Mr. Faraday gave it a twitch. It came off in his fingers, the umbrella slipped down, and from its loosened folds there poured a stream of rice.

The traveling public smiled audibly. Miss Egerton gasped and blushed. Mr. Faraday dropped weakly into the seat beside her, because he didn't know what else to do.

"I wouldn't have done that for the world," he said. "I didn't know the confounded stuff was there. How could I?"

"You couldn't," Miss Egerton responded promptly. She was always just, even when she couldn't be generous. "I suppose Totty put it there. She's always running off with some one's umbrella and filling it up with all sorts of things."

"I'll do anything you want me to," said Mr. Faraday humbly, anxious to atone. "Shall I go into the smoker?"

"And leave me here alone to be stared at and laughed at?" said Miss Egerton.

Mr. Faraday settled firmly in his seat.

"Of course not," he said. "We'll take it together." He stole a sidelong glance at his companion's face. "In view of the—or—circumstances," he suggested tentatively, "we wouldn't want them to think we'd been quarreling?"

"N-no," Miss Egerton agreed slowly. "I suppose we'd best try to treat each other pleasantly."

V.

THE hands of the big clock in the Barings' front hall pointed to a quarter before twelve. Mrs. Baring, in a gorgeously flowered kimono, was making her nightly round of doors and windows. She was nervous about burglars, and couldn't sleep comfortably unless she had personally fastened every door and window about the place. At the drawing-room window she glanced out, and her heart leaped into her throat. Two shadowy figures were coming up the driveway!

Her half-stifled shriek brought Mr. Baring into the front hall. He was just in time to admit Mr. Faraday and Miss Egerton, walking arm in arm, and apparently on the best of terms.

"Permit me," said Mr. Faraday proudly, "to present my wife. 'We've come,' he explained, 'to spend our honeymoon with you, if you will have us.'"

"You see," supplemented the erstwhile

Miss Egerton, "Totty filled my umbrella with rice, and we—well, we just felt it was hardly decent not to have a wedding ceremony to go with the rice!"

Una Hudson.

The Doctor's Visitor.

DR. WILLIAMSON had just got into his first sleep when the office bell rang. As the up-stairs bell was directly outside his bedroom door, and was possessed of a strong and violent voice, the doctor leaped from bed and thrust the first object that came to hand under the edge of the gong. After that the bell rang, muffled and hoarse, at frequent intervals, while the doctor felt around for his bathrobe and slippers.

One slipper he found by groping diligently under the bed. The other was gone, and after a fruitless search he hurried down, one bare foot pattering on the hard-wood stairs. Down in the hall he remembered that he had muffled the bell with the other slipper, but the man at the door was pounding vigorously now, and with visions of a mangled form from the street-car track before the house, the doctor opened the door.

A gust of cold wind and a dash of rain struck him full in the face. Outside a man was standing, the rain dripping from the rim of his derby hat and rolling from the shoulders of his light overcoat.

"Good-evening," said the stranger, taking off his hat. He was extremely bald, and in the light above the office door the doctor could see the rain-drops falling and breaking into spray on the dome-like surface. "It's a wet evening."

"Come in, man," said the doctor. "We'll talk about the weather later. Is it anything urgent?"

The man stepped through the doorway apologetically.

"I'm sorry to have hurried you," he said. "I—I'm very nervous, doctor. I feel that I am on the verge of a nervous explosion. Can't you give me something to quiet me?"

The doctor led the way into the consulting-room and struck a match.

"Try to calm yourself," he said. "I'll have to talk to you a little before I give you anything. You haven't been drinking to excess, have you?"

"I have not, sir!"

The tone was somewhat injured, and the doctor's next words were soothing.

"Well, well," he said, drawing up his chair to his desk, "I didn't suppose you had, but it's common, sir, very common."

The visitor did not sit down. He threw his coat over the back of a chair and began to pace the floor restlessly. The doctor was chilly.

"Now for the symptoms," he said, drawing his bathrobe closer around him.

At that moment the desk telephone rang—the imperative ring of the night operator, who expects to rouse people from sleep. If there is anything that makes more noise in the middle of the night than a telephone bell, it must be two telephone bells.

The doctor took down the receiver, while the visitor paused in his uneasy walk to listen.

"Is that Dr. Williamson?"

"It is."

"Well, look here, doctor. This is the Clearfield Asylum for the Insane. I don't want to worry you, but one of the patients here got away to-night, and as he'd been fooling with an old business card of yours for a day or so, his attendant thinks he may give you a call."

"Indeed!" said the doctor in a non-committal tone, looking furtively at his visitor, who had opened the instrument-case, and was running his fingers nervously over the knives.

"If he comes, you'd better call us at once. He's been pretty quiet for a time, but he killed his first attendant here at the hospital—brained him with a chair."

The visitor was walking the floor again, his hands clasped behind his back, the fingers lacing and interlacing nervously. The doctor's voice was a bit quavery as he spoke again.

"Look here," he said, "if that's the case, suppose you come around at once!"

"Holy smoke! Do you mean that he's there?"

"Yes," said the doctor faintly.

"Nervous-looking fellow, bald-headed, derby hat, and light overcoat?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, keep him as quiet as possible. I'll telephone to the police-station and have them send the patrol. He hasn't got a weapon, has he?"

The doctor turned. The nervous patient had taken the poker from the rack beside the fireplace and was weighing it abstractedly in his hand.

"Yes, a sort of one."

"Well, watch him. There'll be help there soon. Good-by!"

As the doctor rang off, the visitor turned to him abruptly.

"I'm flying to pieces, doctor. It's nervousness, of course, but every time I close my eyes I see a blood-red mist. I

tell you, in this condition, I'm a menace to society—I'm not responsible. I could shriek with the tension."

He took a step forward, holding out a large clenched fist.

"Feel my pulse," he said. "I can hear it in my ear-drums. I've been taking bromide for a couple of months, but for two or three days my stomach has been upset, and I've been trying to do without any."

"I'll give you some," said the doctor promptly, looking at the office clock. He unlocked the medicine cupboard and got out some bromide. The patient ran his restless eyes over the labels.

"Ah," he said, "there's prussic acid, peach-stone odor, quick death and all. And carbolic acid, too!" He took down the bottle and, uncorking it, sniffed the contents. "It's a peculiar taste, but I am fond of the odor of carbolic acid. It seems to titillate my nostrils."

The doctor had measured out the bromide, an enormous dose, and was proffering it in a rather unsteady glass. The patient yielded the bottle without a struggle, and took the medicine. Then he sank into a chair.

"I'm overdone," he said. "That's the trouble. This thing of having always a lot of people around, never a minute to oneself, is enough to drive a man mad. Whatever I do, whatever I say, there is always some one to report it. There's no privacy in my life!"

The doctor went to the instrument-closet, and, taking out a heavy bone forceps, laid it carelessly on the desk beside him.

"There's not much privacy in my life, either," he said.

"You've helped me already, doctor. I'm a hundred per cent better. The nervous irritability is gone, but I am still restless." The visitor got up as he spoke, and began again to pace the floor. "I was at one time an athlete, doctor, in my younger days, but I'm very stale now, very stale."

The doctor felt considerably relieved. "As you can imagine, I have little time for exercise," the other went on volubly; "but through a correspondence school I have taken up the study of jiu-jitsu. It's a wonderful thing, sir!"

The doctor laid his hand caressingly on the bone forceps.

"Yes, I believe it is."

"I am becoming an enthusiast," went on the bald-headed man. "You're probably sleepy, but I'd like to show you a few things about it."

The doctor strained his ears. Far off down the street there was certainly the gong of a patrol wagon.

"Don't be in a hurry," he said. "I—I'm interested in jiu-jitsu myself."

"Well, it's something like this. Just stand up a minute and I'll show you. Now, you see, I put my right arm here, so, and my left there." The doctor drew a long breath. The wagon was stopping at the door. "Then my knee here, and presto!"

"Great Scott, he's got the doctor down!" shouted a hoarse voice. "Easy, boys, he may have a gun!"

As the doctor raised his head he saw four burly officers carrying out the writhing and expostulating form of the disciple of jiu-jitsu. With a sigh of thankfulness, he closed and locked the office door. He was starting up-stairs again when the telephone rang, and with a groan he retraced his steps.

"Hello!" he said gruffly.

"Is that Dr. Williamson? Well, look here, doctor, I guess we gave you a false alarm a while ago. Some doctor of the same name on the next street has called up to say that he has our man there, locked in a cupboard. When the patrol comes will you send it around to him? His number is——"

"Hello," said a feminine voice on the line. "Is that Dr. Williamson? Doctor, I am very anxious about my husband, Dr. Martin, of the Presbyterian church. He's been overworking on some lectures on the Pentateuch, and as he was unable to sleep, he started for your office an hour ago, in the rain. Has he been there, doctor?"

The doctor moistened his dry lips.

"A large man with a bald head?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Interested in jiu-jitsu?"

"Yes, yes."

The doctor's jaw dropped, and he stared with glassy eyes at the framed picture of the nervous system that hung over the desk.

"My dear madam," he said huskily, "your husband was here, but he was—er—called away suddenly, I may say peremptorily. He—he will be quite certain to return in the morning."

"But the rain, doctor! It's a frightful night for him to be out."

"He—he was driving," said the doctor; and human endurance being at an end, he hung up the receiver and laid his throbbing head on his desk.

Elliott Roberts.

"CHIP" AND HIS DOGS.

BY TOM MASSON.

THE LATE FRANK P. W. BELLEW AND HIS WORK AS A HUMOROUS DRAFTSMAN—OF THE MANY COMIC TYPES HE CREATED, THE BEST ARE HIS INIMITABLE DOGS.



ONE OF CHIP'S DOGS.



A LONG-SHOREMAN.

RECENTLY I was leisurely wandering through an old bound volume of a New York humorous periodical, when I came across one of "Chip's" dogs. There was in his eye a kindly, expectant look, as if his creator had implanted within him a perpetual hope. "Your master and maker," I said, "has been dead more than a decade."

"Yes," replied my friend. "But I still live. That is where I have the advantage of others. Conventional dogs were evolved in the ordinary manner—a commonplace and uninteresting proceeding at best. But I was made by 'Chip,' and when he fashioned me he was kind enough to infuse into my disposition so much good humor that I never get tired of myself—a quality of intellect which I understand is quite rare among—well, among ordinary, usual folks."

"I infer," I replied, "from your remark that you are imbued with a proper

conceit, and there seems to be about you an air of slight superiority to others. And yet, my friend, you would never take a prize at a dog-show. Dare I suggest that there is about you a strain of the mongrel?"

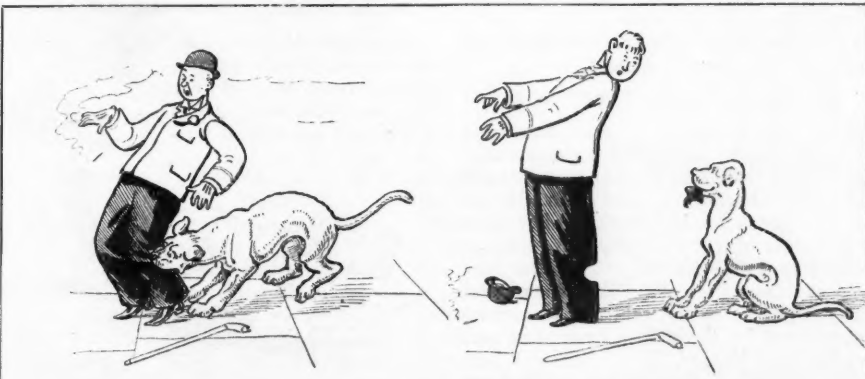
The dog smiled at me in his inimitable manner. His delightful tail, that seemed almost like some finer-attuned organ of speech, quivered with satisfaction.

"True," he replied. "But do you suppose that either Falstaff or Santa Claus would take a prize at a man-show? And yet observe my lines. Do I not suggest them both? I combine the wide, rollicking comradeship of the former with the rotundity and jollity of the latter. You may recall, possibly, my historic observation:

I may be 'yaller'
And covered with fleas,
But my pants, thank the Lord,
Don't bag at the knees!

"Surely such a philosophy as that is not equaled by the high-bred, nervous brutes that sit snarling on the benches. Would you have my disposition other than it is?"

"Never!" I exclaimed. "Mr. Bellew, when he built you, was wiser than he



"THE DOG, TO GAIN SOME PRIVATE ENDS,
WENT MAD, AND BIT THE MAN."

"THE WOUND IT SEEMED BOTH SORE AND SAD
TO EVERY CHRISTIAN EYE."



THE PUPPY'S PROBLEM—WHETHER TO CHASE THE ROBBER OR TO EAT THE REMAINING BONE.

knew. My friend, you are complete in yourself."

I closed the book somewhat reluctantly, as one who parts from an old friend; but, singular to relate, this made no difference to the dog. He leaped out of it, sat at my feet, and regarded me with a look of mingled surprise and agitation.

"So that was his name," he said.

"Yes, Frank P. W. Bellew. Then you did not know it?"

"No. He always signed his name 'Chip,' and that was all I knew about him. But I do not need to know more—for, after all, what he was, I am."

And so saying he left me and walked joyously back to his home.

This adventure with an old friend led me into many reminiscences.

THE CREATOR OF THE "CHIP" DOGS.

Who was "Chip"? An American artist who made delightful dogs, irresistible tramps, and many other wonderfully humorous characters, and who during the few years of his working life—for he was only thirty-two when he died, in November, 1894—turned out hundreds of little sketches that are still remembered with delight by many, and will always be remembered by those who believe in and love the best humor.

Mr. Bellew's father was a well-known caricaturist, an Englishman by birth, a New Yorker by long residence, and a

rival of Thomas Nast when that artist was at the height of his fame. When young Frank, who not only inherited his father's talent, but whose sense of humor was peculiar to himself, started out, he selected the name "Chip" in order that his work might remain distinct from that of the elder Bellew.

His first sketch was printed in *Wild Oats* when he was but thirteen. He adopted his pseudonym in the second sketch, printed three months later. He was fond of telling the story about himself, how the first money he received he deposited in the bank, but the inopportune arrival of an alluring circus upset his resolve to become a capitalist, and he promptly withdrew it.

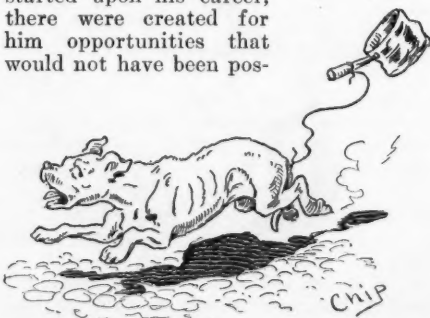
Mr. Bellew's work was uniformly good from the beginning of his career. Many of his drawings were based upon the suggestions of editors or of professional joke-mongers, but most of them were entirely his own. There was no limit to his invention, and his stories in series never lacked for a climax. He possessed in an extraordinary degree the faculty of creating surprises, and in the most natural and effective manner, avoiding, as if by instinct, all that was superfluous, leaving to the imagination just enough to give an additional point to his story.

FRANK BELLEW'S PLACE IN COMIC ART.

It happened that, just as Mr. Bellew started upon his career, there were created for him opportunities that would not have been pos-



THE POWER OF THE HUMAN MIND—"BRUNO, IF YOU EAT THAT CAKE I'LL WHIP YOU TERRIBLY!"



"CANNED DOG"—ONE OF CHIP'S "CURS OF LOW DEGREE."



I.



II.



III.



IV.



V.



VI.

"THE FATE OF FIDO"—A CHARACTERISTIC SERIES OF CHIP DRAWINGS NEEDING NO FURTHER ELUCIDATION.

sible a decade earlier. Up to 1880, comic journalism in the United States was not upon any sure foundation. Humorous periodicals had from time to time been

started, had languished, and then had dropped out of existence. About that date *Puck*, *Judge*, and *Life* established themselves in public favor, and there was a fairly remunerative demand for the productions of "Chip's" pencil—or, to be more accurate, his pen, for all his drawings were made with pen and

product. What little art instruction he had he received from his father, but he never depended upon the technical quality of his drawings. They are *sui generis*, mostly in outline, with but little more attention to perspective than a Chinese landscape possesses. Some of his wittiest productions were his imitations of an ancient Egyptian frieze, or of an old wood cut, with modern innovations.

Being asked to define a caricaturist, "Chip" once said:

"I should describe him as a man who exaggerates—who enlarges upon nature. You know human nature is never balanced. There is always a weak point either in the individual's features or in his character, and that is where the caricaturist comes in."

In addition to his dogs and his children, which were types both lovable and admirable, Mr. Bel-
leu revealed in a form of humor



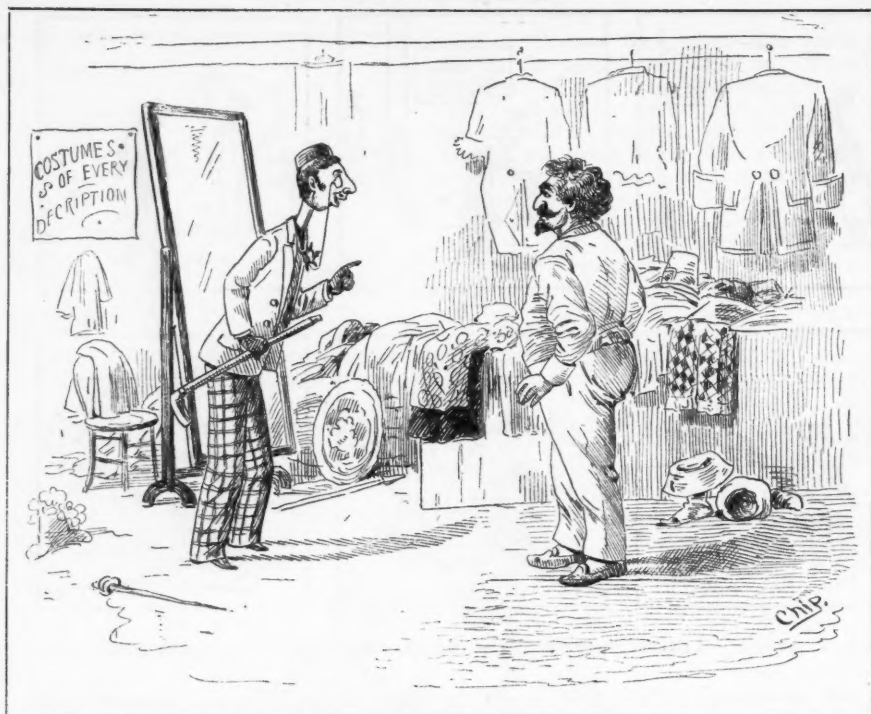
ONE OF CHIP'S STREET GAMINS.

ink. Later, as the popularity of his work increased, he extended his market. Many of his best things appeared in *Munsey's Weekly* and the early numbers of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*. He also drew at one time or another, if my recollection is right, for the *London Graphic*, the *Century*, *Harper's Bazaar* and *Magazine*, and *Leslie's Weekly*.

Mr. Bellew was typically an American



A NOCTURNAL ADVENTURE—"HI, SOMEBODY, COME WITH A LIGHT, QUICK! I'VE STUCK MY TOE INTO THIS BLAMED TRAP, AND THERE'S A MOUSE AT THE OTHER SIDE BITING ME!"



NOT A VERY DIFFICULT MATTER—"I WANT TO GET A FANCY DRESS COSTUME SOMETHING TO MAKE ME LOOK WIDICULOUS, YOU KNOW!"

in which he has had many imitators, but in which no one has excelled him in fecundity or certainty. This consisted in taking some stock quotation or familiar phrase, or even a single word, and perverting its meaning into a humorous pictorial effect—perhaps not a high form of humor, and depending largely upon the picture, which in "Chip's" case was always quite funny enough to carry the phrase.

THE PERSONALITY OF A HUMORIST.

I remember distinctly the first time I ever met Mr. Bellew. It was a hot, sweltering day in August. He had on, as usual, a solemn-looking frock coat, black cravat, black derby, and severely white collar. The gloom of his face was relieved by no ray of sunshine. I felt instinctively, as I looked at him, that

misfortune impended and that all hope was lost. His whole manner suggested more than anything else that of an experienced and accomplished undertaker.

Knowing, however, that Mr. Bellew was an artist, and one, moreover, gifted with a monumental sense of humor buried about him somewhere, I conceived that possibly some sudden blow had stricken him—that he had lost some one near and dear to him.

"Are you in trouble?" I asked, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow. "Has anything serious happened?"

He gazed at me with a melancholy, heart-rending smile.

"I should say there has!" he replied. "I've got orders for over a hundred Christmas drawings, and I've got to hand 'em all in next week!"

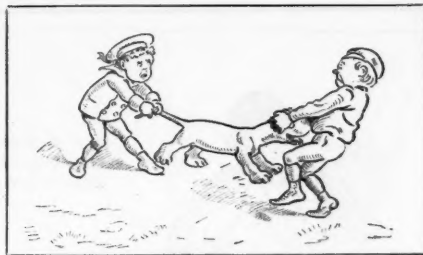
That Mr. Bellew in his



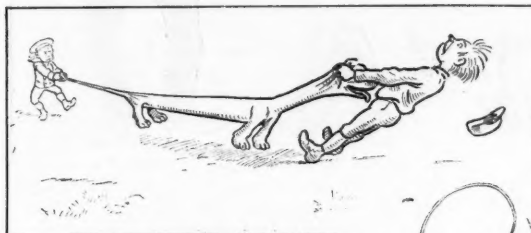
MEN'S FASHION NOTE—THREE-BUTTONED CUTAWAYS ARE VERY MUCH WORN



"THAT'S MY DOG!"
"NO, HE AIN'T—HE'S MINE!"



"WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!"
"ALL RIGHT!"

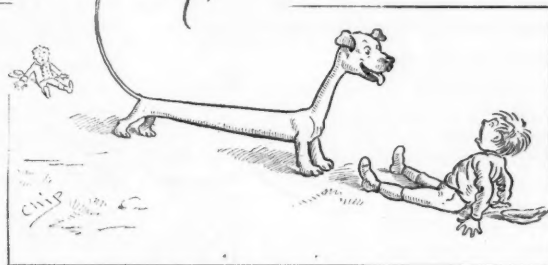


"YOU'D BETTER LET GO!"

permanent relationships was a congenial, delightful companion, there is, however, ample testimony. One of his friends has said of him:

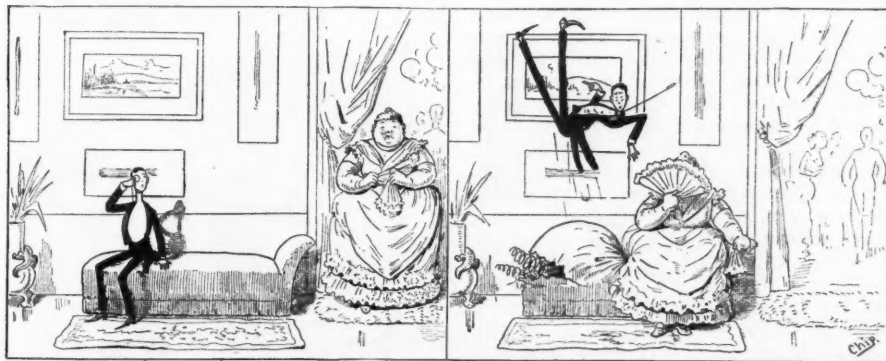
"I cannot say anything that is too good of Frank. When we roomed together in New York, I learned to love him even more than I would a brother. He was a man whom any one would like at first, and would learn to love fervently as the acquaintance ripened. He had a generous disposition and a willing heart, and was thoroughly infatuated with his

art. His views of people and of things in general were very droll and interesting. It was a delight for him to come home and sketch from memory some funny situation he had noticed during the day. Ideas occurred to him very suddenly, and then any material that



"NOW WE'VE DONE IT!"

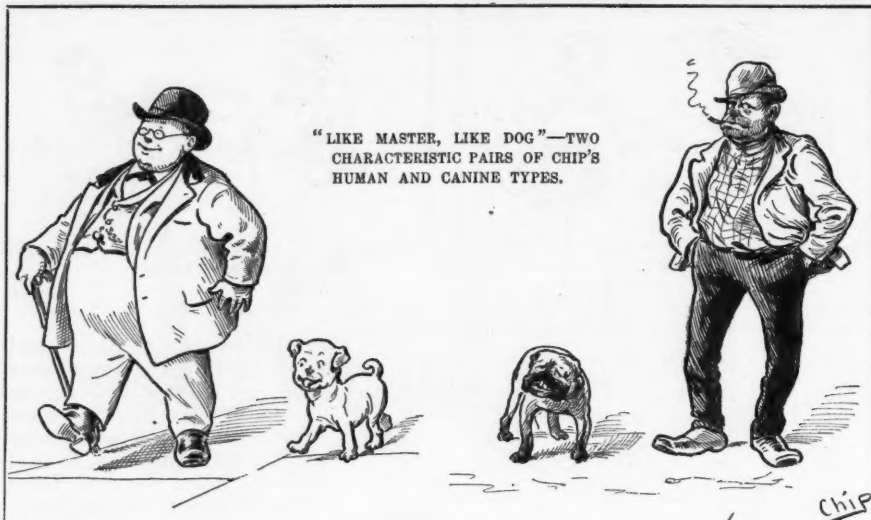
happened to be at hand was utilized to put them into shape. Many a time have I searched the room in vain for a pair of clean cuffs, Frank having sketched all



VAN SKIPP'S SUDDEN RISE IN SOCIETY.

"Here comes Mrs. Heywait; I suppose I'll have to get out of my seat."

"Great guns! I didn't mean to get out of it in just this way!"



over his own, and mine as well, in his eagerness to record his impressions."

FRANK BELLEW AND HIS FATHER.

During my recollection of Mr. Bellew and his father they never spoke to each other. For some mysterious and probably quite unimportant reason, they had quarreled. At the office of *Life* their relationship was not suspected. They would frequently happen to come in together, and would sit side by side, while their respective drawings were passed upon by the editors, looking away from each other in solemn silence.

One summer the elder Bellew purchased a blue suit for seven dollars from a ready-made clothing establishment in the Baxter Street district of New York. On his homeward way, jauntily wearing his new acquisition, he was caught in a heavy shower. The suit began to shrink. It shrank and shrank and shrank. Soon the sleeves were nearly up to his elbows, and the trousers nearly up to his knees. In this unhappy condition he finally reached home, mad with rage, and lost no time in suing the firm from which he had purchased the suit. The incident was so laughable that the papers took it

up, and in particular the *New York Sun*. It was inevitable, owing to the fact

that both father and son were artists, that their identity should become mixed.

Frank P. W. Bellew, therefore, sent the *Sun* an indignant letter, protesting that he did not care to be misrepresented, as he was in no way responsible for his father's doings,

and did not care to be identified with him. The opportunity to write such a



"STRONG BUTTER"—ONE OF CHIP'S ILLUSTRATED PHRASES.



THE MIDNIGHT SON.

letter probably afforded him no small satisfaction. He also got something more substantial out of the incident, as he made it the subject of a very funny drawing, which he sold for several dollars in good American money. He depicted the hero of the adventure hiding in an ash-barrel and explaining thus to a friend:

"You see, Freddy, I bought one of those seven-dollar outfits from the London and Bowery Clothing Company, and after I had put it on it began to rain, and— Great Scott! Here comes Anthony Comstock down the street!"

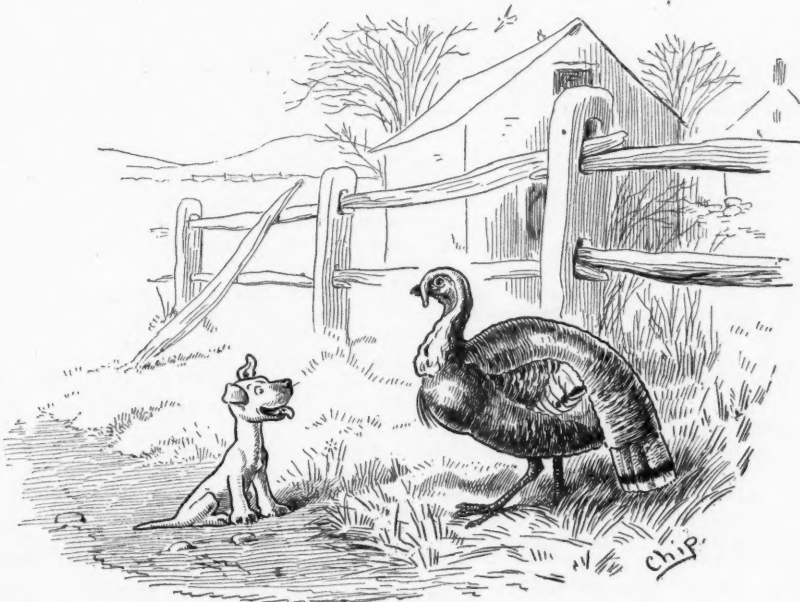
The last time I saw Frank Bellew was at a dinner party. I believe it was the only time I had ever heard him laugh. There were a number of guests present—perhaps forty in all—and each one demanded from "Chip," in addition to his signature on the dinner-card, one of his dogs. I recall the remarkable facility with which he drew them—a stroke or so of the pencil—and there was the dog as natural as life, surrounded almost entirely by signatures—an island of mirth.

Those unpublished dogs of "Chip's" have long since been scattered through the world. Many, perhaps, have met an undeserved fate, while others live on in a joyous retirement. Mine still reposes in



UNCLE RASTUS—"Well, chile, how's yer pa dis mornin'?"
SNOWBALL—"He ain't very well, Uncle Rastus; he's dead."

an old scrap-book in my attic, where occasionally he comes forth to stretch himself. Perhaps he, too, realizes now that his master builded better than he knew.



WHERE GOOD STUFF TELLS.
THE PUP—"Say, but you're a fine-looking bird!"
THE TURK—"You ought to see me when I'm dressed!"

FAMOUS AMERICAN DUELS.

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY,

AUTHOR OF "AMERICAN FIGHTS AND FIGHTERS" AND "COMMODORE PAUL JONES."

DESPERATE ENCOUNTERS THAT TOOK PLACE IN THE DAYS WHEN THE SO-CALLED CODE OF HONOR RULED IN THE UNITED STATES, AND WHEN MANY OF THE COUNTRY'S MOST EMINENT MEN FOUGHT TO THE DEATH ON THE DUELING-GROUND.

WE are accustomed to regard our country as peculiarly law-abiding and peaceful. This, in spite of the fact that three Presidents have been murdered within the last forty years, a record of assassination of chief magistrates surpassed in no other land, not even in Russia! We need not be surprised to learn that in no country was the serious duel, the *combat à l'outrance*, so prevalent as in the United States at one period of our national development. The code of honor, so-called, was most profoundly respected by our ancestors; and the number of eminent men who engaged in dueling—and of whom many lost their lives on the field—is astonishing. Scarce any meeting was without its fatal termination, perhaps owing to the fact that pistols or rifles were generally used and Americans are noted for their marksmanship.

There has been a revulsion of public sentiment which has brought about the practical abolition of dueling in America. Although the practise still obtains in continental European countries, it is here regarded as immoral, and it is illegal as well. For one reason, in spite of the apparent contradiction above, we really are a law-abiding people. The genius of the Anglo-Saxon—I, who am a Celt, admit it—is for the orderly administration of the law, and much of the evil noted came from the introduction within our borders of an imperfectly assimilated foreign element. Another deterrent cause is a cool common sense which has recognized the futility of trying to settle with blade or bullet differences which belong to the courts; to this may be added a keen sense of humor which has seen the absurdity and laughed the practise out of existence. The freedom of the press has also been a contributing factor. Perhaps the greatest, however, has been the development of a sense of responsibility for life and its uses to a Higher Power.

As General Grant has put it with the matchless simplicity of greatness: "I do not believe I ever would have the courage to fight a duel. If any man should wrong me to the extent of my being willing to kill him, I would not be willing to give him the choice of weapons with which it should be done, and of the time, place, and distance separating us, when I executed him. If I should do another such a wrong as to justify him in killing me, I would make any reasonable atonement within my power, if convinced of the wrong done."

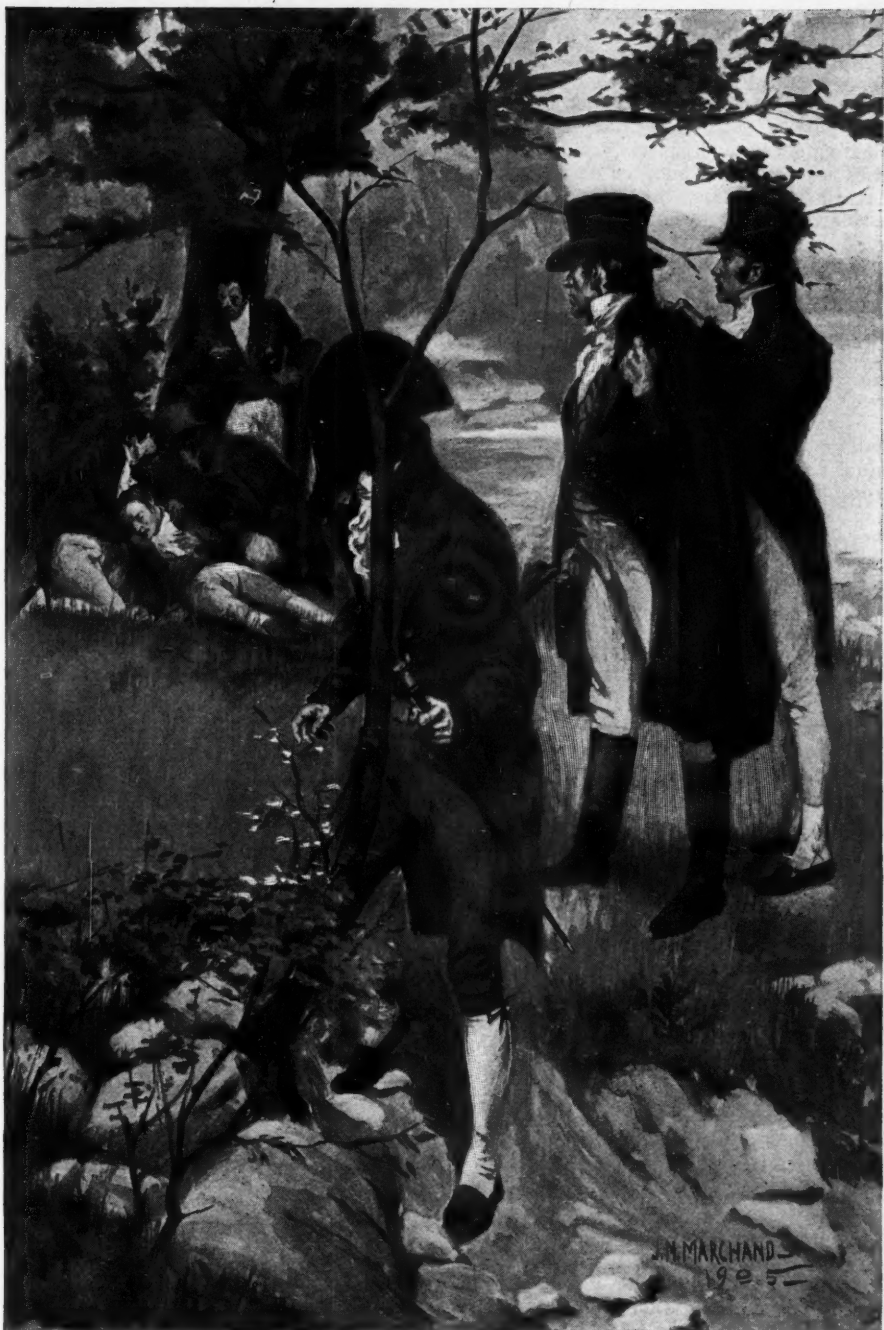
With this little preliminary I shall briefly review the most noted duels in our history.

A TRAGEDY OF OLD NEW YORK.

On Wednesday, the 11th of July, 1804, at seven o'clock on a bright, sunny summer morning, two men, pistol in hand, confronted each other on a narrow shelf of rocky ground jutting out from the cliffs that overlook the Hudson at Weehawken, on the Jersey shore. One was a small, slender man, the other taller and more imposing in appearance. Both had been soldiers; each faced the other in grave quietude without giving outward evidence of any special emotion.

One was at that time the Vice-President of the United States; the other had been Secretary of the Treasury, a general in command of the army, and was the leading lawyer of his time. The Vice-President was brilliantly clever; the Ex-Secretary was a genius of the first order.

A political quarrel had brought them to this sorry position. Words uttered in the heat of a campaign, conveying not so much a personal attack as a well-merited public censure, had been dwelt upon until the Vice-President had challenged his political antagonist. The great attorney did not believe in duels. He was a Christian, a man of family; he had everything to lose and little to gain from this meet-



THE KILLING OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON BY AARON BURR, AT WEEHAWKEN, NEW JERSEY, JULY 11, 1804.

ing. Upon his great past he might hope to build an even greater future. He was possessed of sufficient moral courage to refuse the meeting, but had nevertheless

deliberately accepted the other's challenge. It is believed that he did so from a high and lofty motive; that he felt persuaded of the instability of the government which he had helped to found, and that he realized that he possessed qualities which in such a crisis would be of rare service to his adopted country. His future usefulness, he thought—erroneously, doubtless, but he believed it—would be impaired if any one could cast a doubt upon his courage by pointing to the fact that he had refused a challenge.

Thirty months before, his son, a bright lad of eighteen, fresh from Columbia College, had been shot dead in a duel which he had brought upon himself by resenting a public criticism of his father. He had fallen on that very spot where the father stood. I think that the tragedy must have been in the great statesman's mind that summer morning.

The word was given. The two pistols were discharged. The Vice-President, taking deliberate aim, fired first. The Ex-Secretary of the Treasury, who had previously stated to his second that he did not intend to fire at his adversary, discharged his pistol in the air. He had been hit by the bullet of his enemy, and did not know that as he fell, by a convulsive movement, he had pulled the trigger of the weapon in his hand.

That was the end—for he died the next day after lingering agonies—of Alexander Hamilton, the greatest intellect and one of the greatest personalities associated with the beginning of this government. It was also the end of his successful antagonist, Aaron Burr, for thereafter he was a marked, an avoided, a hated man. When abroad in 1808, he gave Jeremy Bentham an account of the duel, and said that he "was sure of being able to kill him." "And so," replied Bentham, "I thought it little better than a murder." "Posterity," the historian adds, "will not be likely to disturb the judgment of the British philosopher."

ANDREW JACKSON AS A DUELIST.

Comparatively speaking, the next great duel on my list attracted little more than local attention at the time. Years afterward, when one of the men who took part in it had risen to national fame, and was a candidate for the Presidency, it was revived and made much of. On Friday, the 30th of May, 1806, Charles Dickinson, a young man of brilliant abilities, born in Maryland and then residing in Tennessee, met Andrew Jackson, of the latter State, near the banks of a

small stream called the Red River, in a sequestered woodland glade in Logan County, Kentucky, a day's ride from Nashville.

Unwittingly, and with entire innocence on the part of both parties to the transaction, Andrew Jackson had placed his wife, Rachel Donelson Robards, in an equivocal position by marrying her before a divorce had separated her from her husband. Absolutely no blame, except perhaps a censure for carelessness, attaches to Jackson or his wife, and their whole life together was an example of conjugal affection. However, his enemies—and he had many—found it easy to strike at him through this unfortunate episode. There did not live a more implacable and unforgiving man, when his wife was slandered, than Andrew Jackson.

Dickinson, who was a political rival, spoke slurringly of Mrs. Jackson. He apologized for it on the plea that he had been in his cups at the time, but Jackson never forgave him. A political difference as an ostensible cause of quarrel soon developed. Dickinson sent a challenge, which was gladly accepted. The resulting duel was probably the most dramatic that ever occurred in the United States. Dickinson was a dead shot. So, for that matter, was Jackson; but Dickinson was remarkable for the quickness of his fire, while Jackson was slower. The arrangements stipulated that the combatants should be placed at the close distance of eight paces; that the word "fire" should be given, after which each was to fire one shot at will. Rather than be hurried and have his aim disturbed, Jackson determined to sustain Dickinson's fire and then return it at his leisure.

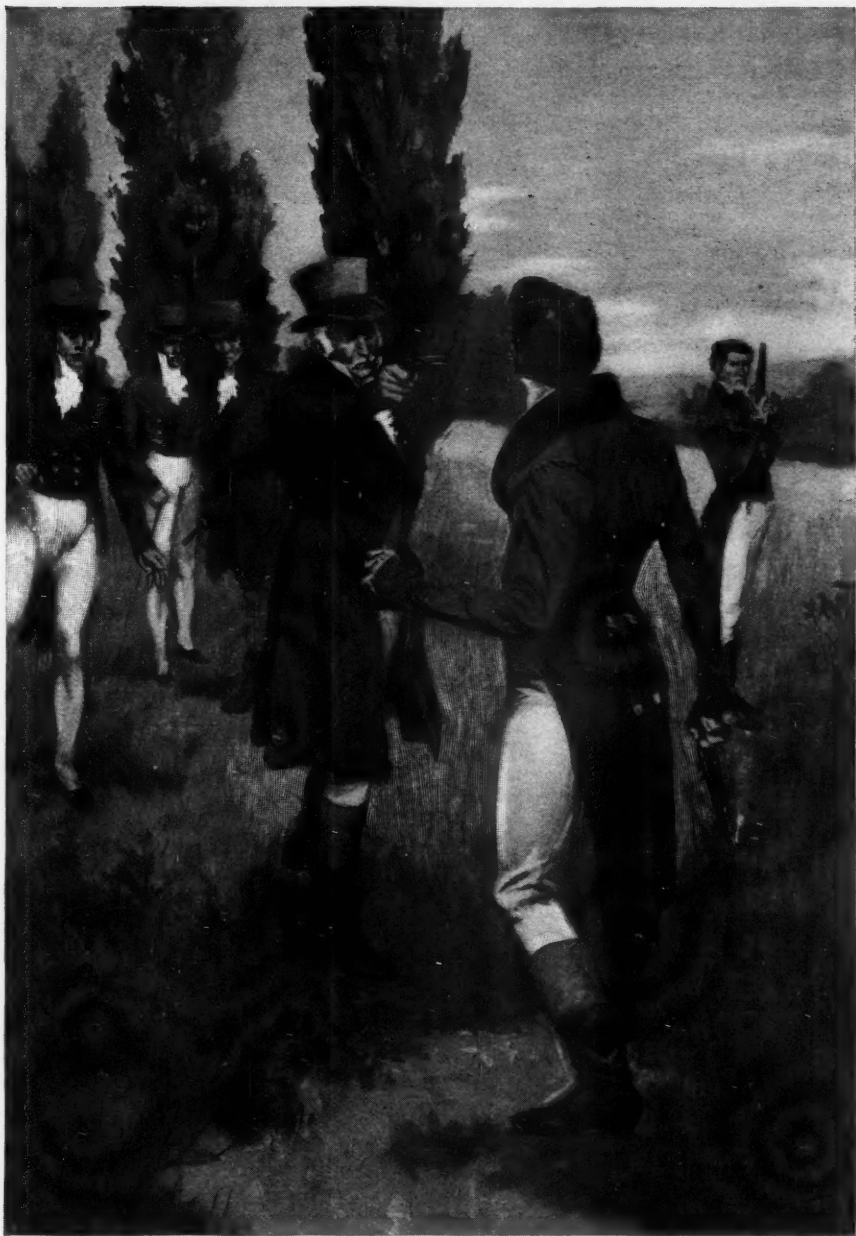
"What if he kills you or disables you?" asked his second.

"Sir," replied Jackson deliberately, "I shall hit him though he should shoot me in the brain!"

This is no gasconade or bravado, but simply an evidence of an intensity of purpose, of which no man ever had a greater supply than Andrew Jackson.

Dickinson fired instantly the word was given. A flock of dust arose from the loose coat which covered the spare form of the general, but he stood apparently untouched. Dickinson, amazed, shrank back from the peg indicating his position. Old General Overton, Jackson's second, raised his pistol.

"Back to the mark, sir!" he thundered, as the unhappy young man exclaimed in his dismay:

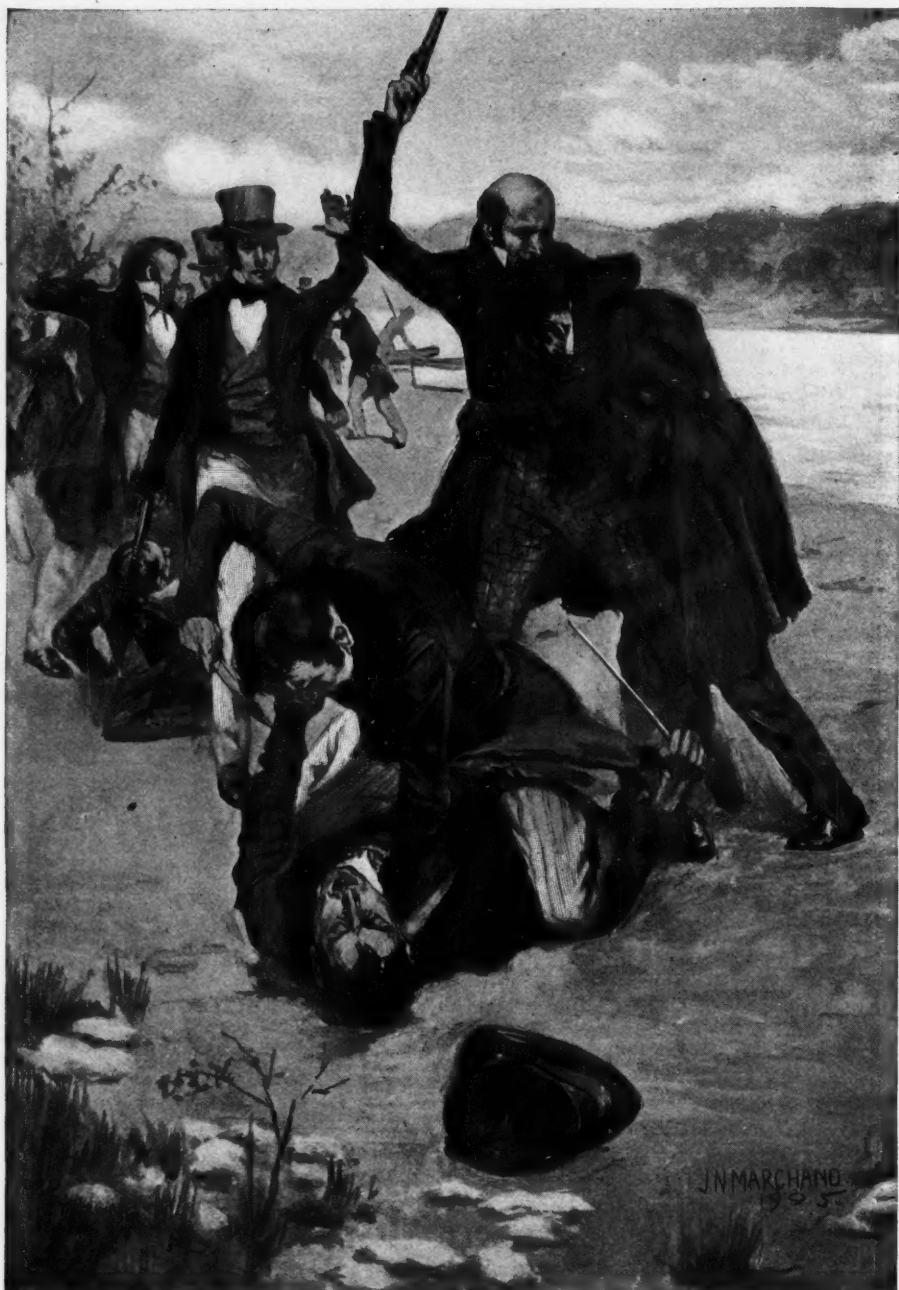


"BACK TO THE MARK, SIR!"—THE DUEL BETWEEN ANDREW JACKSON AND CHARLES DICKINSON, MAY 30, 1806.

"Great God, have I missed him?"

Dickinson recovered himself instantly, stepped back to the mark, and folded his arms to receive Jackson's fire. The hammer of the Tennessean's pistol stopped at half cock. He deliberately re-cocked

his weapon, took careful aim again, and shot Dickinson through the body. Seeing his enemy fall, Jackson turned and walked away. It was not until he had gone one hundred yards from the dueling-ground, and was hidden by the thick poplar trees,



"NOW, MAJOR, YOU DIE!"—THE MÊLÉE WHICH FOLLOWED THE MADDOX-WELLS DUEL ON AN ISLAND IN THE MISSISSIPPI, IN AUGUST, 1829, AND IN WHICH EIGHT MEN WERE KILLED AND FIFTEEN WOUNDED.

that his second noticed that one of his shoes was filled with blood. Dickinson had hit the general in the breast, inflicting a severe wound, and might have

killed him had not the bullet glanced on a rib. The iron-nerved Jackson declared that his reason for concealing his wound was that he did not intend to give Dickinson the satisfaction of knowing that he had hit his enemy before he died.

Twenty-two years after, as Jackson stood by his wife's dead body, he "lifted his cane as if appealing to heaven, and by a look commanding silence said, slowly and painfully, and with a voice full of bitter tears:

"In the presence of this dear saint I can and do forgive all my enemies. But those vile wretches who have slandered her must look to God for mercy!"

THE KILLING OF STEPHEN DECATUR.

The idol of the American navy was Stephen Decatur. James Barron, a disgraced officer under suspension for his lack of conduct during the famous affair between the British ship *Leopard* and the American ship *Chesapeake*, had taken no part in the War of 1812, for causes which afforded him a reasonable excuse; but subsequently he sought re-employment in the navy. Decatur, who had been one of the court which tried and sentenced him before the war, and who was now a naval commissioner, opposed his plea. The situation brought forth a challenge from Barron. Decatur was under no necessity of meeting it. As commissioner, he was in effect Barron's superior, and Washington had laid down the rule for General Greene's guidance in a similar case that a superior officer is not amenable to challenge from a junior officer whom he has offended in course of duty. The principle is sound common sense, as everybody, even duelists, will admit. Nevertheless, such was the state of public opinion about questions of "honor" that Decatur felt constrained to accept the challenge.

The two naval officers met on the dueling-ground at Bladensburg, "the cockpit of Washington duelists," on the 22d of March, 1820. Barron was near-sighted, and insisted upon a closer distance than the usual ten paces. They were placed a scant eight paces apart. Decatur, who was a dead shot, did not wish to kill Barron; at the same time he did not deem it safe to stand his adversary's fire without return. Therefore he stated to his second that he would shoot Barron in the hip. Before the duel, Barron expressed the hope that if they met in another world they might be better friends. Decatur replied gravely that he had never been Barron's enemy. Under

such circumstances it would appear that the affair might have been settled without the shedding of blood.

At the word "two" the men fired together. Decatur's bullet struck Barron in the hip, inflicting a severe but not mortal wound. At the same instant Barron's bullet passed through Decatur's abdomen, inflicting a wound necessarily fatal then, probably so even now. As he lay on the ground the great commodore said faintly:

"I am mortally wounded—at least, I believe so—and I wish I had fallen in defense of my country."

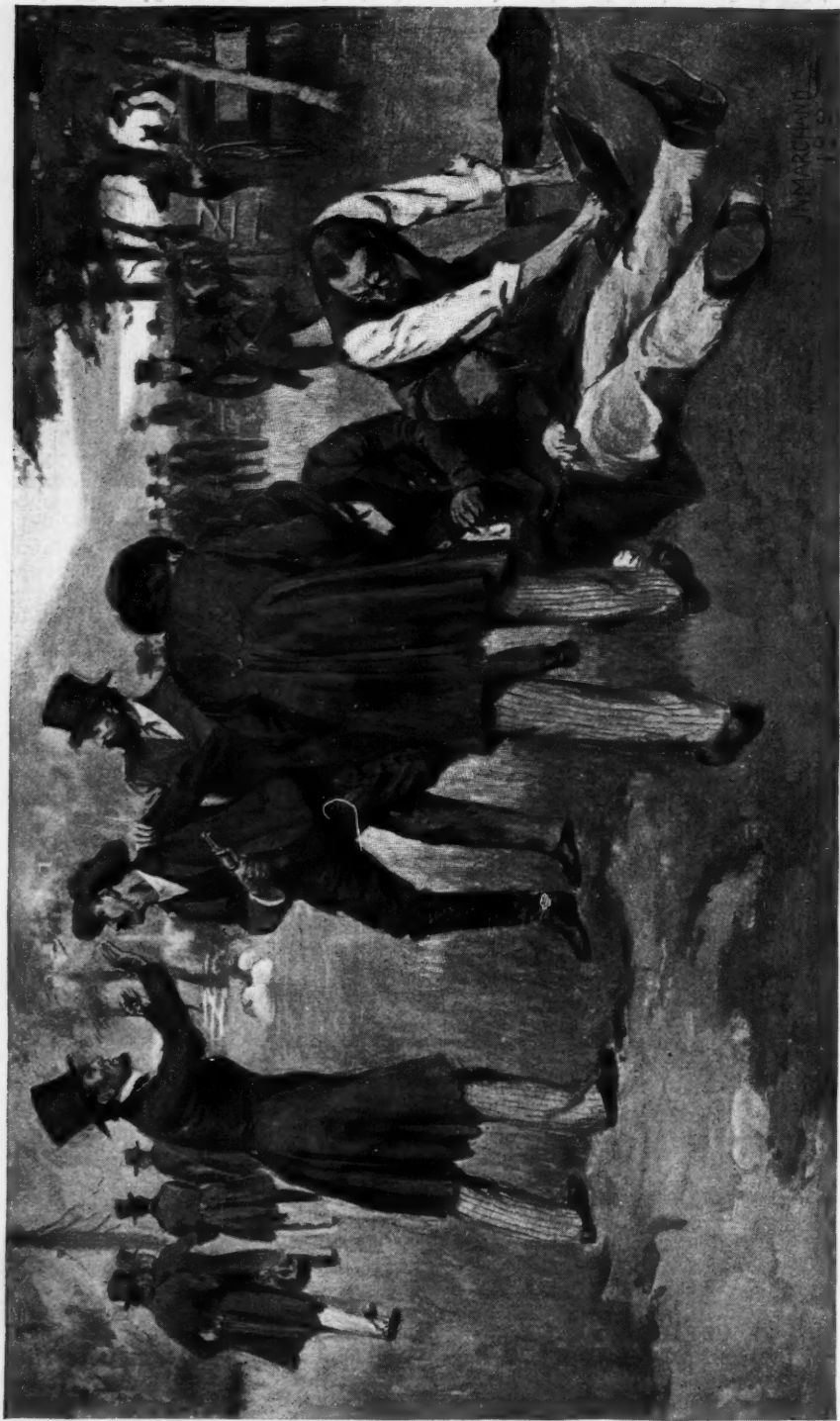
He died at ten o'clock that night, regretted by all who love brave men the world over.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF JAMES BOWIE.

Of a different character, but equally interesting, was an encounter in August, 1829, which has become famous because of one of the weapons used with deadly effect. On an island in the Mississippi River opposite Natchez, which was nothing but a sand-bar with some undergrowth upon it, a party of men met to witness and second a duel between a Dr. Maddox and one Samuel Wells. The spectators were all interested in one or the other combatant, and had taken part in a neighborhood feud which arose out of a speculation in land.

The two principals exchanged two shots without injury, whereupon the seconds and spectators, unable to restrain their animosity, started a free fight. Judge Crane, of Mississippi, was the leader of one side; James Bowie, of Georgia, the principal man on the other. Crane was armed with a brace of dueling pistols; Bowie had nothing but a knife. Bowie and a friend of his named Currey attacked Crane after the Maddox-Wells duel had been abandoned. Crane was wounded in the left arm by a shot from Currey. He thereupon shot Currey dead, and with his remaining pistol he wounded Bowie in the groin. Nevertheless, Bowie resolutely came on. Crane struck him over the head with his pistol, felling him to the ground. Undaunted, Bowie scrambled to his feet and made again for Crane.

Major Wright, a friend of Crane's, now interposed, and thrust at Bowie with a sword cane. The blade tore open Bowie's breast. The terrible Georgian, twice wounded though he was, caught Wright by the neck-cloth, grappled with him and threw him to the ground, falling upon him.



"THAT IS MURDER, BY GOD!"—THE LAST NOTABLE AMERICAN DUEL, THAT BETWEEN SENATOR BRODERICK AND JUDGE TERRY, AT LAKE MERCED, CALIFORNIA, SEPTEMBER 13, 1859.

"Now, major, you die," said Bowie coolly, wrenching his arm free and plunging his knife into Wright's heart.

This knife had been made by Bowie's brother Rezin out of a blacksmith's rasp. It was shaped in accordance with his own ideas, and James Bowie used it with terrible effect. It was the first of the celebrated "Bowie knives" which played so great a part in frontier quarrels.

In the general mêlée which followed the death of Wright and Currey, six other men were killed and fifteen severely wounded. Bowie was a noted duelist in his day, and died heroically in the famous siege of the Alamo.

On one occasion he was a passenger on a Mississippi steamboat with a young man and his bride. The young man had collected a large sum of money for friends and employers, which he gambled away on the boat. Bowie kept him from suicide, took his place at the gaming-table, exposed the cheating of the gamblers, was challenged by one of them, fought his man on the hurricane deck of the steamer, shot him into the river, and restored the money to the distracted husband.

Brief reference may be made to an affair between Major Thomas Biddle, of the United States Army, and Congressman Spencer Pettis, of Missouri, on August 27, 1831. The cause of the duel was a political difficulty. The two men stood five feet apart, their pistols overlapping. Both were mortally wounded. This was nothing less than a double murder, and shows to what length men will go under the heat of passion or the stimulus of a false code of honor.

A FAMOUS CONGRESSIONAL DUEL.

On February 24, 1838, at a quarter after three o'clock, on the Marlborough Road in Maryland, just outside the District of Columbia, two members of Congress, Jonathan Cilley, of Maine, and William J. Graves, of Kentucky, exchanged shots with rifles at a distance of ninety yards three times in succession. At the third exchange Cilley was shot and died in three minutes. Of all the causes for deadly encounters, that which brought these two men opposite each other was the most foolish. Cilley, on the floor of the House, had reflected upon the character of a newspaper editor in the discussion of charges which had been made against certain Congressmen with whom he had no personal connection. The newspaper editor, whose subsequent conduct showed that he fully merited

even more severe strictures than Cilley had passed upon him, sent a challenge to the gentleman from Maine by the hand of Congressman Graves.

Cilley took the justifiable position that his language had been proper and privileged, and that he did not propose to accept a challenge or discuss the matter with any one. He assured Graves that this declination to pursue the matter further was not to be construed as a reflection upon the bearer of the challenge. There was no quarrel whatever between Cilley and Graves. Nevertheless, Graves took the ground that the refusal to accept the challenge which he had brought was a reflection upon him. He thereupon challenged Cilley on his own behalf. Efforts were made to compose the quarrel, but Cilley was not willing to go further than he had already gone. He positively refused to discuss the editor in question. He would only repeat that he intended no reflection upon Mr. Graves, whom he respected and esteemed, by refusing the editor's challenge. This was not satisfactory to Graves, and the duel was accordingly arranged.

During its course, after each fruitless exchange of shots, efforts were made to end the affair, but Graves refused to accept Cilley's statement, again repeated, that he had no reflection to cast upon Mr. Graves, and Cilley refused to abandon the position he had taken with regard to the editor. Never did a more foolish punctilio bring about so terrible a result. Aside from accepting the challenge, Cilley had pursued a dignified and proper course. Graves, to put it mildly, had played the fool. He was practically a disgraced man thereafter. The Congressional committee which investigated the matter censured him in the severest terms, and recommended his expulsion from Congress. Perhaps the public indignation excited by this wretched affair did more to discredit dueling than any previous event.

THE LAST NOTABLE DUEL IN AMERICA.

The last notable American duel was that between United States Senator Broderick, of California, and ex-Chief Justice Terry, of the supreme court of the same State, on September 13, 1859. This, too, arose from political differences. Broderick and Terry belonged to different factions of the growing Republican party, each struggling for control in California. Broderick was strongly anti-slavery, and his opponents wanted him removed. Terry was defeated in his

campaign for re-election largely, as he supposed, through Broderick's efforts. The two men had been good friends previously. Broderick had stood by Terry on one occasion when everybody else had been against him and his situation had been critical. In his anger over his defeat, Terry accused Broderick of disgraceful and underhand practises. Broderick was provoked into the following rejoinder:

"I see that Terry has been abusing me. I now take back the remark I once made that he is the only honest judge in the supreme court. I was his friend when he was in need of friends, for which I am sorry. Had the vigilance committee disposed of him as they did of others, they would have done a righteous act."

He alluded to Terry's arrest by the vigilantes in August, 1856, charged with cutting a man named Sterling A. Hopkins, in the attempt to free from arrest one Reuben Maloney. Had Hopkins died, Terry would probably have been hanged. As it was, it took the strongest influence, Masonic, press, and other, to save him from banishment.

Terry, after some acrimonious correspondence, challenged Broderick. A meeting on the 12th of September was stopped by the Chief of Police of San Francisco. The police magistrate before whom the duelists were arraigned discharged them on the ground that there had been no actual misdemeanor.

Next day the principals and the seconds met again at the foot of Lake Merced, about twelve miles from San Francisco. About eighty spectators, friends of the participants, were present. The distance was the usual ten paces. Both pistols had hair triggers, but Broderick's was more delicately set than Terry's, so much so that a jar might discharge it. Broderick's seconds were inexperienced men, and no one realized the importance of this difference.

At the word both raised their weapons. Broderick's was discharged before he had elevated it sufficiently, and his bullet struck the ground about six feet in front of Terry. Terry was surer, and shot his antagonist through the lung. Terry, who acted throughout with cold-blooded indifference, watched his antagonist fall, and remarked that the wound was not mortal, as he had struck two inches to the right. He then left the field.

When Broderick fell, one of the bystanders, named Davis, shouted out:

"That is murder, by God!"

Drawing his own weapon, he started for Terry, exclaiming: "I am Broderick's friend. I'm not going to see him killed in that way. If you are men, you will join me in avenging his death!"

Some cool heads in the multitude restrained him, pointing out that if he attacked Terry there would be a general mêlée, from which few on the ground would escape, and they finally succeeded in getting him away.

Broderick lingered for three days.

"They have killed me," he said, "because I was opposed to slavery and a corrupt administration."

Colonel Edward D. Baker, who was killed at Ball's Bluff in the Civil War, received his friend's last words.

"I tried to stand firm when I was wounded, but I could not. The blow blinded me."

Terry was tried for murder, but by influence and other means he was never convicted, and escaped all punishment save that inflicted by his conscience.

In judging these affairs it must be remembered that many of the most prominent Americans of the past—Benton, Clay, Calhoun and Houston among them—fought in duels. And it is well known that only Abraham Lincoln's wit and humor saved him from a deadly encounter with General James Shields, whose challenge he had accepted.

A JAPANESE BATTLE-SONG.

COMRADES, if I fall to-day,
In the somber cloud
Of the battle leave my clay—
Let that be my shroud!

And wherever I may die,
Let the mighty surge
Of the battle, roaring by,
Be my only dirge.

Is there better burial spot
For a soldier brave,
Than where volleying battle-shot
Booms above his grave?

Frederic Fairchild Sherman.

A QUESTION OF FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BY L. H. BICKFORD.

I.

GLADDON came quickly into the room, closed the door, turned the key, and stood with one hand on the knob. Never before had I seen him in a state of excitement. When I parted from him that morning he had turned away with his customary serenity. Now his face was white, his body shook, and his eyes were wide. I sprang toward him, but he pushed me away and came into that part of my den which I call my library. There he sank into a chair and cast his hat on the table.

"You're going to ask me if I'm ill," he said hysterically, giving a high, unnatural laugh. "Well, I'm not!"

"What then?" I asked.

I was repelled by an odor which I had not associated with Gladdon. I sank into the chair opposite and looked at him.

"You've been drinking," I asserted.

"Yes," retorted Gladdon positively, but with no thickness of utterance. "I had a whisky—first I ever had. Just one. I couldn't think of anything else." He started up, and as quickly sat down. He plunged one hand into a coat pocket and brought out a package of bills. In a nervous way he ran his fingers through them, and I saw that they were for large amounts. "I don't understand it at all," he declared. "Not at all. Forty-one hundred dollars!"

It was inconceivable, but I restrained myself from falling into a similar hysteria. Gladdon, who earned sixty dollars a month in an obscure position at the bank, who was wholly without prospects, and who had that morning sent his only spare suit to the cleaners—Gladdon with four thousand dollars! There

was but one way—but he forestalled me again.

"I didn't steal it," he said, without cherishing any apparent bitterness because I had harbored the thought. "It's mine. I don't understand it at all, but it's really mine—if nothing happens."

He looked around apprehensively and then laughed again. His laugh was exasperating. It was true that I was curious, and I rejoiced that any good fortune should befall Gladdon, but it seemed to me he was making too much of a mystery of the thing.

"Your uncle," said I—and this was cynicism, for I knew all about Gladdon's uncle—"has sent you this trifle."

The remark had a sobering effect. Gladdon blames his uncle for a great many things. You have only to mention the word "uncle" to effect an instant change in his demeanor. Although he is usually grave, I have known him to be highly amused over a joke in the comic papers about a grandfather or an aunt; but he would instantly become severe if he came upon a succeeding witticism about an uncle. The story of his antipathy to uncles is not necessary to the proper understanding of the incident about to be related, but I mention it to

show how, as it were, Gladdon was brought to earth.

"When I left you this morning," he explained, "everything went along about as usual. I paid my street-car fare, as usual. The stout lady in the end seat refused to move along an inch to accommodate me, as usual, and, as usual, I was compelled to climb over her feet. As usual, too, the person who sat on the other side of me buried his face in his paper and his elbows in my ribs. Nothing was out of the ordinary, not even the



NEVER BEFORE HAD I SEEN HIM IN A STATE OF EXCITEMENT.

weather. I had reached a street within a few blocks of the bank when, without any reasonable association of events or ideas, a word occurred to me. The word was 'sulphide.'

Gladdon paused.

"It is a sort of chemical word, isn't it?" I asked.

"It is a sort of chemical word," he acknowledged. "It is also a word for a lot of other things, as I shall disclose."

He settled himself in his chair.

"It began to beat through my head. At first I supposed it was some new breakfast food, and I scanned the advertisements in the car, but there was nothing like it there. I looked at the paper the man was reading, but the word did not stare back at me from any head-line. Nobody had spoken it. I was only vaguely conscious of its meaning. And yet it stuck to me.

"I went to work with the word still haunting me. On Tuesdays it is my duty to check certain accounts with our Western correspondents. I am familiar with nearly all of these, but this morning the first one I reached was new. It was the First National Bank of—where do you suppose?"

"Sulphide," I answered, being rather clever at following a story.

"Exactly," he answered, it seemed to me a little testily. "Sulphide, Colorado."

"Then," said I lightly, "the word came to you simply as a business premonition. There are cases like that—"

"There are cases like that," interrupted Gladdon stiffly, "but this has nothing to do with business premonition. I do not believe I ever heard or saw the word before it flashed upon me in the street-car. Instinctively I took it to be a mineral, but was not very clear about that. I checked the account, although I was naturally startled, and went on with my work. Nothing further happened until the lunch hour. I bought a penny paper and went to my customary café. I had given my order, and opened the paper, when this caught my eye: 'New Steamer Sulphide Burned at the Dock.' It was an account of a fire at a lake port.

"I ate little. The coincidence of the bank and the steamer puzzled me. I was thinking about it as I pushed through the crowd in the street on my way back, when I distinctly heard the word 'sulphide' uttered in a deep bass voice. I turned at once. There were possibly twenty people near me. I lingered and even walked back, in the hope that I might hear it re-

peated; but there was no telling who had mentioned sulphide."

II.

"DOCKERY, who has a desk next mine," Gladdon continued, "thinks he is a sporting man. In the morning he brings a racing-sheet to the bank with him, and studies it at odd moments—and, between us, at other moments, when he should be doing his work. I do not care for Dockery, for he sees no further than the race-track, which, as you know, I have never patronized. Until this afternoon I did not know where the races were held."

I began to see the light, but I hung on Gladdon's narrative.

"By the merest chance, Dockery's sporting paper got in my way. I was about to push it aside when my eyes were fixed on a name in a table—I believe they call it a 'form.' As you have probably guessed, the name was Sulphide. This time it was a horse.

"I cannot tell you how I felt at this discovery. Then I began to study the form. The horse Sulphide was entered in the third race of the day, and Dockery had marked a lot of figures on the margin. I was trying to make these out when he came up behind me, grinning.

"'Studying the dope?' he asked with a familiarity which I wanted to repel, but was compelled to permit because of my curiosity. 'I have three winners picked,' he babbled, and then indicated them.

"He began to tell the merits of the horses, and I led him on. Finally I asked him his choice for the third race. It wasn't Sulphide, and when I asked, carelessly, what he thought of that horse he snapped his fingers.

"'Some cheap skate,' he answered, 'and not worth thinking about.'

"I gave him his form and went back to my work; but I thought very hard. It seemed to me that I was mocking fate to let this drop. I came to one conclusion—I must go to the race-track. If I never did anything else, I must follow this long arm of coincidence. Without further hesitation I notified Wilkins that I was ill and left the place. Then I did something I never did before in my life and never shall again. I took a train for the races."

Gladdon closed his eyes as if to review the day. For fear of breaking the spell I said nothing. Finally he opened them and went on:

"I shall not attempt to describe my experiences or sensations, for I suppose

they were those of the average novice under similar circumstances. I had a hundred dollars in my pocket, saved for my summer vacation—and you know that is a great deal for me, with the ungrateful uncle I have—and when the third race was called I clutched it and surged forward with the crowd. I had observed enough by that time to know that money given to one of the persons in shirt-sleeves, who stood on a stool and exhibited a card, was an earnest of a wager and that you received in exchange a piece of pasteboard. As to odds, I knew nothing. There were figures on the board, but they meant little to me. I do know that few were betting on Sulphide. I edged to the front of the crowd, and in as firm a voice as I could command I said that I wished to place my money on that horse. As I did this I expected to become the center of interest. I thought the population would stop to look at me. It seemed to me that a man who walked deliberately up to a sort of stall and gave up every cent he had on earth, on the remote possibility that he would get it again—trusting, in fact, to a man he had never seen and blindly giving way to a gambling passion he had never before experienced—I say it seemed to me that such a man ought to be stopped, investigated, and turned back.

"I expected this. I expected to be declared mentally incompetent and sent away. I stood there, in the midst of that jostling crowd, with bills flying over my head to be seized by the man on the stool, the while he droned 'Andronicus ten to five to win,' or some other such nonsense, and all the time giving these little cards. When he seized my money he scarcely glanced at it. In less than a second he had called out 'Sulphide four thousand to a hundred,' and I had my card and was in the crowd. And that was all there was to it. This transaction, so important to me, had not created even a ripple of excitement. I learned afterward that I was 'on a forty-to-one shot,' as they say at these places.

"I went out to what I believe they call the paddock. Or perhaps it was the promenade. I don't know. You see, everything was new and strange, and I cannot be technical. I only know that I stood near a fence and some horses went by at a slow canter, with numbers on them. Somebody shouted, and everybody in the stand stood up. My head swam, and I was muttering 'Number Nine.' And when there was some more shouting and the people sat down, Number Nine



"I HAVE THREE WINNERS PICKED."

was first on a board, and Number Nine was Sulphide. I lingered, supposing that there would be something else posted—perhaps an extra, in which it would appear that it had all been a mistake.

"A man in front of me gave a whoop, and, clapping his ticket, made for the stalls. I followed him, for he was making know that he had bet on Sulphide. And for how much, do you suppose? A miserable little two dollars! It was just about then that my brain cleared, and I drew near to this man and exhibited my ticket. It excited him greatly, and he told others. When we stood in line to cash in, there were but eight or ten of us, for it seems nobody had expected Sulphide to win. When it was bruited about that I had four thousand dollars due me I was indeed looked upon with attention, and it was whispered that I was a friend of the owners. Then, as the smaller bettors passed out, I grew perturbed. Was it possible that any sane man would give four thousand dollars for one hundred? But that cold, calm bookmaker scarcely glanced at me. He took my ticket and shoved the bills toward me with utter nonchalance. I staggered off and took the first train for the city."

Gladdon was now quite calm, but his pause was significant.

"Arriving, I took that drink of whisky; and then I came on here. On my way I put my hand in my vest pocket, and I found these." He held up two bills. "What would you call them?" he asked.

"If it is not a trick, or if this is not a dream you have been telling me," I

replied with dignity, "I should call them two fifty-dollar bills."

"Which is quite correct, since it is not a trick, and I have not been dreaming. They constitute my original investment."

"Why," I said, "of course you got your money back—and four thousand dollars more."

"This money," he replied, "never went in. I have forty-one hundred dollars in that roll, exclusive of these two bills."

I gave Gladdon a sharp glance—reproof, doubt, what you will.

"Oh, possibly one more glass of whisky than you told me about—"

"No more than one." He looked like an owl. "My vacation money was not placed on Sulphide."

III.

I LEANED forward.

"Now, Gladdon, I do not know what it is—heat, excitement, drink, perhaps dementia. But I do not want this thing unfolded like a cheap detective story. You have said that a word occurred to you, that by reason of certain coincidences you attended the races and placed money upon that word. I have the evidence of the money you won in this package of bills. But now you tell me that you did not expend your original investment—in fact, that there was no investment. Gladdon, I have never seen you like this and I do not like enigmas. Without any more mystery, then, what is the true situation?"

"The situation," he answered, "is astonishing. I am at any minute liable to arrest."

And now I understood why he had locked the door.

"After all," I cried, "after all, this has been merely a little fanciful tale and you have robbed the bank. Oh, Gladdon—"

"Oh, rot!" he said testily, rising. "It's simple enough, even if ludicrous. I passed two counterfeit fifty-dollar bills at the race-track."

"You—?"

But Gladdon had piled his excitement too high. I could only gasp under them.

"In one pocket I had this bogus money. I've had it for ever so long. It was given me the first year I worked in the bank by old Skillings, the cashier. Most of us have one or two bad bills as curiosities. I suppose, in my state of mind, I got my hand on these by mistake; though how they passed undetected is more than I can imagine!"

Now that the story was out, we gazed at each other in silence. Gladdon had passed spurious money. It might yet be discovered.

"And that," said I, voicing the matter, "is criminal in the eyes of the law. Of course, to be a perfectly honest man, Gladdon, you would search out the bookmaker and give him back all this money."

"Or ask him to exchange his two spurious fifties for two that are legal tender," he suggested.

"Which he will hardly do," I went on.

"Which he would be absolutely foolish to do, considering my criminal act. And it wouldn't be a hard matter to trace me—even now, in fancy, I hear the sleuthhounds of the law."

"One should always be morally honest," I mused. "Although sometimes there are circumstances—"

"Intentionally, however," pursued Gladdon, "I am no criminal. I did not deliberately pass counterfeit money. I did not know that I was passing counterfeit money."

"Ah, but the law! It does not excuse ignorance."

We were silent again.

"And yet," resumed Gladdon presently, "one is an awful dolt to give up four thousand dollars under such extraordinary circumstances. Consider. I am a deserving young man with an unjust uncle. I have few bad habits. I need money. On a day, a word mysteriously occurs to me, and, as it were, draws me onward and showers fortune upon me. Am I then, through a miserable accident, compelled to consider the moral aspect of the matter? Had I given the bookmaker the good money, we should not now be discussing this. Am I not right?"

"The law—"

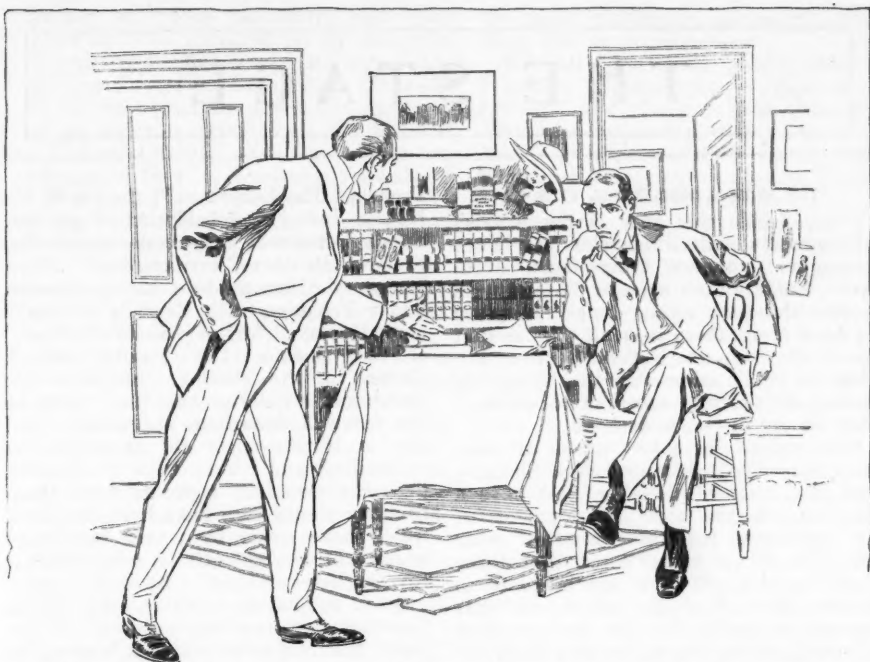
Gladdon sniffed.

"There is Canada," I suggested.

"I am not a defaulter!"

"And yet the possession of this money, under the circumstances of your disclosure, causes you constant uneasiness. Even if you should not be apprehended—"

"Oh," cried Gladdon, "stop talking as if I had embezzled it! And for the matter of morals consider this—I surrender this money to the bookmaker. and because I do—because he knows I am in a trap, he surrenders his right to place me within the law. Why? Because he loses nothing by it. But I am morally wrong, and he is morally wrong, if I am not prosecuted for passing these counterfeit bills, whatever restitution I make."



"WAS IT POSSIBLE THAT ANY SANE MAN WOULD GIVE FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR ONE HUNDRED?"

I considered. What is being moral? Are any of us moral? Are we not moral merely because we lack opportunity to be immoral? That is to say, are not most of us only publicly moral, at best? Supposing Gladdon had won the money in just this way, and I had never known anything about the counterfeit, should I not have rejoiced with Gladdon, thinking only of the marvel of the word that had occurred to him and the happy consequences? Of course, the canker would have eaten into Gladdon, but that would have been nothing to me. It was wrong of Gladdon to spoil my peace of mind. Stay—

It is well to pause and think once in a way. The bills were there on the table.

"You are sure you know counterfeit money when you come across it?" I asked.

"I am sure of it when I am in my right mind," answered Gladdon, offended.

"It occurred to me," I said, "that if

this bookmaker did not discover the counterfeits when he took your money, they may also have escaped him when he paid your bet——"

Gladdon is wonderfully bright at times. He was running through the package of bills, feeling each with experienced fingers. He was half way through the roll when he drew one out, then another. He examined them closely.

"They were cleverly done," he said exultingly. "Old Skillings said they were the best he had ever seen, and they nearly fooled him. See"—he held up the bills—"there are the little red crosses I marked on them. There is no mistake about it!"

"And yet, morally," I began, although a great weight seemed lifted from me and I walked over to unlock the door, "morally——"

"Oh, morally—hang morally!" said Gladdon.

But we often wondered how the word occurred to him.

THE WAY OF IT.

ONCE I met four philosophers
Who argued all day long;
And each one thought that he was right
And all the others wrong!

W. Barclay Smith.

THE STAGE

THE COMING THEATRICAL SEASON.

Very feeble this year is the flourish of trumpets with which the New York managers announce their plans. With more theaters than ever to fill, and with a steadily diminishing supply of plays to draw from, there is small wonder that many of them are backward about letting the public know what they are going to do—for the very excellent reason that they do not know themselves.

The sudden death last season of three managers—Fred Hamlin, Sam Shubert, and Kirke La Shelle—may also have a bearing on the slow development of arrangements for the theatrical year 1905-'06. It is to be noted that these three men had all taken special pains to foster native dramatic talent. In that quarter, probably, lies the best prospect of relief, but it is a field which the average manager shrinks from cultivating. The greatest hits of the last New York season—"The Music Master," "Leah Kleschna," "The College Widow," and "The Heir to the Hoorah"—were home-made. Three of the spring successes in London were also of American origin—"Leah Kleschna," "Her Own Way," with Maxine Elliott, and "The Dictator," with William Collier. This is an unprecedented record for our stage goods in England. While it is only going to add to next winter's difficulties for those managers who look to London to give them ready-made hits for New York, it should certainly inspire these same men with more hope as they examine the offerings of our own dramatists.

In view of the foregoing facts, no attempt will be made to offer a detailed statement of even the probabilities for the coming year on the New York stage. Only the possibilities will be touched upon, the very paucity of the announcements carrying with it a speaking commentary upon present conditions in the world of plays.

FOREIGN AND NATIVE STARS.

As against the ten foreign stars who crossed the Atlantic last season, at this writing we have definite news of only two prospective visitors. One is Olga Nethersole, with a new play from the

French, "The Labyrinth"; the other, Sir Henry Irving, probably in repertory. Sarah Bernhardt may come under the Shubert Brothers' management. Ellen Terry, who has made a hit in London under Frohman with Barrie's strangely named play, "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," is also among the possibilities. A clause in the Shubert contract for Bernhardt stipulates that this must be her farewell American appearance, and she is to do such old stand-bys as "Camille" and "Frou-Frou." She will probably reap larger profits from these familiar pieces than from her new plays, which have never been seen here, and which will consequently be more difficult for English-speaking auditors to follow.

As to the native stars, in spite of the disasters encountered by most of the forty that ventured out last season, at least thirty will trust themselves to the fickle winds of public approval during 1905-'06, some of them for the first time. For instance, there is Joe Coyne, scheduled to appear in a comedy called "A Duke at Large," no doubt suggested by the success with which he impersonated the *Duke of Gadsbrook* in Kellett Chalmers' other play, "Abigail." Then Joe Wheelock, Jr., will be cock of his own little walk in "That Young Fellow," especially constructed for him by George Ade, while Will T. Hodge, who made so many people laugh as *Hiram*, the bridegroom, in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," proposes to go it alone in a double sense in a piece called "Eighteen Miles from Home," which he has written around himself.

Mrs. Fiske begins the season with a revival of "Leah Kleschna," on the road. Then she comes to New York to produce, at the Manhattan, a new play called "What Will People Say," by Rupert Hughes. Neither the title nor the author would seem to be an omen of success. Mr. Hughes is locally famous as holder of the record for the shortest run ever recorded on Broadway, his "Bathing Girl" having expired after a single performance.

Of the Charles Frohman stars on this side of the water, Willie Collier will have a new farce by Richard Harding Davis,

author of "The Dictator," and John Drew is to be provided for by Augustus Thomas in a comedy with its scenes laid at Sherry's and the Brook Club. This will be the first time Mr. Drew has appeared in an American play since the ill-fated "Richard Carvel." William Gillette has also gone back to home-made goods in "Clarice," for whose shortcomings—if there be any—he will have no one to blame but himself, as he wrote it. William H. Crane makes a similar move, having picked out George H. Broadhurst, author of "What Happened to Jones," as the man to provide him with the opportunity to make his audiences laugh in the old-time fashion. "An American Lord" is the title of his new comedy.

"Clarice" is another illustration of the fact that in one respect, strange to say, our stars do not seem to insist upon being the whole show. That is in the name of the piece, which in many cases has glorified the opposite sex. Witness Faversham in "Letty," Jeff de Angelis in "Fantana," Sam Bernard in "The Rollicking Girl," and Annie Russell in "Brother Jacques," to say nothing of Maude Adams in "The Little Minister."

Miss Adams, by the way, will again appear in a piece with a man's name, Mr. Frohman having selected "Peter Pan," Barrie's curious fairy play, for her coming season's use. But in this case she will have the title part.

At this writing, Annie Russell is still unprovided for. It is safe to assume that some writer other than Zangwill will get the job of fitting her. Ethel Barrymore is another of the Frohman stars at present on the anxious seat regarding next winter's play. More surprising things may happen than that she should be sent out in Ibsen's "Doll's House." A London rumor gives her the name-part in "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," which would show her again in a middle-aged rôle, as in "Cousin Kate." Francis Wilson, too, is still searching the dramatic market-places of two continents.

For the first time in two seasons Maxine Elliott will need something new, and Mr. Dillingham, her manager, has again picked out Clyde Fitch, author of "Her Own Way," to provide it. The chosen title is "My Girl Joe," and the rest at present is—silence. Miss Elliott's husband, Nat Goodwin, imports his play this time, getting one of the few London hits of last winter in the shape of "Beauty and the Barge." Mr. Goodwin takes the rôle of an old boatman, created on the other side by Cyril Maude, one of

the most uniformly successful of the West End actor-managers.

William Faversham passes from the Frohman management to that of the Lieblers, and changes from British to American authorship with "The Squaw Man," by Edwin Milton Royle. Clara Bloodgood also comes under the Liebler banner, with Channing Pollock's dramatization of "In the Bishop's Carriage." Arnold Daly will stick to George Bernard Shaw, and is contemplating giving us "John Bull's Other Island" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession"—if the police will permit the last-named. Robert Loraine is to be a rival to Daly in the presentation of Shaw's work. It is now announced that he will open at the Hudson in "Man and Superman" about the first of September.

The business of the Shuberts is to be carried on by the two remaining brothers, Lee and Jacob. Besides Bernhardt, they are planning to bring over the Henry Russell Opera Company, which opened their new Waldorf Theater in London last May. They deserve credit for courage, at any rate, in attempting so meritorious and so notoriously dangerous an undertaking as an opposition temple of opera in New York.

Ada Rehan will be fitted out with Bernard Shaw's "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," on which the verdict of the public will be awaited with especial interest. Miss Rehan has created but one new part since Augustin Daly's death in 1899, when she was appearing in the melodrama "The Great Ruby." This was the title-rôle in Paul Kester's "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," which, a success in London, fell flat with Miss Rehan here.

David Belasco's big card for the winter will be Blanche Bates in a new play. Last season Mrs. Carter and David Warfield divided honors between them, and as each of their offerings was a success they may now be content to give the center of the stage to this darling of the gods, who has been waiting two years for another first night at the Belasco. In accordance with his custom, Mr. Belasco is dumb as regards the background or the *motif* of the new piece. That it will be superbly mounted goes without saying.

The play that Brandon Tynan has written for himself is still held in reserve by Mr. Belasco, and this clever young Irish actor-author continues to occupy a position between the upper and nether millstones; but as he receives a salary for remaining inactive until the great plans for his future are perfected, he is

probably not complaining audibly. In Robert Hilliard the Belasco forces have made a brand-new acquisition, and it is to be hoped that this good actor may be restored to the legitimate with the aid of a suitable play.

Henrietta Crosman having gone over to the enemy—in other words, the Syndicate—she will be replaced in the Belasco dramatic galaxy by Bertha Galland, whom the playwright-manager will send out in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," and whom he will later provide with a new play.

Mention of Bertha Galland, who has never quite risen to the high-water mark of her work in "The Pride of Jennico" with Hackett, brings us to the program this gentleman has mapped out for 1905-'06. It is by far the most ambitious in the whole roster. It must be remembered that Hackett is now a manager as well as a star. In his announcements we find "The Walls of Jericho," "The House of Silence," "The Scarecrow," and for himself, in association with his wife, Mary Mannering, "The Prayer of the Sword" and a revival of "Romeo and Juliet." Hackett has leased the Savoy Theater for the winter, and expects to begin operations after Edeson has played a brief preliminary season of "Strongheart," which that star intends to use all season.

His opening gun will be "The Walls of Jericho," by Alfred Sutro, the new English playwright. No doubt, if this society diatribe should have in New York anything like the success it made in London, nothing more will be heard of the other items in the Hackett list. On the other hand, should it fail, the star could ease up the ignominy of its early retirement by announcing that owing to prior arrangements the piece must be withdrawn in the height of its—and so forth.

That "Jericho" is a play with a purpose may be judged from the subjoined extract from a speech which *Jack Frobisher* (Hackett's character) makes to his wife, who is the daughter of a marquis, while he is simply a plain Australian sheep-farming millionaire:

I've had enough of these companions of yours—these wretched, sexless women who do nothing but flirt and gamble, these childless wives who grudge the time that it costs them to bring a baby into the world. I've had enough of their brainless, indecent talk, where everything good is turned into ridicule and each word has a double meaning. I've had enough of this existence of ours, in town and country, where all the men make love to their neighbors' wives. I've done with it—done with it all—and so have you.

William A. Brady will present Robert

Mantell in Shakespeare, and after Wilton Lackaye has been seen in "The Pit" on the Pacific Coast and through the South, he will bring him to New York in the dramatization of Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," which is by now a familiar underline in Lackaye's intentions. It was to have been called "Jean Valjean," but at this writing the name is given as "From Darkness to Dawn," which not only is cumbersome, but comes perilously near that proverbially unlucky word in play titles, "light."

Speaking of "The Pit," its dramatizer, Channing Pollock, is the author of a new play of Washington life, in which Maurice Campbell will star Dorothy Donnelly, who created *Candida*. Mr. Campbell's wife, Henrietta Crosman, will revert to a revival of "Mistress Nell."

Life at the national capital also furnishes a basis for the comedy that Augustus Thomas has prepared for Lawrence D'Orsay, who has been the *Earl of Pawtucket* for some three years. The new work is called "The Embassy Ball."

E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe will continue their profitable and worthy association in Shakespearian repertory, adding "The Taming of the Shrew" to their list. Richard Mansfield cannot be blamed if he eschews novelties and sticks to the old faithfuls which seem to net him larger returns with each recurring season.

After two years of success with "Checkers," Thomas W. Ross will have a new comedy by the same author—Henry W. Blossom—to be called "A Fair Exchange." May Irwin, on the other hand, is making a big change in her base of supplies, having ordered her next vehicle to be written in England, by Reginald Pinero, a cousin of the mighty Arthur Wing of that name.

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF STAR.

In his purely dramatic ventures Henry W. Savage has been uniformly fortunate with a good all-round cast, whereas his single essay at starring an actor—Richard Golden in "Common Sense Bracket"—met with disaster. Two out of three of his new plays will feature the author rather than the mummer. They are George Ade's "The Bad Samaritan," which will open the Garden Theater in September, and Jesse Lynch Williams' dramatization of his own tale of newspaper life called "The Stolen Story"—not, one would think, very likely material for a stage success.

Among the big and more or less spectacular productions may be named the Lieblers' offering of Hall Caine's "The Prodigal Son," scheduled to inaugurate things at the New Amsterdam, Klaw & Erlanger's presentation of the late Lew Wallace's "Prince of India," and the play by Marion Crawford entitled "By the Waters of Babylon," based on his novel, "Zoroaster."

For some two years now, New York has been without a stock company, except those which give two performances a day of old plays at the Proctor houses. We have heard ever and anon that Dan Frohman was anxious to restore the old order of things at his new Lyceum, with his wife, Margaret Illington, at the head of the troupe. Two American dramatists are now abroad writing plays for that house—Charles Klein, author of "The Music Master," and Augustus Thomas, whose "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" had Miss Illington in its name part.

Walter N. Lawrence, who made such a lucky strike without stars at the Madison Square last season with "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," promises a comedy by Edward H. Peple, "The Prince Chap," also a dramatization of Harold McGrath's novel, "The Man on the Box." Mr. Peple is a new author who possesses a distinct vein of humor, as the readers of MUNSEY'S will admit when we publish a short story that he has written for a forthcoming number of this magazine.

T. Daniel Frawley, who was seen last spring with Mary Mannering as the poet *Bobby Burns* in the luckless "Nancy Stair," has a Utopian dream of giving Manhattan a stock company in which each player shall possess a financial interest, and in which the author of the piece, rather than any particular player, shall be exploited. Mr. Frawley was successful some few years ago with a stock company of his own on the Pacific Coast, an organization in which Blanche Bates found her training-school.

MUSICAL COMEDY STILL ALIVE—AND KICKING.

In spite of repeated reports that froth and frolic in the musical line were on their last legs, these members of that particular branch of the body dramatic seem to be pretty active, judging from the outlook. In Chicago alone, June saw ten musical pieces in full blast, each hoping to spend the summer by the lake-side. Then take Klaw & Erlanger's list of new offerings. In the importations there will be the latest Drury Lane pantomime, "The White Cat; or, Puss in Boots"; the tuneful comic opera from

the French, "Veronique," with its big record at the London Apollo; and "The Orchid," the Gaiety piece to be done with an American company. In the home-made article there will be "The Rogers Brothers in Ireland" at the Liberty; "The Pearl and the Pumpkin" at the Broadway; "In Tammany Hall," to star Joseph Cawthorne, who was *Mother Goose* last winter; "The Ham Tree" for the team of black-face comedians, McIntyre and Heath; "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway," by George M. Cohan, for Fay Templeton; and "The Butterfly of Fashion," with book and music by the authors of "The Belle of New York."

Edna May will open Daly's as she did last year, this time in "The Catch of the Season," which ran for the whole season at Charles Frohman's London house, the Vaudeville, last winter. Seymour Hicks is one of the authors, and the idea is a modern version of "Cinderella." The rôle of *Angela*, which will fall to Miss May, was written for Hicks' wife, Ellaline Terriss, but owing to her illness was created by Zena Dare, while Miss May was here in "The School Girl."

Among other American offerings, there may be Henry W. Savage's production of the new fantastic opera by John Kendrick Bangs and Manuel Klein. Mr. Bangs is also preparing a version of "Taming the Shrew" for Lillian Russell. Mr. Klein furnished the music for the Hippodrome spectacles, where he also directs the orchestra. Mr. Savage will provide Raymond Hitchcock with a comedy satirizing the automobile craze. It is being written by Edward E. Kidder, who did "A Poor Relation" and "Peaceful Valley" for Sol Smith Russell. The name is "Easy Dawson," and it will go on at Wallack's in the early autumn with a song or two for Mr. Hitchcock.

The Shuberts will provide Paula Edwards with a new vehicle, "The Maid and the Mask," and De Wolf Hopper will at last endeavor to wean his audiences from "Wang" by giving them "Elysia," book by Frederic Ranken and music by Reginald de Koven.

Lulu Glaser will disport herself in up-to-date garb, following "Sergeant Brue," at the Knickerbocker, in a new work by Harry B. Smith and Victor Herbert. It is Mr. Herbert's music, too, that Fritz Scheff will sing in "Mlle. Modiste," written for her by Blossom, of "Yankee Consul" renown. Lillian Blauvelt is to abandon the concert platform for the

operatic stage in "The Rose of the Alhambra," libretto by Charles Emerson Cook, representative for David Belasco, and score by Lucius Hosmer. Last and least in size, but possibly overtopping many of the foregoing in drawing power, will be tiny Master Gabriel of "Buster Brown" renown, who will see what sort of a plum he can extract by dabbling in "Little Jack Horner."

The fortunate managers of the Hippodrome will not have to look for a fresh attraction with which to reopen in September, after a brief midsummer closing. From April 12 to July 1 that colossal musical comedy, "A Yankee Circus on Mars," and the military water-spectacle, "The Raiders," drew more than five thousand people a night into the big auditorium, so the same bill will be continued through the autumn. Of course there will be new specialties in the circus number from time to time, and meanwhile preparations are going on for a second stupendous production, to be brought out in or about November.

THE SUMMER SHOWS.

After all, it would seem that New York will have no more theaters open through the heated term than last year, when only two did not close their doors—the Casino and the New York. At the Lyric, "Fantana" has already seen more than two hundred performances since its start there in January last, when it did not at first seem a very strong attraction. Its boom in patronage appears to date from the interpolation of the Indian song "Tammany." The tune of this is about as vapid and lifeless as the worst, and the Indian element was certainly no novelty; but Jeff De Angelis and Katie Barry are exceedingly clever in their way, and the last act is packed to the guards with tuneful airs.

It is much more difficult to account for the popularity of "The Rollicking Girl." A stupid book, not a melody that one can carry away—it must be either Sam Bernard, the chorus, or the color effects that have filled the Herald Square. It is gratifying to note that "Sergeant Brue," at the Knickerbocker, with a story that is coherent and with music distinctly above the usual jingly merit of the summer show, has also pleased New Yorkers, and halted in its career only between July 1 and August 7.

Of the three roof gardens in Manhattan, not one is a garden on the roof in the proper acceptation of the term,

where one may sit and watch the performance and the stars at the same time. The Aerial, over the New Amsterdam, is a completely equipped theater. It has an open extension, but this is available only for the entr'actes, if one wishes to keep within hearing of the stage.

The second season of the Aerial was opened with "Lifting the Lid," another horror based on one of those silly catch phrases which run their course in the daily prints, and which seem to be as certain of landing on the stage as the Flatiron was to get on a post-card. But it must be admitted that the concoction was a slight improvement on "A Little of Everything," which managed to struggle through last summer, while the review from the Gilbert & Sullivan operas, with which the bill began, was distinctly worth while. But very soon it was banished to make way for a piece so offensively idiotic in subject and title that we refrain—in mercy to those responsible for such a monstrosity—from recording its name.

The dramatized craze of the hour also holds the boards at the Wistaria Grove, atop of the New York and Criterion Theaters. Here it takes the formless shape of "When We Are Forty-One," a Dr. Osler echo. The best thing in it is the entr'acte, consisting of biograph views of a coaching trip from Times Square to Claremont. This interlude is so restful to the nerves that a distinct sigh of regret floats over the audience when the sheet is whisked up and the living and speaking performers once more rasp their mediocrity across the foot-lights.

But one exception should be made. A clever girl, Elsie Janis, who has been touring the provinces in No. 2 companies, instantly captured Manhattan by her clever imitations of popular players, ranking herself with Cissie Loftus by her versatility and flexibility. Indeed, the more sedate Cecilia never lets herself go so completely as does her younger and more enthusiastic American rival.

Hammerstein's Paradise Garden, more exposed to the winds of heaven than the other New York roof resorts, is to be devoted this season to "straight vaudeville," which means a weekly change of bill, with nothing in the way of a play to induce brain fag on the part of either manager or spectators. And for those Manhattan stay-at-homes or visitors who like "straight music," there are the popular concerts under George Henry Warren at the St. Nicholas Gardens.

THE STRATEGY OF SUGARFOOT.

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD.

JOHN HEFFREN and I were in Gimletville, awaiting telegraphic orders from the foreman of our ranch. The humors of Gimletville were limited. We exhausted them in a half-hour, and thereafter we kicked our heels idly, while Heffren hurled furious anathemas at the Western Union operator and her silent wire.

"That Susannah is p'intedly holding us here for ransom," observed Heffren suspiciously.

We crouched, rolling innumerable cigarettes, in the shade of the telegraph office. Across the baked and deserted street a listless Chinaman was sticking a poster on his laundry window. "The Dime Galaxy Comedy Company," read the advertisement. "Straight from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City. Come on, Boys! Hurrah for a Laugh! Gimletville Skating Rink Tonight!"

"There," said I, "we'll take in a show this evening."

"Not much we won't!" snorted Heffren savagely. "When the footlights to a show is lit, I'm out in the chaparral. Shows, pardner, lacerate my feelings more worse 'n a bad pony-trade. Guess you never cut the trail of the time me and Stump Ferguson wintered in Bedrock."

"You see, Conk Hoover up and told us that this town of Bedrock was one continuous, pink-eyed whoop from breakfast to breakfast. Wherefore Stump and me reckoned we'd winter there, as we had summer wages salted comfortable. So we enrolled blankets in an old shack in Bedrock, along with another cow-puncher of the name of London Charlie, and fixed for a season of innocent gaiety until the grass grew. That night I meets with Stump. We'd been scouting separate, me and my friend Stump, Bedrock being a new range to us, and he was peevish as a catamount."

"What is this here fool Bedrock?" says Stump. "Pears to me like Bedrock's been struck by religion, or the cholera, or something. A fellow starting a game of cat's-cradle in this morgue would be chucked into the calaboose for disorderly conduct. If Bedrock is Hoover's idee of a lively town, I expect

he'd think Pike's Peak in January was a Black Crook bally," said Ferguson.

"We waltzed into the Here's-How Saloon and woke up the barkeep."

"Where's the folks?" says I.

"He brushed the dust from the bar and looked like he hankered to organize a Custer massacre."

"The folks," he said, 'is crazy—bug-house!'

"What's bugged 'em?" says Stump.

"Henrietta Betts is the female party's brand," says the barkeep, ripping a cobweb out of his shaker. "Gentlemen, don't call me a liar when I tells you what the Bedrock boys does every night. They shines up their boots, and they boils their shirts, and, dang 'em, away they lopes to the schoolhouse, taking electrocution lessons off'n Henrietta Betts!"

"Elocution, may be," suggests Ferguson.

"That's the word—elocution," says the barkeep.

"Stump spins a cork meditative."

"How does Miss Betts do business?" he inquires. "Is this a open game or—"

"It's as open," said the barkeep, 'as the old Dodge City jail.'

"First-rate," says Ferguson. "John, me and you will sit in with Henrietta, to some extent, as it were."

"The barkeep got so solemn he turned blue, like he'd been introduced sudden to a rattler."

"Don't do it!" he said. "You'll be locoed, same's the rest. Tie to my tip, gentlemen, and make camp afore the blizzard hits you."

"Course such orations only poked the spurs into us, and we was at the schoolhouse in three jumps. The postmaster of Bedrock was riding herd on the door, and you had to produce a case dollar before ever you saw a card. Well, sir, if there warn't a mess inside, I'll eat your hat! There they squatted, the entire reservation of Bedrock, dressed up fit to get baptized, and, compared to 'em, sardines had room to dance the lancers."

"But, living Lily Langtries," whispers Stump, 'look at Henrietta!'

"There, what's the good? When I think of that girl, pardner, my tongue has the fever and ague. When I try to invoice the various angelicals of

that Henrietta damsel, my powers and mentality is plumb foundered. She was maneuvering on the platform with a book, and finally she lets loose her black eyes along my alley. After them tactics, it was come to heel for yours till death, Mr. John Heffren, Esquire, late of the Three-V Ranch. Me and Ferguson was ditched, roped fore and hind foot, and begging for breath.

"The Bedrockers would come forward, ten head at a clip, listen to a kind of short grace from Henrietta, and each one wrangled literature for a minute by the postmaster's watch. Then the next shift got treatment, and so on. After Henrietta had thus rode the circuit, the fandango concluded with what she called a concert reading by the complete garrison. Followed a most blasphemous jamboree outside for to settle who'd see Henrietta home to her father, and there you are. That, my son, was Bedrock for the succeeding fortnight, and me and Stump and London Charlie was as regular as flies on a molasses can.

"But this Henrietta was sagacious. She savvied some, let me tell you, Señora Betts did. Favorites was not played any at all by Henrietta, and no amatory maverick could protrude his vest and allow he'd carried the ward. No, sir. The running was nose and nose. That was the way Henrietta Betts undermined the masculine sect of Bedrock, Wyoming.

"By and by, here comes trouble. It scampered into town one day from Deadwood, hired a room over Ike Heberger's feed store, and made a shout that it was ready to give dancing lessons at two bits a throw. The name of this disturbing element was Professor Sugarfoot Sawyer, and when it came to dancing there was no doubt that he could deliver the commodities when called. About this time you could see without climbing the butte that Bedrock was wearying some of elocution. Miss Betts, she was talking of having the herd of elocutioners act out a show, but for all that public int'rest warn't real inflamed. And two bits was a heap sight less than the ante at the schoolhouse.

"So London Charlie and Ferguson and me, we packed our guns one morning and started out to pay a sociable call onto this Sugarfoot, for the purpose of escorting him to the confines of Bedrock and pushing of him over. We didn't want no dancing man spoiling Henrietta's trade. While we was waiting for him, Miss Henrietta busts into view, and alongside of her was this identical Sawyer.

"'Oh, Mr. Ferguson!' says she. 'The professor 'll help. He's had experience onto the stage. He'll take a part in our drama, and won't open his dancing-school till it's over.'

"Sugarfoot makes a dago bow, hooks to Henrietta's hand, and Stump reached for his forty-five. The professor was too fancy for our money. It was plain that in the lady-killing racket he'd win the wheat, and we'd get nothing but three flat-cars of Jackson grass. So I rises to the occasion.

"'Ma'am,' says I, 'if you're aiming to round up me and the boys into a drayma, erase this dancing charackter out of it. Mr. Sawyer, ma'am, is what you call a professional. Now,' I says, 'for us amachools to put on the gloves with such talent ain't just the cake.'

"'Don't say no more,' says Sugarfoot. 'I sees the argyment.' He couldn't miss it, with Stump and London Charlie sizing him up, like a lynching-bee testing weight on the rope. 'I will withdraw cheerful from the drayma,' proceeds Sawyer. 'I will merely paint the scenery for this theatrical oratorio, if you will permit me.'

"'Yes,' says Henrietta, excited. 'I've got to have scenery.'

"We let it go at that. Henrietta, she rustled some yellow play-books out of her trunk, and drilling begun, night and day. Sugarfoot Sawyer faded to the rear. We kept Henrietta busy, you bet. First play we tackled had women into it, but that didn't last. They went to back-biting, same's agency Injuns on a beef day, so we froze 'em out for the sake of quiet. The drayma we finally lighted on was 'Julius Cæsar.' We didn't go against the whole lazzaparoola, but only a quarter section of it, where the big chiefs yodel around in the plaza over poor old Cæsar's remains. Henrietta's father called it the roar-'em scene, and we most certainly roared good.

"After Henrietta had learned us to follow, back, and side step over the platform and not to stampede at the gong, we piled in to sell tickets. They was purchased, too. When us Julius Cæsars called in a posse on a citizen to buy a orchestra box, he bought it willing. The editor of the *Bedrock Rifleball* was seen personal by London Charlie and made to cash in his critical observations anterior to the show. Pardner, we sure done everything to make that drayma a ten-strike, except to string up Sugarfoot Sawyer to the handiest cottonwood. But how could we tell? He warn't in sight

none whatever. He sprinkled a couple of old tarpaulins with oil paint, and the committee on scenery passed 'em as O. K. We kept Henrietta occupied continual with elocution, and we was stuck on ourselves for euchring of him.

"Well, sir, the night come. The dressing-room was Cap Jenkins' woodshed behind the schoolhouse, and there was all of us antique Romans, toggled up in sheets scandalous, same's a Turkish bath in St. Joe on the morning after a legal holiday. Henrietta Betts was on deck to give us a last word before the fight. Abrupt-like she lets out a little scream.

"Oh!" she said. 'This is awful!'

"We was considerable panicky, anyhow, and I looked around, fearsome that a tragedian or two had been hitting it up at the Here's-How contrary to orders. But all hands were alarming sober.

"Your faces must be made up!' gurgles Henrietta, sort of hysterical. 'They must be painted. I clean forgot about that!'

"Lady," says Stump, 'there ain't a bottle of nose-paint in the outfit. We done took a swear off on that.'

"Mr. Sawyer may have some,' Henrietta said, and foxes out.

"We was keen apprehensive when she mentions the professor, but in less 'n a minute she hops back again with Sugarfoot in tow. He had a tin box underneath his arm.

"What luck!" says Henrietta. 'The professor's got the rouge and everything!'

"I smells several rats.

"If you intend, ma'am," I says, 'that this party is to be let to streak our countenances with war paint according to the idle dictates of his poetic fancy—'

"Not by no means," put in Sawyer, humble as ever. 'Miss Betts shall do it, if you won't trust me.'

"Yum-yum!" ejaculates London Charlie, with a grin. 'Me first, Miss Betts!'

"That painting process was sure enough honey and cream. You see, it necessitated Henrietta to stand tolerable close and stroke her fairy fingers around over the epidermis of the face, and I will say here that it caused the heart-strings to twang right powerful. Stump Ferguson had three coats laid onto his mug, and then gasped for more. It made us look fine, too, and there was poor Sugarfoot, with nothing to do but hold the box of rouge and kedidoes and pass 'em

to Henrietta when needful. After we was all sufficiently tattooed, he done the vanishing act, and Henrietta, she yanked the curtain rope, and the operetta took the trail.

"Twas everlasting ornery, being as we balked and reared and pitched, until old man Shakespeare, if he'd been there, would have had a license to smoke us up. But shucks, we didn't care much of any! There was going to be a dance in the schoolhouse immediate after the obsequies of J. Caesar, and that ball was what we was laying for next. The drayma had outlived its usefulness, you understand. Miss Betts had been obliged to make an inventory of her dances on a card, and us tragedians had wrote our names all over it. Sugarfoot Sawyer, as usual, was not visible to the naked eye.

"Well, we scrambled through the roar-'em scene without a gun pulled in the audience, and all hiked to the woodshed to accommodate ourselves to civilization as regards garments and complexions. I disremember exactly, but I think it were London Charlie that first discovered we was wrecked. He'd been currying off his painted face with a wet towel.

"By snakes," says he, 'this frescoing seems to stick some!'

"We was all rubbing away like Chinks at the washing-boards.

"Mine off?" said Stump Ferguson.

"Off?" says Cap Jenkins scornful.

"Your visage is, that," he says, 'of a Piute on his way to the medicine lodge.'

"You needn't talk, Jenkins," says Stump, getting hot. 'Your face, Jenkins, would flag a freight!'

"Great cauliflower!" I says. 'Won't this calcimine peel ever?'

"All of a sudden London Charlie gives a whoop, kicks over the water-pail, and shies his chunk of soap into the corner.

"Course it won't peel!" he yells. 'Course it won't come off! Does you ding-toed lunatics,' he says, 'recollect the source of this here artistic varnish?'

"By mighty!" said Ferguson. 'Sugarfoot Sawyer's box!'

"Just then the fiddlers began, to squeal in the schoolhouse.

"And that's my polka with Henrietta," says Stump, pawing the floor like a two-year-old steer. 'Gimme that towel! Oh, gimme that towel!'

"Ferguson scraped as hard as a drunken barber, but his gore flowed fruitless, for them colors wouldn't budge an inch. By that time we was all caterwauling and gouging without showing a

soumarkee of profit. In the schoolhouse it was on with the dance, let joy be on-confined; and us teetotally incapacitated from joining therein. What, with them faces? We'd have got a laugh loud enough to wake up Philadelphia."

Heffren slammed his huge fist against the flimsy boarding of the telegraph-office.

"I presume that Mr. Sawyer——" I hinted diffidently.

"Professor Sugarfoot Sawyer was ace subsequent to that ceremony," said Heffren. "The rest of us hid in the brush until Stump took a night trip to a drug-store in Deadwood and contracted for an antidote to the face dye."

"And where is the professor buried?" I inquired.

"He ain't buried none whatever," vociferated John. "He's married a whole lot to Henrietta Betts. Didn't she put that paint onto us herself? Didn't we beg for more of it? We couldn't kick, nor peep, nor do nothing except sneak. Oh, suffering blueberries!"

The operator tapped with her pencil on the window glass behind us and waved a telegram form triumphantly.

"There's the message," said Heffren. "No more dallying in Gimletville for us, pardner, and no Dime Galaxy Comedy Company to tear up nauseating memories of Julius Cæsar, deceased!"

COLON TOWN.

BETWEEN the gray light and the red,
Between the dawning and the day,
The tide went down by Cristo Head,
A corpse came out from Colon Bay.
Love strong as death, hate hot as hell
The sea can cool, the sea can drown;
It keeps its secrets deep and well—
The tide that turns from Colon Town!

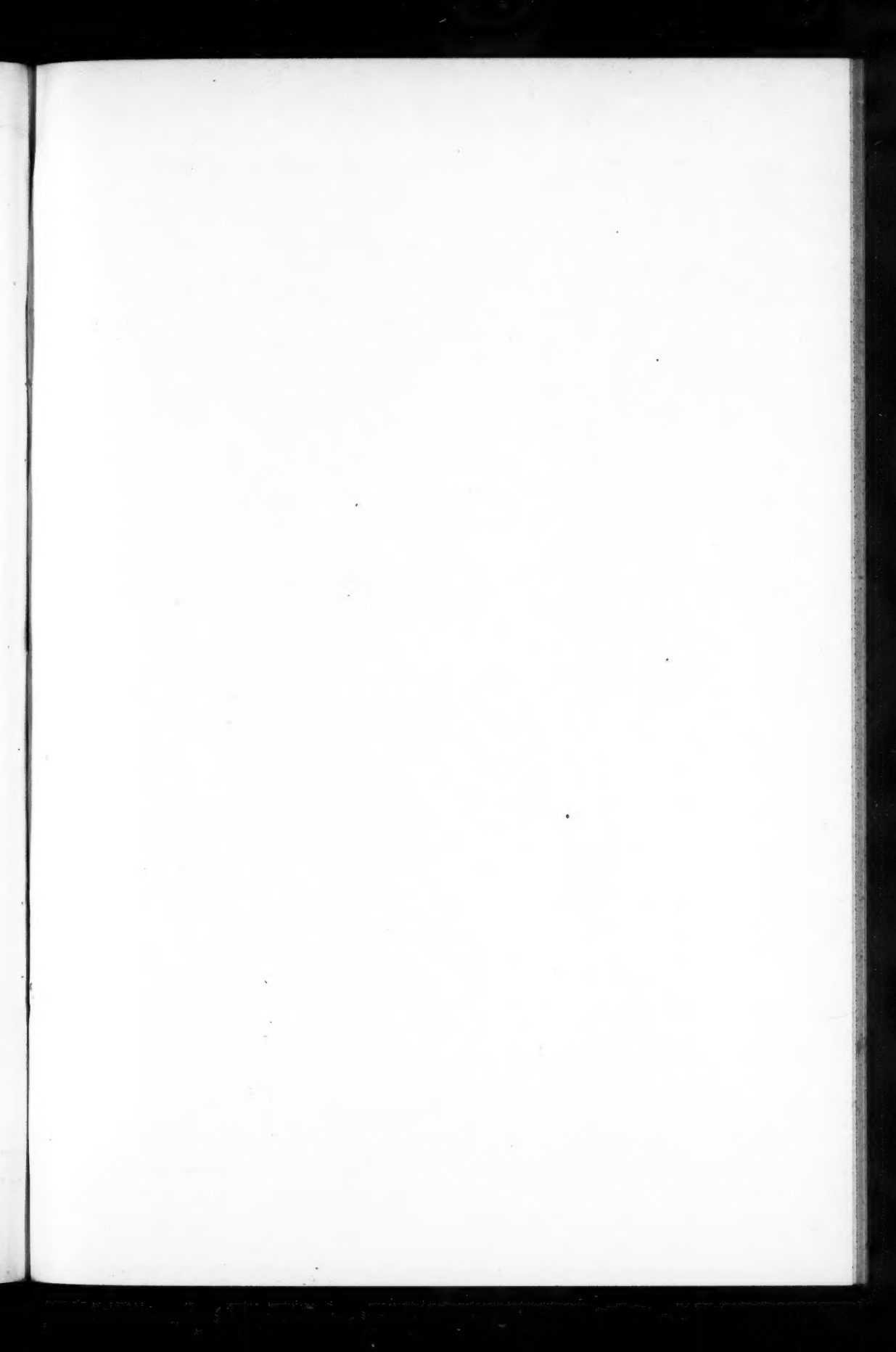
The tropic twilight sudden-starred
Dropped like a velvet curtain dim;
Across her casement iron-barred
Lolita cast a flower to him.
Oh, red the flower as wine or blood,
And deadly dark the subtle sign!
But he had fronted foe and flood,
And he had tasted blood and wine.

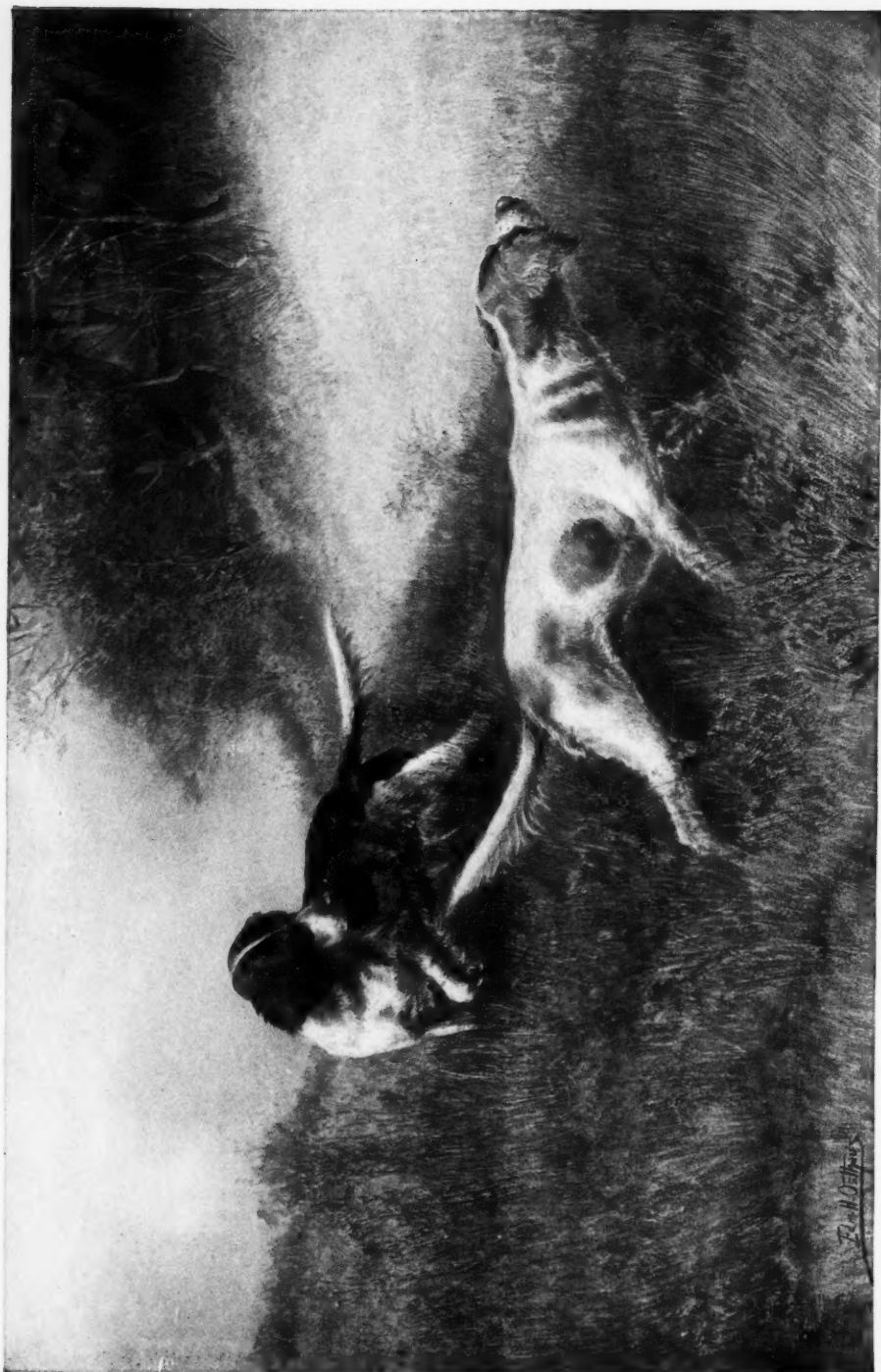
He met her at the middle night;
The fireflies whirled with orange flame;
The jasmine blossoms waxen-white
Foamed on her iron lattice-frame.
Oh, white as flood-tide foaming high,
And heavy sweet the strange perfume!
And swift and still a shape drew nigh
That smiled behind him in the gloom.

The steel flashed blue upon the stroke,
Returning with a deeper gleam;
And no one heard the gasp and choke,
And no one heard Lolita's scream.
Oh, scented sweet the languid land,
And dark the sea as midnight sin!
The ripples chuckled on the sand
As the warm corpse went splashing in.

About the hour that dawn-winds blow,
Before the smallest star had died,
The screaming gulls were stooping low
To something on the ebbing tide.
About the breaking of the day
The weary sea had gulfed it down
Among the coral of Colon Bay,
To keep the tale of Colon Town!

Frank Lillie Pollock.





"THE FIRST DAY OF THE SEASON—A PAIR OF SETTERS AT WORK."

From the painting by Edmund H. Osthaus.